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CLARA SCHUMANN AN ARTIST'S LIFE

BASED ON MATERIAL FOUND IN
DIARIES AND LETTERS

BY

BERTHOLD LITZMANN

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED
FROM THE FOURTH EDITION

BY

GRACE E. HADOW

WITH A PREFACE BY

W. H. HADOW

VOL. II

ILLUSTRATED

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
AND BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL,
LEIPZIG 1913



Clara F. Hermann.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO VOL. II.

That the second volume has been so long delayed is accounted for, and I hope excused by, the fact that it was impossible to find any time for the work except during the leisure of my spring and autumn holidays. These have been devoted to it, almost without a pause, and by this means alone has it been possible for the continuation to appear even now: the continuation, not the conclusion — for the latter a third volume will be necessary. The over-abundance of material, the full mass of which revealed itself only as I worked through the preceding volume — which grew into a dual biography of Robert and Clara Schumann — has necessitated this deviation from the original plan.

Those to whom the former volume appealed will find the continuation a surprise and possibly a disappointment, since in the second volume the actual letters of Robert and Clara, which gave the first a peculiar character, have far less prominence, and in their place the biographer speaks, if not exclusively, yet to far greater extent. The critical reader will, however, realise that this was necessitated not only by the difference in the material available for this period of their lives, but also by the peculiar artistic problems of these years.

In conclusion it is scarcely necessary to state that in the third volume which is to come — which includes a period of

40 years — the present system of following the heroine step by step through her life will have to give way to a method of grouping events in larger masses.

The portrait of Robert Schumann is from a drawing by Eduard Bendemann made in 1859 from the Hamburg Daguerreo-type of March 1850; the frontispiece is from Sohn's painting, with which Clara surprised her husband at Christmas 1853.

Dated the 65th wedding-day of Robert and Clara Schumann, Sept. 12th 1905.

Ringgenberg on the Lake of Brienz.

Berthold Litmann.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO VOL. III.

The third volume has also been delayed longer than all those concerned in it — author, publisher, and readers — could have wished, and for the same reason as that which made the production of the two former volumes so difficult. This time, in addition, my holidays in Interlaken — where alone the material was at my disposal — were thrice interrupted by ill-health.

The subject itself, and the material for this third volume, were not without their influence on the pace of the work.

In one place in her diary, Clara writes: "In an artist's life, as in every other, things repeat themselves more or less, so that there is much on which I barely touch." If she herself in her diary feels a certain monotony in the externals of a life which goes on in the same groove year after year, naturally the

biographer, who has to represent forty such years, is still more conscious of it.

But though it was plain from the first that on no account was each one of Clara's tours to be followed in her diary from place to place; yet, on the other hand, the positive side of the work was by no means so clearly defined. For in these isolated, constantly recurring episodes lay the chief meaning of her life. The reader, then, must be made to see and feel this without its being unduly pressed upon him, without more space and attention being devoted to its consideration than is absolutely necessary in order to understand her inner life. Before my eyes stands another warning passage from the diary for 1889: "It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the biographers; they fix their eyes on the tiniest and most unimportant trifles, whereas their task should be to depict their subject as a whole."

The question was, how was this to be accomplished when writing this last and longest section of Clara's life?

Obviously it was impossible to tread the paths marked out in the former volumes. A new way must be sought. And after brief hesitation I soon decided that this must be found in grouping together the impressions of the events of Clara's life as reflected in the pages of the diary and in the letters of Clara herself and of her friends.

Now, however, came the most difficult and the most fascinating part of the work, from the decades of the diary, from the huge piles of a correspondence with the men and women of her day, lasting over forty years, to extract the essence of the constantly recurring tones and colours, to crystallise it, and from all these elements to produce the living, vivid, true picture of what Clara Schumann was from 1856—1896, not only in the world of German music but in German culture as a whole.

The reader who glances hastily through the pages of this concluding volume will perhaps think that this was not so very difficult, but anyone who takes the time and trouble to look a little more closely will probably feel much as he would if he were carefully to examine a mosaic, he will find that every letter, every extract from the diary is placed in its particular position, not only because it relates to certain facts, but so that it may give a certain light and shade, a certain colouring, necessary to the whole picture. But it was not only a case of selecting from the diary and from countless letters those passages which gave a view of events, not necessarily the most full of meaning, but the most characteristic of writer or receiver (which sometimes, when certain delicate shades were to be suggested, made it impossible to avoid two accounts of the same thing following each other in close succession), but also of showing the personality of Clara's friends as vividly and clearly as possible. In many cases it would have been easier for the biographer to have written from his own personal knowledge of people and events and himself to have introduced and described new characters as they made their appearance; but this was not in accordance with the plan of this volume, so that nothing remained save the unconscious self-revelation of the writers. Thanks, however, to the abundance of material at command, I trust that keeping strictly to my thorny path I have not failed to reach the goal.

As to the spirit in which I have approached my task as a whole, I wish here to insist on one thing alone, my intense desire so to shadow forth the life of this great, noble, distinguished woman, that her soul may be made manifest, and, without minimising shadows or discords, to ignore all that can serve only to minister to scandal and gossip, to leave out

all those pettinesses which in the battle of life at times intruded even on such a character, and to keep true to the broad lines, the great high way along which passed her whole life work.

For this reason, with the exception of the remarks about Wasielewski's *Life of Schumann*, all reference to disputes has been avoided, even when this volume might have completed and set right such references in other biographies. Busy bodies will be able to find them and make use of them without my aid.

The illustrations are taken from Lenbach's portrait, and Adolf Hildebrand's bust.

For the list of Clara's repertoire and compositions the reader has to thank the loyal guardians of Clara's papers without whose help — a help never denied and shrinking from no sacrifice — this biography could never have been written.

Interlaken

Im Schloss

Clara's Day

Aug. 12th 1908.

Berthold Litzmann.

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MISPRINTS Vol. II.

- p. 4 l. 4 for *Comola* read *Comala*.
- p. 7 l. 19 for *pianistes* read *pianists*.
- p. 8 l. 18 for *gaity* read *gaiety*.
- p. 10 l. 27 for *hand-worked* read *hard-worked*.
- p. 13 l. 13 for *magnificiently* read *magnificently*.
- p. 19 l. 23 for *troup* read *troop*.
- p. 22 note 3 for *violincello* read *violoncello*.
- p. 30 l. 13 for *fried* read *friend*.
- p. 43 l. 27 delete *of*.
- p. 47 last line but one, add comma after *mentioned*.
- p. 48 l. 5 for *truined* read *trained*.
- p. 48 l. 5 for *Kuffergth* read *Kufferath*.
- p. 50 l. 27 insert *a* before *time*.
- p. 52 l. 2 for *violincello* read *violoncello*.
- p. 57 note for *Ep* read *Ep*.
- p. 70 last line but 3 for *trom* read *from*.
- p. 73 l. 23 for *Melusinon* read *Melusine*.
- p. 94 l. 29 for *harrassed* read *harassed*.
- p. 98 l. 10 delete comma after *too*.
- p. 103 l. 21 for *orchester* read *orchestra*.
- p. 105 l. 14 for *artists* read *artist*.
- p. 124 l. 1 for *rung* read *rang*.
- p. 135, 136, for *Bushley* read *Busley*.
- p. 143 l. 12 delete *to* after *good*.
- p. 157 l. 10 for *wreathes* read *wreaths*.
- p. 162 l. 8 for *Waldemar* read *Woldemar*.
- p. 165 l. 18 for *becomes* read *become*.
- p. 172 last line but one delete *on*.
- p. 182 l. 8 for *violincello* read *violoncello*.
- p. 193 l. 27 for *dependant* read *dependent*.
- p. 199 note for *Of* read *Of*.
- p. 205 last line but one for *it* read *if*.
- p. 223 l. 5 for *gaity* read *gaiety*.
- p. 234 l. 16 for *cancell* read *cancel*.
- p. 238 note for *pianiste* read *pianist*.
- p. 235 note for *Lobs's* read *Lobs's*.

-
- p. 266 l. 26 for *Herrn* read *Herr*.
p. 288 l. 26 for *p.p.* read *pp.*
p. 290 l. 9 for *Glück* read *Gluck*.
p. 298 l. 8 for *cemetary* read *cemetry*.
p. 313 l. 2 for *Glück* read *Gluck*.
p. 321 l. 2 for *thinks* read *think*.
p. 321 l. 3 for *Besides* read *Beside*.
p. 330 l. 10 for *sa-fely* read *unfe-ly*.
p. 335 note 3 for 88 read 85.
p. 337 l. 4 for *ethusiastic* read *enthusiastic*.
p. 343 note for 71 read 76.
p. 344 l. 9 for $\frac{2}{3}$ read $\frac{3}{2}$.
p. 344 l. 15 for *repeat* read *reprise* and delete *of the earlier version*.
p. 345 for *Volkland* read *Volokland*.
p. 355 l. 9 for *rhapsodies* read *rhapsody*.
p. 356 l. 7 for *scar-cely* read *scarce-ly*.
p. 356 l. 29 for *solis* read *soli*.
p. 378 l. 22 delete *the*.
p. 382 l. 4 from bottom delete *chord of the*.

CHAPTER I.

AUTUMN TINTS.

1850—1854.

Monday Sept. 2nd at 7 p.m. we arrived in Düsseldorf (which contrary to our expectation is pleasantly situated at the foot of a little mountain-range) and were received by Hiller and the concert committee. The latter welcomed Robert in a most friendly speech. Hiller accompanied us to the *Hotel Breidenbach*, where we found rooms had been prepared for us, and gaily decorated with flowers; at the entrance stood two laurel-trees.

In the evening Robert was serenaded by the local Choral Society.

Tuesday 3rd, we went with Hiller to call on Professor Sohn, Professor Wichmann, Director Schadow, Dr Hasenclever, and Dr Müller (from Königswinter). In the afternoon we began to look for a house, but we found all the houses uncomfortable, with great staring windows and perfectly flat walls, the court-yards were spoilt with hideous great erections (wash-houses, they call them here), and there were no conveniences for the housekeeper; in short, we were very disappointed, for since Düsseldorf lies so embedded in green, we had not thought that it could be difficult to get a house set in trees, and with a garden. Most people here have a little house to themselves, and each storey has only 3 or 4 windows in front. Houses are dear, and the thought of living one above, one below, and one in the middle, is dreadful to us.

Wednesday 4th: running about in search of a house. In the afternoon we had coffee at *Ananasberg*, a pleasure-ground in the *Hofgarten*, and there we made acquaintance with Director Schadow, the brother of Frau Bendemann in Dresden. We liked the man very much; he is brilliant, and reminds me very much of the old Schadow who died last year in Berlin.

In the evening we had a great surprise. We were sitting at dinner downstairs in the hotel, when all at once the *Don Giovanni* overture began in the room, quite close to us. We could not understand it at all, and Notary Euler, whom we happened to meet there, betrayed nothing to us: it was a serenade which the local orchestra was giving Robert. Robert was most pleasantly surprised. . . . They played everything very well, and I think Robert will be able to do something with the orchestra.

Thursday 5th. House-hunting again; once more without success. The concert committee came in frock-coats etc., to invite us to a concert, a supper, and a ball on Saturday, to be given in Robert's honour.

Friday 6th, our furniture arrived, and now we had to make up our minds. We took an apartment, which appealed to us very little, in Fräulein Schön's house, at the corner of Allée- and Grabenstrassen, simply in order to have somewhere to put the furniture.

Saturday 7th, the furniture was unpacked, and put into its right place. It was a dreadful day! from early morning till 6 in the evening I was in our rooms, and had hardly time to change for the festivities which were in prospect, and to which we came not a little tired. On entering the hall, Robert was received with a three-fold flourish of trumpets, and very soon the *Genoveva* overture began (under Tausch, piano-teacher and player, formerly recommended here by Mendelssohn), which considering that there had only been one rehearsal, went very fairly. This was followed by *Du meine Seele*, *Die Lotosthume*,

and *Wanderschaft*. . . . The concert closed with the second part of the *Peri*. This, also, was quite well done, except for a few tempi which were not quite right It gave us pleasure to be able to listen for once without having to take part ourselves. Herr Tausch conducted quite well, if only the man himself were more pleasant; he has something . . . in his face, which I cannot get used to.

After the concert, we went to the supper, which was very lively. There was, however, extraordinarily little to eat, and hence every dish was greeted with cheers, which seemed to us very comic. . . .

After supper, the ball began, but we were too tired and went away.

Sunday 8th. Hiller and several others had arranged an expedition to show us the neighbourhood, but Robert felt so unwell that we were forced to stay here, and the others had to go alone. It was very awkward for us, but it could not be helped!

Monday 9th, we tidied up our rooms, and on Tuesday, the 10th, we moved into them, after paying a fine bill at the *Breidenbacher Hof*.

The following days were dreadful! There was a general commotion: strangers all round us; workmen, who do nothing up to time; great rooms in which there is not a cosy corner to be found; such huge windows that one feels as if one were sitting in the street; and a cook who expects to be waited on; in short, everything combined to put us out of humour.

Friday 13th. My birthday to-day, if not a sad one, was at all events most unfortunate. I was lost in a sea of troubles. . . . This, and many other things of the same sort, cost me not a few tears to-day, especially as I was worried by the thought of the terrible expense to which this move has put Robert, which has been far in excess of what we expected. I have never been so tormented by material anxieties as I am now,

and I am earning nothing . . . it short, we have a bad time to live through, before everything is smooth again. . .

Tuesday 17th, Robert held his first choral practice. We sang *Comala* (by Gade) and some of Händel's *Joshua*. Robert was very pleased with the Society; it has large numbers, and the sopranos in particular, sound delightfully fresh. . .

The following days were again passed in increasing household difficulties. I had to dismiss my cook as she was too pretentious; but my chief anxiety was that the continual noise of the streets — barrel-organs, boys crying, carts, etc. etc. — threw Robert into a highly nervous, irritable, excited condition, which grew worse from day to day; he could work hardly at all, and the little that he did cost twice the effort. . . I was beside myself to think that after all our sacrifices. . . I could not even see my poor Robert in possession of a comfortable room. We are most unfortunate! Was there no-one to dissuade us from taking this apartment? Why did no-one warn us in advance? Afterwards, people always know everything!

Sunday 29th. We went to Cologne by way of a distraction, and were enchanted by the first glimpse of it from Deutz, and above all by the sight of the magnificent cathedral, which even on closer inspection surpassed our expectations. . . After dinner . . . we went to the *Belvedere*, where we had a glorious view of the Rhine, and from which we saw the *Siebenhügel*, which we had hoped to visit. . .

Oct. 1st. This month too, began with anxieties of all sorts. Robert can do no work on account of the noise: I cannot play on account of all sorts of household occupations; further, I cannot get on at all with the lower classes here, they are almost all rude, conceited, and pretentious. . . ; they consider themselves quite our equals, they will not so much as say good day — one has to take it as a favour if they do anything, and they have no idea of keeping their word. . . I could cry

all day long! not a day passes on which we do not spend large sums of money!

Friday 4th. We made an expedition to Grafenberg, and while we were away Frä. Hartmann (a nice, kind girl) changed Robert's room from the front to the back, so that when we came back we found everything finished and done, and in addition — adorned with two pretty plants. The ladies here altogether are very ready to be kind and obliging. . . .

Monday 7th. A visit from Hildebrand and his wife. H. is a fine man, an artist through and through, and an agreeable man, as well as a great enthusiast for music. . . .

Tuesday 15th. Herr v. Wasielewski (the violinist from Leipsic) came to-day. Robert has procured his engagement for the concerts. I am very glad that he is here. . . .

Sunday 20th. In the evening we were at the Eulers, with Wasielewski and Tausch, and had music. Tausch is the best piano-teacher here he is certainly not without ability as a musician, but his playing is very often rough, and personally he is not very attractive.

Monday 21st. We were at Dr Müller's (from Königswinter); I like both him and his wife very much, almost more than any of my acquaintances. I played the last movement of Beethoven's *F* minor sonata. . . . We had a little supper-party, at which we were very merry; people here, as a rule, are in good spirits when they are together, which I find very pleasant; one is particularly struck by the merry, unrestrained manner of the ladies, which indeed may sometimes over-step the bounds of womanliness and propriety; at least so I was told by, married life here is said to be more like the French — Dr Müller's wife is a notable exception to all this, I think that we are likely to make friends.

Tuesday 22nd. Robert held his first orchestra practice. The orchestra is quite excellent for a small town, and Robert is very well pleased. . . .

Thursday 24th. The first subscription concert took place. The hall was full as it never had been at any of these concerts before; many strangers had come from Elberfeld, Krefeld, and even from Münster. Robert was received with a three-fold flourish of trumpets when he entered. The Beethoven overture (Op. 124) went very well, and it was a particular pleasure to me to watch Robert conducting to-day, perfectly quietly and yet with such great energy. The overture was followed by Mendelssohn's ever-enchancing *G* minor concerto. I too, was received with a flourish of trumpets, and was dismissed in like manner, after I had played. I succeeded excellently in everything, and I can never remember such unanimous applause as I had to-day. It was the first time for many years that I once more publicly played an orchestral piece by heart. Is it possible that youthful powers and youthful freshness should return once more? In spite of what I have done, I do not believe it. The boldness needed for playing by heart is an attribute of youth. — After the concerto came Robert's *Adventlied*. I have only just realised how beautiful it is; it went quite well considering the few practices that we had had. The concert ended with *Comala* (by Gade). . . .

Frl. Hartmann sang to-day as if inspired; since Mendelssohn's departure there has been no such feeling of universal enthusiasm, as was felt to-day by orchestra and chorus. . . . After the concert, some of us, the Schadows, Hasenclevers, Sohns, Eulers, Hillers (who had come over from Cologne) and others, stayed on. The company was very merry, and so were we until Hiller proposed our healths in such a stupid way¹⁾ that Robert very nearly got up and left the room; it was most uncomfortable for me, and it put us both completely out of humour. . . .

Monday 28th, we had a little music at our house. . . . I played Robert's *D* minor trio, Frl. Hartmann sang some of

1) Hiller proposed Clara's health instead of Robert's.

Robert's songs beautifully, as well as some duets with Friderike Altgeld, and Wasielewski played Bach's *Chaconne*, also very well. The whole company was very sympathetic, though Robert thinks that few people — or, rather, no-one — here is capable of entering easily into the deeper music; but I think there are as many people here as in Dresden, at least people here have more enthusiasm and more desire to find out what is good.

To all appearances indeed, Düsseldorf offered the Schumanns an ideal opportunity for artistic work, for even Clara's fears that the "little town" would reduce to vanishing point all possibility of her being able by her teaching appreciably to help in defraying the expenses of the household, soon proved to be unfounded. Not only in Düsseldorf itself did she soon find pupils, but in the course of years an increasing contingent was furnished by the neighbouring Rhine-cities, and particularly by Elberfeld, Barmen, and Krefeld. Indeed, the attraction of her name proved so strong that her house became, even more than before, the resort of budding pianistes who wanted to enjoy her supervision for a time.

But the chief point was that Schumann, as conductor of a well-trained orchestra and a no less well-trained chorus, schooled in good traditions, had at last an opportunity of carrying out his musical conceptions on a large scale — in the case of the Rhine festivals, we might almost say on the largest of scales — and this in a city that loved music, set in a music-loving province; while his reception proved, that from the very first he possessed the confidence of all concerned. For if no place in the world could make up to him for the *Gewandhaus* orchestra and the *Gewandhaus* audience of Leipsic, yet the number of those whom his work here could affect and stimulate, weighed, to some extent, against the somewhat slighter quality of both performers and listeners. And in addition to this, music-loving Holland could be reached in a

few hours, and from only a little distance beckoned England, which — like Paris — was just now beginning to warm towards Schumann's music, and to become enthusiastic about him.

In spite of the "dreadfully large windows", and the houses three storeys high, Düsseldorf itself seemed well adapted, as much by its natural position as by the spirit of the place, to become a second and a happier home for the pair who had never become accustomed to living on the banks of the Elbe. For in this city of artists their art was no longer a Cinderella, and here there was no need to strain and strive in order to gain recognition — individual or artistic. On the contrary, from the first moment, whatever house they entered, they found not only a friendly welcome, but the place of honour at table awaiting them. And round the table would be gathered a merry party of clever and artistic people enjoying the good cheer. The new-comers felt themselves the richer for this gaiety. Neither of them was accustomed to such frank and simple delight in the pleasures of life, a delight that brought ease of manner even into official functions and left no place for boredom, and while they accepted it passively, it was not unwelcome. It is true that except for Notary Euler (who has already been mentioned) and Müller of Königswinter (who afterwards became their family doctor) they sought and found their immediate friends for the most part, not among the people of Düsseldorf itself, but among Schadow's North German pupils, but most of these had been settled in Düsseldorf for years, and were completely naturalised. The artists who impressed them most, and with whom they were soon on friendly and intimate terms, were Hildebrand, Karl Sohn, and — in the second rank — Schadow himself, and the ever-merry Köhler. Amongst these not only solo-playing and solo-singing were carried on, but also quartet-playing and part-singing, at first with great enthusiasm.

But if, judging by first impressions, they thought to find opportunity among these lively and artistic people, for the serious exercise of their art, they were soon forced to confess that in this respect they had highly overrated their kindly, light-hearted friends. In February 1851 we find Clara already complaining that in the little club to which, amongst others, Müller of Königswinter, Hildebrand, Köhler, Sohn, and Lessing belonged, the habit of coming late was so universal that "it is getting quite unbearable. We begin the music just when one's eyes are closing from sheer fatigue". And a "long, very long supper" with which the meetings concluded, finally became more of a punishment than a refreshment. They were to have still more painful experiences in the autumn of 1851, with the little choral society which Robert had called into existence. Fired by a performance of *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt* the members — about 30 — agreed to meet once a fortnight at each other's houses, and under Robert's direction to sing "works of importance which the larger societies could not well perform, such as songs, selections from operas, *ensemble* music etc."; but apparently the society came to an end within six months, owing to lack of sympathy even among good friends. As early as November, Clara complains: "A meeting of the society at Hildebrand's. Robert was very angry because there was so much chattering. Our good Hildebrand was one of the worst. It is odd that here they have always energy enough to chatter, but not to sing." And in February she goes so far as to say, "Robert was very angry again, and went off; however, he came back, much to my relief, although the people here often behave in such a way that they really deserve to be treated like school-children. They chatter and laugh until frequently the conductor's voice can hardly make itself heard, and it often takes some minutes before they are ready to begin singing. . . . It is impossible to say that there is any lack of zeal, but it is not the right kind of genuine zeal that covers everything, it is

zeal for what they specially like, not the desire to learn something difficult." But this amateur society, founded among friends, gave them less unfortunate experiences than the quartet-society which also came into existence in the autumn of 1851, and according to Schumann's idea was to meet every fortnight and play "string-quartets, quintets, trios etc., with the piano". It collapsed after the first two practices, as owing to insufficient study on the part of the individual members the performances fell far below even the most moderate expectations. These members were — with only one exception — professional musicians, that is to say the people on whom Schumann had chiefly to count as colleagues and as examples to others, in his official work!

We have already heard that Schumann was at first greatly pleased with the performances of both chorus and orchestra, and with the chorus in particular was agreeably disappointed. If individual players achieved nothing very striking, and the tone of the very mediocre instruments left much to be desired, yet it was evident that they had received uninterrupted training at the strict hands of excellent conductors, from the time of Mendelssohn onwards, and now that Schumann had succeeded in obtaining Wasielewski as first violin, and so introducing a new and vigorous force, there was good promise for the future, and every hope of mastering difficult works. From individual members indeed, little or nothing more than conscientious work was to be expected. These members of the town-orchestra were hand-worked people, glad to put their instruments in their cases when working hours were happily over. Thus a regular trio-practice came into existence only when in March 1851 young Reimers, from Altona, settled in Düsseldorf as a piano-teacher, and developed in time into an excellent 'cellist. It was on Reimers, Wasielewski, and Ruppert Becker, the son of Schumann's old friend — who took Wasielewski's place, when, in the autumn of 1852, the latter left

Düsseldorf — that chamber-music chiefly depended. After October 1851, Albert Dietrich allied himself to these, a man whose striking qualities both as an individual and as an artist, which at once aroused the interest of both the Schumanns, won him a place of his own as friend and confidant of the house, quite apart from the part he took in these private concerts, and whose recommendation caused his friend von Sahr also to find a friendly reception. Julius Otto Grimm did not become a member of this little circle of intimate friends until after Schumann's illness. The Schumanns first met him in January 1854, with Brahms in Hanover. After Reimers departure, the 'cellist Bockmühl took his place, and, during the earlier years, Julius Tausch of Dessau, occasionally played the piano for them. He had for some time been the most important of the musicians in Düsseldorf having worked there since 1846, and as conductor both of the *Liedertafel* and of the Men's Choral Society having a position of authority in musical matters which was widely recognised throughout the town, and for which he had to thank his real ability as much as the cleverness with which he had adapted himself to the prevailing tone of the Rhinelanders. In spite, however, of a full recognition of his musical ability, there could be no intimacy between him and the Schumanns. Not only certain superficial differences, but, more important still, a want of agreement in their attitude towards the finer problems of artistic work, prevented all possibility of this. But he was always a musician, ready and anxious to do his part, and it was seldom that his somewhat dry and matter-of-fact playing actually spoilt any work. Schumann had received the conductor's bâton more or less from his hands, for it was he who had trained and conducted the performers on the night of their welcome, and a few years later, the same bâton fell into his lap when it slipped from the tired hand of the suffering master.

But long before this event occurred, the early harmony not only between conductor and concert committee, but also between the conductor, orchestra and singers, had been destroyed, and a chain of annoyances, unpleasantnesses, and misunderstandings stretches from the close of the first winter's concerts through the remainder of the time during which Schumann was conductor in Düsseldorf. It is not easy to unravel the intricacies of this affair, because it is less with facts that one has to do, than with the different points of view concerning the facts. An attempt must be made however to give an impartial account.

The first discord which openly disturbed the harmony between the conductor and the public, made itself heard after the 8th of Schumann's subscription concerts, which took place on March 13th, that is towards the end of the first concert season. An article appeared in the *Düsseldorfer Zeitung* criticising the manner in which the concerts had been conducted up to this time, in a way that Schumann felt to be insulting and scandalous — the more so since he believed that he recognised in the writer a member of the concert committee. "The so-called enthusiasts, such as Euler, Müller, and the rest, calmly passed this over," writes Clara indignantly in the diary, "it is a shame that they sit still and let Düsseldorf behave in such a way, when all hands ought to be stretched out to keep Robert here!"

It is evident that, after the first concert, the tone gradually altered during the course of the winter. And we may well ask the reason. There is no doubt that, justly or unjustly, the general public had been disappointed in Robert's conducting, and this disappointment at first found vent in what was perhaps an improper manner. The fact was — according to Clara — that at two concerts¹⁾, both she and Schu-

1) "On Jan. 11th, at the 4th subscription concert Robert's *Neujahrs-lied* did not go as well as he wished, owing to insufficient practice. R.

mann considered the chorus wanting in certainty; and further, before the appearance of the critique, both artists thought that the coldness of the Düsseldorf public gave just cause for complaint. They had been particularly disappointed that Schumann's new overture to the *Bride of Messina* had been received without any sign of applause.

On April 13th there was a performance of the *S^t John Passion Music*, in which, as Clara thought, the choruses "were most successful"; and at the last of the subscription concerts, on May 18th, "everything went well" except an overture of Reinecke's, which the composer conducted "somewhat uncertainly". The *Pastoral Symphony*, with which it concluded, went so "magnificently" that "everybody agreed that it had not been heard like that, since Mendelssohn went". In spite of what had gone before, therefore, they both felt that they had reason to be satisfied with the winter as a whole, and "Robert," says the diary, "was more cheerful than usual." Yet this impression was not universal. The truth was, that there was no real understanding between choir and conductor.

The chorus formed a good instrument in the hand of a strong and inspiriting conductor, and was accustomed to the curb. It deteriorated under the quiet dignity and gentleness of a master who listened to the music in his own mind rather than to the actual performance. Discipline began to grow lax, and the conflicts to which this led spoiled the pleasure of the practices. It was a bad sign that the first practice after the interval in the summer, was poorly attended, "the sopranos being absent altogether", the diary complains. It is suggestive, that at this time Schumann seriously deliberated whether he would not give up the conductorship of the choir altogether.

very depressed in consequence." On March 13th, Robert's *Nachtlied*, "was unfortunately not sung with sufficient certainty by the choir, and so it could not be properly effective."

"On Sept. 6th," says the diary, "there was the first meeting to decide about the winter concerts (1851/52), and Robert came home very much vexed¹⁾. People here are often very impudent, and really we cannot bear it for long; all sorts of things are not as they should be. The Choral Society is going to pieces, there is no zeal, no love for the thing; and the orchestra at present has not even as many members as are actually necessary, as there is no military band here yet. This looks bad. Robert talks of giving up the Choral Society altogether, but that is scarcely possible if he does not want to bring about a serious breach, and if it came to that the Musical Society would fare badly, for all the music belongs to the Choral Society." And she writes in the same vein on September 23rd: "Once more there is bad feeling in the Society. Certain parts of Bach's *B minor Mass* are to be sung, but the ladies and gentlemen will not come to the practices and learn something, they prefer to do nothing but amuse themselves, and show their unwillingness without restraint. — People here respect neither art nor their conductor! And we are told that things have always been like this!" Be this as it may, at all events the prospect for the future was not very promising. And although this winter's concerts, and the preparations for them, gave rise to but few misunderstandings — or at all events, but few were apparent —, and Clara, when on March 4th 1852 she made her first appearance in public after the birth of her child, was received with marked applause and "overwhelmed with flowers" at the 6th subscription concert, yet the estrangement between the two artists and the people of Düsseldorf was increased during this winter. In the Choral Society the situation became more and more unbearable, as the lack of discipline grew more pronounced. "The Society,"

1) In Schumann's notes for the day, he says, under Sept. 6th: "Committee Meeting. Quarrel with Wortmann. Much doubts concerning the future."

writes Clara on March 30th 1852, after a practice of the *S^t Matthew Passion*, "really lacks any particle of zeal! The ladies hardly open their mouths, and (with a few exceptions, of course) they behave like badly brought-up boys — sit down during the singing, and gesticulate — till I boil with rage, and really I should like nothing better than for Robert to withdraw from the Society, for the position is beneath his dignity. If only he could do so at once! But a great many things depend upon it and are connected with it, and a great deal of mischief would ensue if Robert did resign, for then the Society would give concerts of its own, and so our forces would be divided."

In the summer of 1852 Schumann became so seriously ill that Julius Tausch had to take over all the work of preparing for the two first subscription concerts of the winter, and to conduct them in his stead. This very interval served materially to increase the dissatisfaction on both sides, and finally precipitated the explosion which had hitherto been avoided. Clara had already been hurt by the lack of warmth in her reception when she appeared at the first subscription concert of the winter of 1852 — an appearance which, as her husband was not conducting, implied a real sacrifice on her part. And the coldness with which the public received Schumann himself on his recovery, when on Dec. 3rd he conducted again for the first time, was too pointed.

That there was a deliberate purpose in this, among a certain section, was to become evident in the course of the next few days. Three gentlemen, members of the committee of the Choral Society, had the amazing effrontery to request Schumann to resign his position as he was incapable of fulfilling its duties. There can be no doubt that this was merely an independent action on the part of certain hot-headed and tactless persons. It was set right by the more distinguished members, such as Notary Euler, and Dr Hasenclever, through

the intervention of Regierungspräsident von Massenbach, at a general meeting which was apparently summoned for the purpose, and the originators apologised most humbly. But that it was possible for such a thing to happen was in itself a bad sign. It is impossible to avoid the thought that it was occasioned by Tausch's conductorship during the interim, and that ever since, there had been in certain circles a strong wish to replace Schumann by Tausch. A half-humorous character was given to this opposition by the foundation of an "Anti-Choral Society, against bad music, and badly performed music", while at the same time care was taken to influence public opinion in favour of Tausch as Düsseldorf's chosen musical leader, by giving prominence in the press to his work as conductor.

Preparations for the Rhine Musical Festival, which began in the spring of 1853, brought only a temporary truce. At the festival itself Schumann, as we shall see, won a great triumph as composer of the *D* minor symphony; but, to Clara's great indignation, all the musical papers — local as well as national — declared, more or less plainly that as a conductor the master could not be considered first-rate, and that he could not compare in this respect with his predecessor, Hiller. If we remember the warmth with which Schumann's power as a conductor had been spoken of in happier days, and consider that the hand which held the bâton was already that of a sick man, we shall readily acknowledge that Clara's passionate bitterness over the silence of such friends as Dietrich and Hasenclever, was justified to her own heart, though it was not just in reality. "Why," she cries, "do they not show their loyalty and respect by their actions? Why do they allow this injustice to be done to their 'honoured master' in silence? Is that true friendship? I say, no!" In the orchestra also, the situation had become quite unendurable, as was strikingly evident at the rehearsal of Joachim's *Hamlet* overture, on Oct. 27th 1853.

Clara herself writes: "A bad rehearsal of Joachim's *Hamlet* overture, which is very difficult, and would not go at all, especially as all sorts of tricks were played. Forberg ('cellist) went away, and came back again later, and no-one said a word to him! He ought to have been turned out at once. In short, there is no discipline here, and hence it is impossible to have any unanimity between conductor and orchestra!"

Under these circumstances those who were responsible cannot be blamed if — even at the risk of wounding so great and noble a master — they attempted to find some way out of the difficulty, and to make some sort of compromise in order to prevent matters from becoming still worse¹).

"On Nov. 7th," writes Clara, "Herr Illing and Herr Herz were sent by the committee to tell me that for the future they wished R. to conduct only his own things, Herr Tausch having promised to undertake the others. This was an infamous intrigue, and an insult to Robert which would compel him to resign his conductorship, as I told the gentlemen then and there, without having spoken to Robert. Apart from the impertinence of such behaviour towards such a man as Robert, it was a breach of contract to which Robert will never consent. I have no words to express how indignant I was, and how bitterly I felt not being able to spare Robert this distress. Oh! the people here are contemptible! Vulgarly holds sway, and those who mean well — such as Herr von Heister and Herr Lezaak — keep themselves in the background and disapprove but do nothing. What would I not have given to have been able to leave at once with Robert, but when one has 6 children that is not so easy.

1) 'Schumann's notes on the subject, run: "Nov. 7th Decisive day. Impertinences. 8th Wavering between Berlin and Vienna. Letter to Dr Herz and Tausch. 9th Bürgermeister Hammer's letter to the committee. 10th Decision for Vienna. 17th Much correspondence. 18th Wretched folk here. 18th Ultimatum. Letters to the Society and to Herr Tausch.

Nov. 9th. Robert has told the committee of his determination to conduct no more. Tausch behaves like a rude, underbred fellow under existing circumstances he has no business to conduct, and yet he does so, although Robert wrote and told him that he (Robert) would not be able to consider him an honestly disposed man if he did. It becomes increasingly evident that Tausch, while apparently passive, really wove the whole intrigue. Hammers (the mayor) is behaving in a very friendly way in the matter, and would gladly act as go-between if it were possible.

Nov. 10th. Concert evening — we at home, Tausch conducting. Robert wrote him a second letter to-day, which he will not stick in his looking-glass. . . .”

In spite of Robert's refusal, a certain limited share in the conductorship of the concerts was reserved for him, but in the firm belief that he would of course make no use of it. All further negotiations and quarrels were put an end to by the Schumanns' visit to Holland, which kept them away from Düsseldorf from Nov. 24th till Christmas, and by the illness with which he was attacked soon after their return.

But we should gain no true impression of the circumstances, if we were to regard the years in Düsseldorf as darkened throughout by squabbles and annoyances, and the two artists as suffering from a sense of depression. On the contrary, although they were speedily disillusioned as to the very thing which had enticed them to Düsseldorf, and consequently, like impatient children rattling at the door, began to think of leaving, almost at the first moment of their arrival, yet these last years of their life together brought them so much happiness and inspiration in other respects, that nothing but the darkening shadow of Robert's illness was able to disturb, and finally to shatter, the strong sense of joy common to them both.

It was most fortunate that almost up to the actual moment of the catastrophe, Clara was without any suspicion of the

seriousness of the case. And those who stood less close to Schumann, his old friends in particular, while they noticed with anxiety changes and signs of illness (especially in his speech) which they could not but consider ominous, yet paid the less attention to these symptoms — which they were accustomed to see come and go — as the subjective feeling of illness, the sense of melancholy and depression, was less marked than it had been, and his power to work became more instead of less. Clara too, shut her eyes and would not see in the work which he produced flagging powers and gradually failing physical strength, or at all events would not allow such a thing to be suggested. She saw with the eyes of her beloved, and when his sparkled over something that had succeeded, all was well, and if anyone thought otherwise they were mistaken.

Robert's growing nervousness and irritability sometimes led him to pass harsh and unjust criticisms on her playing, but in spite of this, and of the fact that the condition of music in Düsseldorf did not exactly stimulate her to give public performances of a kind satisfactory to herself, and that there were other drawbacks — chief amongst which were the household cares and anxieties and hindrances due to the ever-increasing troupe of growing children — this period witnessed a deepening of her artistic character and a widening of her artistic fame which both now and later brought joy and light into dark hours. It is true that the long desired and often planned journey to England, to which they were drawn both by Schumann's growing reputation there and by direct invitations from various quarters, had for the time to remain a mere project, as Clara's maternal duties always made it impossible for them to leave when the decisive moment came. But except for this, the situation of Düsseldorf proved most favourable for the conquest of fresh worlds, and in the first place of the Rhine country itself, which hitherto Clara had never visited — Co-

logne, Barmen, Elberfeld, and Bonn. In Cologne her chief stimulus and pleasure, both as listener and performer, came from the Gürzenich orchestra, which under Hiller's conductorship rapidly grew to a high state of perfection, and through its power of delicate interpretation, feeling, and beauty of tone, in *ensemble* as well as in individual instances, laid an admirable foundation for Rhenish music as a whole. In Elberfeld and Barmen she was especially struck by the spirit in which the rich bourgeoisie in both cities fostered music as the natural and necessary adjunct of a life which was otherwise wholly given up to material and professional interests, and by the kindness and tact with which she herself was treated, and the hospitality that was shown her. Little Bonn, which at that time had to depend upon amateurs for its musical performances, naturally could not rival its great sister towns, but it charmed her by the beauty of its surroundings, which she visited repeatedly, and by the glimpse it afforded of the more intellectual side of society in the Rhine Province, which she obtained through intercourse with such people as the Heimsöeths, Simrock, and Bürgermeister Kaufmann.

So during this period began those close personal relations with the Rhineland which were to last till the end of Clara's life. While Schumann was holding an official position in Düsseldorf things were more difficult, and in the end their unpleasant experiences there made it perhaps harder than they realised for them to form close ties in the neighbourhood, or really to strike root in that soil. Their relations with many of their Rhenish colleagues suffered particularly, and above all their relations with Hiller, whom during all these years they both regarded with a certain amount of suspicion, a feeling which, as the event proved, was not justified, at all events to that extent, though it is explicable — quite apart from all differences of musical taste — by the quickness and apparent ease with which the Frankfort man of the world succeeded in

everything he undertook in this city which seemed incapable of understanding Schumann's depth.

Naturally the comparison between their positions, and the feeling of the Schumanns that they were less in harmony with the world around, caused friction on almost every occasion on which they worked together. This was particularly noticeable when there was any Musical Festival, such as the Choral Festival in August 1852 at which Schumann, notwithstanding his indisposition, conducted his *Julius Caesar* overture on Aug. 3rd. The audience was very mixed, and the performance was not good, as the orchestra was too weak, so that the work did not produce any effect worth mentioning. And the experiences of the following year were naturally of even greater weight. The 31st Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine was held at Whitsuntide 1853. Hiller made a decided hit by his conducting of the ninth symphony, while Schumann, though the *D* minor symphony was received with an enthusiasm such as he had never before met with in the Rhine province, found no real response for the *Festouvertüre mit Schlusschor über das Rheinweinkelied* (Festival overture with final chorus on the theme of the Rhenish Drinking Song) which he had composed for the Festival. It was played at the end of the third concert, and was so essentially Rhenish in feeling, that Schumann had hoped and expected that it would be a success. The sight of Cologne Cathedral had given the impetus which led to the first great composition which he wrote in Düsseldorf — the *E♭* major symphony — and "pictures of Rhine-life shimmer throughout it" (Spitta). Apart from compositions written for special occasions — e. g. the Mass — Schumann's activity increased at this time, in spite of his professional duties which he took most seriously and conscientiously, and of numerous interruptions through illness and through long journeys, he produced if possible an even greater quantity of work than before. Unfortunately it is impossible to deny

that the quality only occasionally reached the old level. This is, however, not the place in which to discuss and criticise the development of his artistic powers, even if the author possessed the requisite technical knowledge, to which in fact he can lay no claim.

We have already heard of the hindrances which arose from the unfortunate situation of their first house, and it is not surprising that the diary does not begin to speak of regular work again until after November 1850¹⁾.

On Nov. 16th Clara writes: "Robert is working at something. I do not know what it is, as he does not tell me. Last month he composed a violoncello concerto²⁾ which I like very much, and which seems to me written in exactly the right character for the 'cello³⁾."

The "unknown" was the *E*♭ major symphony, with which he surprised her on Dec. 9th. "I am continually amazed," she writes on Feb. 6th 1851, after the first performance, "at Robert's creative power, — he has always something new in melody and harmony, as well as in form. . . . I cannot say which of the 5 movements I like best. . . . But the fourth is the one which is least clear to me; I can hear that the technique is most skilful, but I cannot follow it properly, whereas in the other movements hardly a bar is not clear to me. On the whole the symphony — especially the second and third movements — is very easy for the uninitiated to grasp."

"Robert," runs the entry for New Year's Eve 1850, "has

1) His first work in Düsseldorf had been scoring Rückert's *Neujahrslied*, in Sept. 1850.

2) Op. 123.

3) On Oct. 11th she writes in passing: "I played Robert's violoncello concerto again, and by so doing gave myself many happy musical hours. The romance, the swing, the freshness, the humour, and at the same time the intensely interesting way in which 'cello and orchestra are combined, quite carry one away, and then all the *cantabile* have such melody, such a depth of feeling! . . ."

written many beautiful things during this year, and has ended it with a new overture to the *Bride of Messina*."

In obedience to that inner law whose authority over Schumann has often been remarked, the law by which his artistic work is apt to centre round some particular form, two more new overtures followed in the same year. On Jan. 17th Clara writes: "Robert continues to work incessantly. He is now working at another overture, to *Julius Caesar*. The idea of writing overtures to all the greatest tragedies has so inspired him, that once more he is simply bubbling over with music." While this overture — finished on Feb. 2nd — and that to *Hermann und Dorothea*, which was composed and scored in two days and lay on Clara's Christmas table of 1851 ("As far as I can see from the score," she writes, "it is most original; at once martial and graceful") were perhaps called forth by the desire to write some short and effective pieces for the Düsseldorf orchestra, the chorus found a pleasant task in *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*.

"In spite of the unbearable disturbances of the street noises in this unlucky house," writes Clara at the end of May 1851, "he produces such magnificent work! — During this month he has set a poem, *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, by a man called Horn, from Chemnitz, for soprano, alto, tenor, bass, and a small chorus, with piano accompaniment."

On July 6th, the fine music-room (holding about 60 or 70 persons) of the new house in which they had taken up their abode a few days before, was opened by a morning performance of this work, given by a chorus of 24 persons. "Everybody," writes Clara, "seems to have liked the work very much. But they will understand it in quite a different way when they hear it frequently, and get to know the poem better¹⁾. . . . President von Massenbach thought that if one

1) The text had not yet been printed separately, so that the poem had only been read through to the guests, before the performance.

consecrated one's home by means of such magnificent, holy music, all must go well with one in it." They were to prove the truth of this; and at all events the quiet and comfort of the new rooms exercised an invigorating influence upon Schumann's creative power, for the autumn of this year brought a rich harvest, reminding us of the inexhaustibility and ease of production which marked his best years.

But while the work was completed in Düsseldorf, it was conceived under other suns — on a journey through South Germany and Switzerland, which they undertook in the second half of July 1851, and which left a lasting impression on them both. "It was the most beautiful journey," Clara writes at the end, "that Robert took with me." And, as we shall see, the memory of it lighted up the gray twilight of the sick-room at Endenich. "No sooner did we step on board at Bonn, with its swarms of merry students, its friendly sky, the beautiful green Rhine, and the sound of cheerful music, than he too grew cheerful and remained so." Originally it was intended to be nothing but a Rhine-journey, but at Assmannshausen the "bold idea" struck them of extending their journey into French Switzerland. The further South the journey extends, the quicker beats the pulse of joy in life which throbs in the pages of the diary. They spent a glorious summer-day in Heidelberg, "which I was most impatient to see; Robert had so often told me of the happy time that he spent there". "Robert found everything as it used to be; the same old houses, painted as they were 22 years ago, the same delicious white wine, the same beer at *Wolfsbrunnen*; only the people were not the same! His old host is still alive, but is in the country, his fellow-students are all gone, scattered throughout the world. We found only one person left, an old Englishwoman, Madame Michel, who used then to have one the best known houses in Heidelberg. — But Robert found her with white hair, and grown quite old. Why cannot men be

like Nature, in which everything always buds and blossoms anew!" They then went through Baden-Baden, — whose "up-to-date air" contrasted curiously with the romance of Heidelberg, "but which certainly has its great charm too" — and Basle, into Switzerland. At Geneva, "fine but elegant", they wandered along Rousseau's walks, and enjoyed the "extraordinarily cheap champagne — 1½ francs a bottle!" Then on a sunny day they took the diligence to Chamounix. The entry into Sallanches brought the first sight of Mont Blanc in its full magnificence, and it stood just opposite their window in the *Hotel Royal* at Chamounix, "as if the good God had placed it there for us". They loved to hear the sound of the cow-bells. But the climax was reached on their return journey, when after a rainy passage across the Lake of Geneva the sun broke through over Vevey. "One seems transported into a magic world. I never saw a more exquisite view!" Their plan of coming back by way of Freiburg, with its hanging bridges and its cathedral (with its most magnificent of organs and its wretched organist), and of going to Berne and Thun and Interlaken, was unfortunately frustrated by continuous wet weather. They caught only a momentary glimpse of the Jungfrau, just before reaching Berne, and they were greatly hampered and hindered by swollen streams everywhere. On Aug. 5th they were once more back in Düsseldorf.

But before settling down comfortably within their own four walls, another journey, which they undertook on Aug. 16th to Antwerp and Brussels, formed a sort of epilogue, which could not be called entirely successful. Schumann was called to Antwerp to judge the Men's Singing Competition. "To-day dawned what should be the most dreadful of days for Robert," writes Clara on Aug. 17th. And she was right. For as the gentlemen miscalculated the time it would take, the unhappy judges had to sit there from 11 o'clock in the morning till 11, instead of

7 o'clock at night, with only one hour's interval. "And what compositions! The French societies sang nothing but the most dreadful stuff." But the impressions of the next day — the beautiful old city, the dignified, brilliant ceremonial of the distribution of the prizes (in which the Choral Society from Cologne came off victorious) the kindness of their German hosts and of the Festers, the treasures of art, and above all Rubens — dissipated the clouds, and on the following day they visited Brussels in a cheerful frame of mind and duly all admired the sights, including "the comic little man". A visit to Camilla Pleyel¹⁾ disappointed Clara agreeably. "I was very glad to make her acquaintance, as I had heard so much of her, and I was greatly surprised by the extreme amiability, which seems to come naturally to her."

Before the travellers had really had time to settle down at home again, a second epilogue was provided by a visit from Liszt and Princess Wittgenstein, who arrived on the eve of Marie's birthday and scattered to the four winds the children's party which had been planned for the day itself. For "wherever Liszt comes," writes Clara on Sept. 1st, "all order in the house is upset, and he keeps everybody in a perpetual state of excitement. . . . At 5 o'clock Liszt and his future wife, Princess Wittgenstein, arrived with the latter's 14-year-old daughter and her governess. We were surprised to find the princess quite a matronly lady. It can only be her charming manner, intelligence, and culture — all of which she possesses in the truest sense — that fascinate him. She loves and admires him passionately, and he himself told Robert that she was indescribably devoted to him. Only the daughter, a dear child, makes one feel rather sad, there is something repressed and melancholy in her look. . . . We had a great deal of music, and played Robert's second symphony (the 4 of us),

1) Cf. Vol. I p. 209 note 3.

Springbrunnen and *Kroatenmarsch* from the Album, then the whole of the *Kinderball*, and in conclusion he played a new concert-piece and some of his *Harmonien*. He plays, as always, with a really diabolical bravura, he possesses the piano like a demon (there is no other word for it . . .) but alas for his compositions! they were the most dreadful stuff! If a youngster writes stuff like that, one forgives it his youth, but what is one to say when a man's eyes are so blinded. . . . We were both quite depressed over it, it is too sad. Liszt himself seemed hurt that we said nothing, but one cannot say anything when one feels so indignant at heart."

However, immediately after these discords, Robert's own powers, strengthened by the air of the Swiss mountains awoke to fresh activity. And if the first half of the year had been dedicated to chorus and orchestra, Clara's own branch of art was now to receive its just due.

"Robert is now working very hard at something new," Clara writes on Sept. 15th 1851¹⁾. "But I cannot induce him to say what it is, though I guess that it is a piece for piano and violin — am I right?" — Sept. 18th: "I guessed a-right, R. has written a new piece for piano and violin²⁾, but I have not yet made its acquaintance as it is at present in the hands of the copyist." Sept. 25th: "I have now made acquaintance with . . . Robert's new sonata, and am greatly delighted with it. I very much like the whole character of the sonata, and I do not know how to wait for Wasielewski to come so that I may play it with him."

1) On the same date she says: "R. has composed three piano-pieces of a grave and passionate character, which I like enormously." She refers to the *Drei Phantasiestücke für Pianoforte* Op. 111, which, according to Schumann's notes, were written immediately after their return from Switzerland, and before the journey to Antwerp.

2) Sonata in A minor for piano-forte and violin. Op. 105. According to the MS.: "Düsseldorf Sept. 12nd—th, 1851." First played in public by Clara and David, in Leipsic, March 1825.

On the evening of Oct. 15th Wasielewski came back, and on the 16th Clara writes: "I could not rest without trying Robert's new sonata to-day. We played it through, and were particularly struck by the elegiac first movement, and by the charming second movement, only the third, which is rather less graceful and more stubborn, did not go so well."

On Oct. 11th she had written: "Robert is working very industriously at a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, but he will not let me hear a note of it until it is quite finished—I only know that it is in *G* minor¹). It was tried over for the first time on Oct. 27th, and made "a deep impression" on Clara. "It is original, full of passion from end to end, particularly the scherzo, which carries one into the wildest depths. How magnificent is a mind like his, with such a power of incessant creative activity, and how fortunate I am that heaven has given me sufficient intelligence and feeling to understand his mind and character. A terrible anxiety often comes over me when I think how much more blessed I am than millions of other wives, and then I ask heaven if I have not too much happiness. What are all the shadows cast by every day life, compared with the hours of rapture and bliss which come to me through my Robert's love and work. . . ."

By Nov. 4th there is already news of something fresh. "Robert is hard at work on a second sonata for piano and violin²). I am burning with impatience for it." On Nov. 15th she writes: "We had another delightful evening at our house to-day. Wasielewski, Reimers, Tausch, Dietrich, Frl. Leser, Hartmann, and Prof. Hildebrand were there; I and the two first-named played Robert's *G* minor trio, and we were all

1) Third trio (*G* minor) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. Op. 110 According to the MS. "Düsseldorf Oct. 2nd—9th, 1851".

2) Second grand sonata for violin and pianoforte (*D* minor) Op. 121. "Düsseldorf Oct. 26th—Nov. 2nd, 1851."

three really inspired. But previously I had tried over Robert's newly completed sonata in *D* minor with Wasielewski . . . it shows wonderful originality again, and a depth and greatness of conception such as I know in hardly any other work of the sort — it is really quite over-powering¹)."

Scoring *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt* was the chief work of that November, and in December he re-scored the *D* minor symphony²). The year ended, as has been said, with the overture to *Hermann and Dorothea*, "written with great pleasure, in a few hours".

The New Year too, apparently began under favourable auspices for composition. "Robert," writes Clara on Jan. 1st 1852, "began the New Year with a composition, *Des Sängers Fluch* by Uhland. . . . He set to work at it with the greatest enthusiasm, finished it on Jan. 6th, and played it to me the same evening. It is long since any music has so taken hold of me . . . what an effect this work must produce when it is scored!" And this delight in creation remained during the early months of the year. On Feb. 22nd Clara writes again: "Robert is extraordinarily busy just now! He is composing a Mass, and to-day — after barely a week's work — he finished the whole scheme."

On March 5th his work was interrupted by a journey which they both undertook to Leipsic, whither they were drawn by an invitation to a performance of *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, which led them both to take part in a *Gewandhaus* concert. A plan

1) Spitta (*Robert Schumann, Ein Lebensbild* p. 85) declares that the third trio, and still more the two violin-sonatas, "which can hardly be heard without pain", show clear tokens of exhaustion. Clara Schumann has added in the margin of her copy: "But this cannot be said of the *A* minor sonata, or of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th movements of the *D* minor sonata. Only the 1st movement of the *D* minor sonata has something painful in the rhythm."

2) Cf. Vol. I p. 326 note 2.

to combine this with a detour to Weimar, so as be present at the first performance of *Manfred*, came to nothing.

It was the first time for two years that they had returned to their former home, and the old city of the Muses, of musicians and of booksellers, greeted them once again with all the charm of home. "We had the same little room as before (at the Preussers'), only there were no nightingales. Wenzel and Grabau were waiting for us at the station. The latter has acquired the name of 'Father of quartets' (he has just trained a new quartet). He is the same old enthusiast, incapable of growing weary where music is concerned. We had scarcely arrived at the Preussers', when Dr Härtel came to see us . . . he is just the same old friend, ever ready to be of service. He often rumples his hair, but it is of no consequence, he means no harm." Pleasant days followed. The *D* minor trio was tried with Grabau and David at the former's house, and the contrast between his artistic performance and the good intentions of their acquaintances in Düsseldorf, was found to be very pleasant. And more than this, when, after an "excellent dinner" at Prince Reuss's, he played the *A* minor sonata with Clara at sight, "with his own broad, full tone" and "infectious enthusiasm", Clara felt that now for the first time she understood the peculiar character of the last movement . . . in short, "he has fascinated us". On March 14th "Robert and Clara Schumann's concert", took place, in the 2nd part of which *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt* was performed. The concert opened with the *Manfred* overture, which produced a great effect. Moscheles declared, after the rehearsal, that it was "the most magnificent thing that Robert has done". Whilst owing to the inefficiency of the solists, *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt* had not justice done to it. But through it all there sounded a note of such warm friendliness that both artists were very happy. They found too, many friends from other parts, Liszt and Joachim from Weimar, Pohl from Dresden,

Meinardus from Berlin etc. etc. Hence on the following day the Schumanns had music at home: "I played Liszt Robert's *G* minor trio and then we played Mendelssohn's allegro for four hands, and some things from the Album. The allegro was dreadful to hear, but the young people, of whom there were many there, were quite delighted! Liszt at the piano, when he is animated, is a pleasant sight, but it was only a sight. There is no longer any music, nothing but a diabolical buzzing and banging." And in the intervals of rehearsing for the subscription concert, there were incessant musical parties at friends' houses, so that frequently they felt "almost dead with music", especially at old Moscheles' house. Clara in order to give the old man a pleasure, played Grabau's 'cello sonata with him. "They say here, that Moscheles has played this sonata 60 times with Grützmacher, 10 times with Grabau, and at least 20 times with David, and that if he can get no-one else he plays it as a duet with his daughters." This little bit of good-natured gossip serves to complete the picture of these days in Leipsic. The *Gewandhaus* concert, at which Clara played Moscheles' *G* minor concerto — "a fine thing, which by no means deserves to be so soon forgotten" —, was crowned by a successful performance of the *E♭* major symphony, which sounded far better than it did in Düsseldorf, to say nothing of the beautiful sound of the instruments, and was received with "real enthusiasm". On the other hand the public apparently did not really warm towards the *A* minor sonata or the *G* minor trio, both of which were performed at a charity concert on the 21st. But on the whole those were happy days, and they found an harmonious close in the serenade which the students of the Conservatoire brought the artist-pair on the evening of the 21st. On the following morning they set out for home with heavy hearts. They were especially sorry to say good-bye to their faithful friend Dr Reuter, for they knew it was a last farewell, and that his days were

numbered. But among all the friends young and old, who came to Preusser's house for music in the mornings during these days, not one had any presentiment that this was also Schumann's last farewell to his old home.

A glance at Schumann's notes shows us that after their return from Leipzig his creative work was not carried on at the same pace, and did not cover so much ground. The latter days of March were devoted to the completion of the Mass, and in April a similar frame of mind gave rise to a Latin *Requiem* (Op. 148), of which, curiously enough, the diary makes no mention. In June he began the cycle of ballads *vom Pagen und der Königstochter*, though he did not finish scoring them until the end of August. At Christmas 1852 the diary announces: "Robert gave me songs from the text of *Maria Stuart*¹), his first attempt at composition for a long time."

The reasons for this discontinuance lay partly in household circumstances. In April they had been obliged to leave their pleasant and comfortable rooms, owing to the sale of the house, and they had been very unfortunate in their choice of a new dwelling right out in Herzogstrasse. On one side of them, wall to wall, was an English family, whose offspring maltreated the piano all day long, and these musical people met every request that they would have consideration for the master's peace and move the piano into another room with rude refusal. On the other side was a newly built house in which the workmen made a noise from early till late, and in addition to all this they were paving the newly laid-out street. It was really a desperate state of things, and they regarded it as a deliverance when at last, by making great sacrifices, they were able to get free from the contract, and to find, at

1) Poems from *Maria Stuart* for voice with pianoforte accompaniment. Op. 135.

all events for the winter, a residence in Bilkerstrasse, which they liked much better in every respect.

But the chief reason was the state of Robert's health, which since the beginning of April 1852 had left much to be desired. At first he appeared to be suffering from a form of rheumatism, which robbed him of his sleep and greatly affected his spirits. There was a temporary improvement in May, but at the beginning of June he became worse again, and he was unable to attend the first performance of *Manfred* at Weimar. This, however, was perhaps just as well, as the arrangement by which Liszt played Richard Wagner's *Faust* overture between the acts would hardly have been to his taste. A holiday on the Rhine (from June 26th to July 6th), when he went to Godesberg, and made many excursions in the Ahrthal, and above all in the Siebengebirge appeared to give him renewed strength and vigour. The fine weather was without a break, but this very blinding heat, which brooded incessantly over the valley of the Rhine, combined with obvious carelessness of his health (he used to take long walks in the heat of the sun), increased Schumann's bodily and mental discomfort to such an extent that on July 2nd, as he was taking an evening stroll along the banks of the Rhine to Plittersdorf, he had a nervous attack which compelled them to cut short their holiday at once and return to Düsseldorf. Dark days followed. Rhine baths, recommended by Dr Müller, brought about a temporary improvement, as they had done before, but at the end of the month matters once more became worse. "Robert is terribly troubled by hypochondriacal thoughts," writes Clara on July 21st, "though Dr Müller sets my mind at rest about him, saying that it is nothing but an indisposition consequent on great exertion, and that it will gradually disappear. At present it is increasing, for it grows daily worse."

The Choral Festival, of which mention has already been made, fell just at this time, and it seemed impossible that

Schumann should be able to conduct at one of the concerts, as he had promised to do. The rehearsal was on July 30th and it was agreed that Tausch should take Schumann's place at it. "However, we went there on the evening, so that we might at least hear the *Caesar* overture. But when Robert heard it, he was seized with a composer's enthusiasm, and conducted it himself." As a result of this he became so much worse that he was unable to see or speak to the numerous distinguished visitors whom the Festival attracted. Nevertheless, he would not allow the bâton to be wrested from his hand at the concert on Aug. 3rd. "Robert summoned up all his strength to-day, and with the greatest effort¹⁾ conducted the two overtures, Beethoven's and his own."

"The time that followed," writes Clara, "was a very sad one for us, for my dear Robert suffered much, and I suffered with him. Dr Müller wants to send us to sea-baths, or else to a cold water cure. We cannot do anything to entertain my sister (Marie Wieck), as I cannot leave Robert, and a conversation of any sort upsets him²⁾. During the next few days I hardly left Robert's side, and finally, on Aug. 12th, we decided to go to the sea-baths at Scheveningen. I packed amidst great discussion, for Robert asserted that he could not bear the journey."

The sea-baths did him decided good; the diary is able to speak of steady progress, and of delight in work and good spirits. "Robert enjoys working at the ballad," Clara writes on Sept. 5th. A few days later she gave him a great fright by her premature confinement, brought on by sea-bathing, which she tried by the advice of a local doctor. In spite of this, the improvement continued, and Clara also made a quick

1) "Sad weakening of my powers" is Schumann's own note, on the morning of the day.

2) "A time of great suffering," writes Schumann on Aug. 9th.

recovery and in a few days time was once more standing at her post with wonderful vigour and courage.

In the middle of September they returned home with considerably lighter hearts, thankful for the comfort of the new house into which their things had been moved during their absence. "Robert's room is very pleasantly and quietly situated, so that he sits in a sort of little box . . . but the greatest convenience of all is that I have my study on the second floor, where Robert can hear nothing. It is the first time since our marriage that we have been so fortunate." But their anxieties about Robert's health were not at an end.

"We ended this month in trouble, for though Robert is much better, he still feels very unwell." And in the middle of October an attack of giddiness awoke fresh fears, which, however, the doctor appears to have considered unfounded. At the end of November therefore, Schumann again took up his work as conductor, and for the next few months his condition improved visibly, although even at this time he was occasionally subject to the illusions of hearing which afterwards became so painful¹).

Clara had spoken with especial satisfaction of the situation of her study in their new house. Now that she was in another floor, she was able to practise without disturbing her husband. During these years in Düsseldorf the unfavourable circumstances under which she lived had driven her own musical work — apart from teaching — very much more into the background. It is true that this involuntary restriction of her artistic activity, which had cost her many secret sighs and tears, was partly due to their increasing household, the growing children, and the arrival of a fourth daughter, Eugenie, (born Dec. 1st 1851) yet it was no mere chance that, after she

1) Schumann notes on Nov. 21st: "Visit from Hiller. Remarkable affection of the hearing."

had recovered from the effects of the Schevening catastrophe — which necessitated absolute rest during November and December, — the beginning of the year showed her more busily at work in her new study, than she had been for years. "To-day," she writes on Jan. 9th 1853, "I began to work again, at last. When I am able to work regularly like this, I feel really in my element; quite a different feeling seems to come over me, I am much freer and lighter, and everything seems to me more bright and cheerful. Music is, after all, a good piece of my life, and when it is wanting I feel as if I had lost all physical and mental elasticity." During the ensuing months we hear repeatedly of the most zealous study, and of her delight in it, which though occasionally damped by a word of blame from her beloved husband, always blazed up afresh. Was it the prospect of the often-planned, often-postponed journey to England which so fired her, or was it the success which young Wilhelmine Claus was having with Schumann's quintet in Paris? "Robert wrote a very nice letter to Wilhelmine Claus in Paris, to-day," says the diary for Ap. 9th 1853. "But I was distressed that she should be the first to produce Robert's things in Paris and London, when I certainly have a better right than anyone to that!"

On May 29th the diary announces: "To-day I once more began . . . for the first time for years, to compose again; that is, I want to write variations on a theme of Robert's, out of *Bunte Blätter*, for his birthday: but I find it very difficult. — The break has been too long." And on June 3rd, she adds: "The work is done. It seems to me that it is not a failure¹), and now all the birds are alive again and sing the whole summer long." On June 10th she speaks of "setting 2 songs of Hermann Rollett's *Jucunde*". "Composing gives me

1) The MS. is inscribed: "For my dear husband, for June 8th 1853, a weak attempt once more on the part of his Clara of old."

great pleasure. I wrote my last song in 1846, 7 years ago!" And on the 22nd: "To-day I set the sixth song by Rollett, and thus I have collected a volume of songs, which give me pleasure, and have given me many happy hours. . . . There is nothing which surpasses the joy of creation, if only because through it one wins hours of self-forgetfulness, when one lives in a world of sound." And on June 29th: "I have finished 3 piano-pieces, and am now going to rest for a little." Nevertheless, on July 8th she announces the composition of a new song, "Goethe's *Veilchen*". She knew nothing of Mozart's setting, and so had to endure being teased by Robert, though she notes with pleasure that, "he liked my composition, all the same". And in July 3 more *Romances* for piano and violin came into existence.

Robert too, on the floor below, was once more in full work (1853). In March, his work at the piano-accompaniment of Bach's violin sonatas, was followed by a setting of Hasenclever's version of *The Luck of Edenhall*, which Clara greeted with enthusiasm: "The whole work once more exhales a spirit of freshness which carries one away." And no-one can have been more sensitive to this than she was, "for I always feel so keenly conscious of Robert's inspiration and mastery, and certainly I may say that at all events no-one can understand him *better* than I do." In April, the *Rheinlied* overture was followed by "6 piano-pieces in fugue-form¹). As a matter of fact they are regular fugues, all most original. Four are very melancholy, and two are extraordinarily energetic." The same June produced another gift for the children, "*Kindersonaten*, for such child-performers as never were", Clara remarks; so these sonatas were afterwards re-named *Klaviersonaten für die Jugend* (Piano-sonatas for the young) and dedicated to their three daughters.

1) *Fughetten für Pianoforte*. Op. 126.

In the midst of this summer of song and music came Schumann's birthday, on June 8th, the last which he kept with his family. They drove to Benrath with the children, and from thence strolled through the park-like wood to Eller, "and it really seemed as if the good God Himself meant to serenade Robert ¹⁾, for there was a regular wood-concert of every possible kind of little songster. I should have liked to stay there for hours. We passed the evening very cosily at home, and our hearts were light to think that Robert had spent the day so happily and feeling so well, which was not the case last year. . . . God is always to be thanked when one is cheerful in body and mind, but on festival days like this one is doubly thankful. . . . We must leave the future in God's hands. To-day I can only be thankful for the good that has come to us."

The same cheery, jubilant tone is heard through the whole summer, not only in Clara's entries in the diary, but also in Schumann's brief notes, which in August mark the feeling of the day with ever recurring "cheerful" or "happiness". Isolated warnings were not wanting, however. On July 30th, when they were on a visit to Bonn, Schumann had an attack which he at first thought was a stroke, but which the doctor told him was nothing but a sudden touch of rheumatism. And on Aug. 30th, after some very stimulating but very exhausting days of music he suddenly lost his voice one evening.

But in spite of these, Clara can write on Sept. 10th — two days before the 14th anniversary of their wedding-day —: "Robert is in such good spirits that he makes me cheerful too." Under such auspices it was only natural that their wedding-day, and her birthday (which was the day following) should be kept as days of high holiday. "Can a wedding-day be kept more happily," writes Clara, "than with a dearly loved and loving husband at one's side, and six happy, well-grown children

1) He had been serenaded by some friends the evening before.

around us! My heart is full of thankfulness for all these rich blessings. May heaven preserve them to us." But the real festival was celebrated on the next day. Robert had told her beforehand that something had gone wrong in the post, her present had not come and could not arrive until the afternoon of the next day, so she must have patience until then. "This", writes Clara, "was somewhat of a trial of patience for I was burning 'to crack my birthday nut' (i. e. at last to see his new compositions, and have them for my own). Well, I pretended to be patient." Of the day itself, the diary tells us: "A glorious morning. Marvellous weather. Robert's cheerful face was really radiant. I could not imagine what he was preparing. There was a great deal of whispering to Dietrich, then he ran out and came back again; in short it would have been a wonder if I had not grown inquisitive about it. . . ." "At 12 o'clock they drove to their beloved Benrath." Our hearts were well satisfied, only a momentary shadow flitted across Robert's face when — for instance — I said something which made him think that I had a suspicion as to what his surprise was. "But the surprise was complete when on coming back to Bilkerstrasse at 5 o'clock she found" a grand piano, decked with flowers, in the middle of the room, and behind it two ladies and two gentlemen, while at the piano itself sat Frl. Then (a pupil of Clara's, from Augsburg). The moment I entered they began to sing — and what did they sing? The very poem which Robert wrote for me 13 years ago¹), when he gave me the Härtel grand, and which he had now set. And with all this I had still no inkling of the size of his present. I thought the piano had been sent from Klems just for the singing. In fact, if ever any surprise was a success, this one was. I was quite overcome with joy and fear when Robert told me that the piano was to be mine — fear, because it is

1) July 4th 1840. Cf. Vol. I p. 295.

too big a present too costly for our circumstances but all the same I do certainly want it, and Robert looked so happy as he gave me the present, that in the end the fear was conquered by the joy. But what I found lying on the piano gave me a feeling akin to sadness: for it was too much happiness. There were the fruits of his restless industry: a *Concert-Allegro*, with orchestral accompaniment, composed for me¹), a *Phantasie* for violin and orchestra²) (composed for Joachim), and the score of the *Faust* overture, with a piano-arrangement for two, and for four hands. . . . I cannot express what I felt, but my heart was full of love and admiration for Robert, and of gratitude to heaven for the great happiness with which it overwhelms me. It may sound presumptuous, but am I not truly the happiest wife in the world? In the evening, when the guests had gone, they two sat together for a long time, and had music, "All the new things" were tried through on the new piano.

"I hear the sound of the brazen feet."

But they heard nothing.

One of the birthday gifts had been "composed for Joachim". This was a friendly echo from the Musical Festival of 1853, at which, among many striking and stimulating impressions, the greatest of all, and one which those present could never forget, was Joachim's playing of Beethoven's violin concerto, on the 3rd day (May 17th). "Joachim was the crown of the evening," Clara wrote in the diary at the time. "The rest of us were applauded, and after Robert's concerto the orchestra presented me with a laurel-wreath, but Joachim won a victory over us all with the Beethoven concerto — he played it with a finish, a depth of poetic feeling, his whole soul in every

1) *Konzert-Allegro mit Introduction* for Pianoforte with Orchestra accompaniment. Op. 134.

2) Op. 131.

note, so ideally, that I never heard violin-playing like it, and I can truly say that I have never received so indelible an impression from any virtuoso. And how that grand work was accompanied! how perfectly! It was as if the whole orchestra felt a holy awe." On the following day he had played the *A* minor sonata, with Clara, to a small circle, "so wonderfully, that now for the first time the whole work made the impression on me which I had always felt it ought to make. . . . I can think of no other violinist now." "But we have learned to know Joachim not only as an artist, but as a lovable, and truly modest man. He has a character which can only be known after long and intimate acquaintance, as is, perhaps, the case with all really good men."

From this time dates a friendship which proved a source of pure happiness to Schumann up to the last unclouded moments of his life, and which for more than forty years never failed Clara in things great or small, never wavered in its loyalty.

As if they had a foreboding that every minute was precious, they made use of every opportunity for personal intercourse during the months which followed. On June 4th, Joachim had sent the *Hamlet* overture, which at once surprised and delighted his friends by its "deep seriousness". On Aug. 28th he came himself in order to spend the last days of his holiday with them, and we find, "Joachim is wonderful", "Joachim fascinates everyone", "Morning and evening music with Joachim". "Happy hours", Schumann notes in his diary (Aug. 28th to 31st), speaking of this meeting. And Clara writes, "Robert was in extraordinarily good spirits." "On Sept. 23rd I wrote a dunning letter to Joachim (demanding an answer to an invitation that had been sent him), but I had hardly finished it when he himself walked into the room, bringing his answer with him. He was on his way to the Kalsruhe Musical Festival, and he spent the whole day here. We had a great deal

of music, but the greatest treat of all was to hear him play. . . . Robert's violin *Phantasie*; he had to play it three times." In conclusion he played the *A* minor sonata again, "with such a depth of feeling that he set the inmost strings of one's heart vibrating. I had always thought that is must sound like that, but I had never so heard it."

In other respects this month, which began under such happy auspices, ended sadly for Clara. Once again she saw the plans for a journey to England, of which they had felt certain this winter, brought to nothing by fresh expectations of motherhood. "My last good years are passing away, and my powers too — there is certainly reason enough for me to distress myself. . . . I am more discouraged than I can say."

She little suspected that this trouble was to be the easiest to bear of all the difficulties which were to beset her life, and that she was standing only at the threshold of her own artistic career. And as little did she guess that in crossing this threshold she must cross the grave of him whom she loved.

But there was something else of which she had no suspicion, and this time it was something pleasant. She had always regarded it as a good omen if the beginning and end of a month were marked by some musical event, even if it were only a trio or a quartet in their own house. And behold! on the same 30th of September on which she confides her discouragement to the diary, Robert remarks in his daily notes: "Herr Brahms from Hamburg".

During the months that follow, the diary has much to say of the new-comer. "This month introduced us to a wonderful person, Brahms, a composer from Hamburg — 20 years old. Here again is one of those who comes as if sent straight from God. — He played us sonatas, scherzos etc. of his own, all of them showing exuberant imagination, depth of feeling, and mastery of form. Robert says that there was

nothing that he could tell him to take away or to add. It is really moving to see him sitting at the piano, with his interesting young face which becomes transfigured when he plays, his beautiful hands, which overcome the greatest difficulties with perfect ease (his things are very difficult), and in addition these remarkable compositions. He has studied with Marxsen in Hamburg, but what he played to us is so masterly that one cannot but think that the good God sent him into the world ready-made. He has a great future before him, for he will first find the true field for his genius when he begins to write for the orchestra. Robert says there is nothing to wish except that heaven may preserve his health. . . .

. . . . Oct. 2nd. In the afternoon Brahms came in, and played us some of his things, which made a deep impression on all of us (I had invited some of my pupils and Fr^l. Leser). . . . In the evening Brahms and Dietrich dined with us. After dinner Brahms played us several very curious Hungarian folk-songs. . . . Oct. 4th. Brahms played a Fantasia for piano, violin, and violoncello¹⁾, and his beautiful scherzo in *E^b* minor²⁾. Brahms's Fantasia is a very youthful, wild piece, but full of imagination and great thoughts; here and there he had not always rightly judged the tone of the instruments, but these are trifles in comparison with the wealth of his imagination and feeling. . . . Oct. 5th. Robert had an amusing correspondence with Joachim, who had warmly recommended Brahms to him. Robert wrote to Joachim: 'This is he that should come'. Joachim answered: 'I love Brahms too well to envy of him'. Oct. 7th. Robert has finished a most interesting violin concerto³⁾, he played it to me in a sort of way, but I will not venture to say more of it until I have heard it properly. The adagio

1) Cf. Kalbeck's *Brahms* I p. 138.

2) Op. 4.

3) *A* minor. MS. Cf. Moser's B.

and the last movement were quite clear to me, but not the first movement. This evening I played Brahms Robert's BACH fugue, and then played the new *Kinderball* with Robert¹⁾. . . . Oct. 8th. I played Robert's *F* minor sonata²⁾ (formerly 'Concerto without Orchestra') to Robert and Brahms. . . . Oct. 10th. Brahms was with us this evening (I always calls him Robert's Johannes). Oct. 11th. Robert has written a most amusing letter to Joachim, about Brahms. To-day Robert finished 4 pieces for piano, clarinet, and viola³⁾, and was much pleased with them himself. He thinks that this combination of instruments has a very romantic effect — I can well believe it. An inexhaustible genius! Oct. 12th. We had music in the afternoon. I played first Robert's *F* minor sonata, then Brahms's scherzo, then Robert's third trio (with Becker⁴⁾ and Bockmühl). Herr Laurens⁵⁾ and his family were there. Herr Laurens is a great and warm admirer of Robert's, and was most pleasantly excited by everything that he heard. He knows most of Robert's things well, but he has not heard them well played. He is as much interested in painting as in music; he himself does very fine portraits in chalk.

Oct. 14th. Joachim surprised us again to-day — he was coming back from Karlsruhe. How glad I was that he did not come yesterday!⁶⁾ In the afternoon we invited the Laurenses again, and had a great deal of music with Joachim: First Robert's *D* minor sonata, then the first trio. Brahms played too. . . . At 9 o'clock we went to the *Breidenbacher Hof* with Joachim, and there had supper with Brahms and

1) Op. 130. "Sept. 24th. Robert has finished a charming *Kinderball* for four hands" (Diary).

2) Op. 14.

3) *Märchenerzählungen* (Fairy Tales). Op. 132.

4) Wasielowski's successor as first violin.

5) From Montpellier. For information as to his residence in Düsseldorf, his drawings etc., see Jansen *Briefe* new series, 2nd edition p. 580-

6) Clara had been giving a concert in Barmen on the 13th.

Dietrich. We enjoyed ourselves very much. Oct. 15th. Joachim left again. Herr Laurens drew another wonderfully fine picture of Robert, which, to my great delight, he gave me. Oct. 16. In the afternoon we had music for Herr Laurens, for the last time (the *E♭* major quartet, and the second trio). Robert has given him the sketch for his quintet. . . . Robert has also given Brahms the sketch, for his quartet. . . . Oct. 18th. Robert has composed 5 morning-songs — highly original pieces again, but difficult to grasp, the feeling in them is so unusual.”

The last week of October was somewhat less peaceful, though not therefore less interesting. Joachim took part in one of the subscription-concerts, at which his *Hamlet* overture was performed, and he and Clara gave a soirée on the 29th. Bettina von Arnim and her daughter Gisela came to Düsseldorf. Clara was pleasantly surprised by the friendliness which Bettina showed her, this time. She says, “On Oct. 26th Joachim came here, and stopped with us. In the evening he played us Paganini’s *Études* and Robert’s *Phantasie*. . . . On Oct. 28th we had an early visit from Bettina von Arnim and her youngest daughter, Gisela. An interesting acquaintance. She seems to have a very soft place in her heart for Joachim. We played her various things together. In the evening we gave a party in Joachim’s honour. Bettina, the Schadows, the Hasenclevers, the Hammers, the Heisters, and several others were there. We had a great deal of music, and had the *Märchen-erzählungen* again. On Oct. 29th, Joachim and I gave a soirée in the *Kürtenschen Saal*. It was very full, and the audience was very enthusiastic — for this place. . . . Bettina had stayed for the concert, but she left the next day. She seemed not to dislike me, at least so she said, after looking at me for a long time and holding my hand.

On Oct. 30th we had a great deal of music both morning and afternoon. In the evening Joachim left. Thus this month

has brought a friend to us — Brahms — and has taken one away. Brahms too, will soon leave us, which gives us real pain, Robert loves him and takes great pleasure in him, both as man and artist. — Robert has written a fine article on him, *New Paths*, which has appeared in the *Brendelscher Zeitung*. . . . On Nov. 2nd. Brahms played us his *F* minor sonata in the evening, as a farewell. We are extremely sorry that he is going. — He wants to go to Joachim, who is feeling very lonely in Hannover.”

“Yesterday Brahms came to my window, like an apparition prophesying good luck for the winter,” Joachim tells Clara, on the following day.

It almost seemed as if with his departure fortune had turned her back on the friends whom he left behind in Düsseldorf. A few days later came the request from the concert committee that Schumann would relinquish the conductorship in favour of Tausch, and this was speedily followed by a definite breach which, though it was unavoidable and though it put an end to an unendurable situation, yet brought Schumann face to face with the serious question of a change of dwelling-place, since under these circumstances it was impossible for them to remain in Düsseldorf. After some hesitation they decided on Vienna, which in spite of their very uninspiring experiences in 1846, always seemed to them on the whole an ideal centre for work, and all the more so since during the last few months there had been unmistakable signs that Schumann's music was at last beginning to win appreciation there. . . .

But an immediate migration was impossible for various reasons, and since, on the other hand, they were for the moment disgusted with Düsseldorf, they hailed as a form of release, an invitation from some of the Dutch cities, which included both the composer and his interpreter. In the summer of 1852 they had already gathered an impression

from conversation in Scheveningen that Schumann was appreciated in Holland as he was in hardly any part of Germany, and hence their expectations were somewhat high. They were, however, to be far surpassed.

They set out on Nov. 24th, and had an unbroken triumphal progress through Utrecht, the Hague, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam, such as they had never experienced before. The warmth and sincerity of their reception made the discomforts of the journey, and above all the terrible cold which they felt far more acutely than the natives — “These Dutchmen do not know what it is to be cold,” Clara complains — seem comparatively easy to bear.

The one inglorious exception was the Court, in spite of a letter of recommendation to the Queen herself, which Clara had been given by the Princess von Hohenzollern, whose daughter Stefanie was a pupil of hers. At a soirée at Prince Friedrich’s she was treated with such uncalled for discourtesy by everyone, from the Court-Marshall to the lackey in the ante-room, that immediately after her performance, to which the noisy company paid not the slightest attention, she left the room and the palace, wading through the snow in her satin slippers because my lords the servants considered it superfluous to trouble themselves over “the musicians”. But the climax of all was the question put to Schumann by their royal host: “Are you musical, too?” And when Robert smiled and answered, yes, he was asked, “And what instrument do you play?”

In earlier years Schumann would probably have been greatly hurt by such tactlessness. But on this occasion he only smiled; and he was right. For if his Royal Highness did not know in whose presence he stood, that only showed that he did not read the papers, in which the name of this Dr Schumann was daily mentioned his praise was sung in every key, and he was spoken of as one of the greatest living composers

It was indeed a triumphal progress for them both, from first to last.

On the first evening (Nov. 26th) at Utrecht the *E♭* major symphony was excellently given by an amateur orchestra, truned by Kuffergth, and was received with enthusiasm, as were Clara's performances (Beethoven's *C* major sonata, and Schumann's *Concert-Allegro*). The noise continued after Clara had played an encore, without her being able to make out the meaning of the unintelligible cries. At last they resolved themselves into, "Doctor, doctor!", and to Clara's great joy Robert had to appear. "I was very surprised to find the Dutch so enthusiastic and excitable, and at the same time, I might say, more cultured than the Rhinelanders. We were much pleased with such a good musical beginning in Holland." And this impression not only remained but strengthened as they went from city to city. At the Hague, Robert conducted his second symphony in the *Diligentia* on Nov. 30th, when it was very well rendered by a really enthusiastic orchestra, trained under Lübeck. And at the same concert Clara won storms of applause with Mendelssohn's *Variations serieuses* and Robert's *Concert-Allegro*. In Rotterdam, where Schumann conducted his third symphony in the *Eruditio Musica* on the following day and Clara played the *A* minor concerto, the enthusiastic ovation bestowed upon the artist-pair did not confine itself to the concert-hall. After the concert — which did not come to an end until 11 o'clock — they found a large crowd of people assembled in front of their hotel. A choir of 100 voices, with torches, and an orchestra, greeted them with the forest chorus out of *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt* and the *Geburtstagsmarsch*. They were led by friend Verhulst, who brandished his baton for nearly an hour in honour of his beloved friend and admired master, in spite of the icy cold. After Schumann had come out and spoken a few words of thanks, a deputation appeared from the Dutch Musical Society, whose President,

van Houten, welcomed him most warmly — “One could easily hear that it came from his heart,” writes Clara. “I was very much touched by the whole thing.” It is no wonder that, carried away by this enthusiasm, she herself played better than ever. In Amsterdam, where Schumann conducted his second symphony at the *Felix Meritis* on the following day, and she herself had played Beethoven’s *E^b* major concerto, she writes: “Robert says of me, in his notes, that here in Holland I play most beautifully. But one cannot but be inspired by such sympathetic audiences. The enthusiasm of the public, and of the orchestra (though the latter does not equal that of Rotterdam) after the first movement of the Beethoven, transported me.”

The performance of *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, by the Choral Society at the Hague, on Dec. 6th, with Lübeck conducting and Clara at the piano, made a specially pleasant impression. The evening opened with the quintet — not very well accompanied. “Robert,” writes Clara, “speaks again, in his notes, of ‘Clara’s wonderful playing!’ It gives me great pleasure that Robert always takes so much interest in my playing, and he knows that when he is satisfied I am more pleased than if a whole audience lay at my feet.” At the conclusion of the *Rose*, which had been carefully studied, and whose choruses were most effective, the audience went on calling until Robert came forward from the corner into which he had slipped during the performance, and expressed his thanks. Offermanns, the singer, crowned him — “he never noticed it, but we did, and I thought to myself, ‘This is as it should be’.”

They found it hard to part from their Dutch friends, but they hoped to meet again next winter.

Christmas Eve found the family once more united, and in spite of many vexations which they found awaiting them at home, their hearts were light and full of thankfulness. Clara’s portrait, painted by Sohn, was her surprise for her beloved.

He did not seem to be very satisfied with it. "I think it is because he is not yet used to it," she writes, "one has to get accustomed to any picture, however striking, and to look at it often, and then one learns to like it more and more. It is like a beautiful composition in which one must first steep oneself."

If at the end of the year she had still much left to wish for, and to be anxious about, yet the sum of it all was: "We all had cause to look back on the past year with thanks to God. He has preserved the health of my husband and children . . . and if only one were less human, one would feel that the trifling ills of life were not worth considering beside its great benefits."

The New Year too, began under friendly auspices. Hille had arranged for a performance of the *Peri* in Hanover, and invited Schumann to come and conduct¹⁾. This performance fell through at the last minute, but all the same the journey thither was undertaken in the middle of January, for Clara was to play Beethoven's *E♭* major concerto at the third subscription concert, and the 4th symphony was to be given under Joachim's direction, he was also to play the violin fantasia on the same evening. Then they meant to undertake an expedition to Frankfort, and give a concert there. It was not with an entirely light heart that Clara made up her mind afresh to the discomforts of travelling, for she was already beginning to find it a labour to play in public; but the wish to leave the Düsseldorf milieu again for time, and the longing to see their friends Brahms and Joachim once more, overcame all other considerations. And she had no cause to regret it. Not only was the concert a success — Joachim played the fantasia "wonderfully", and the tone and feeling of the orchestra delighted Clara: "It was a pleasure to find a responsive

1) *Briefe* new series. 2nd edition p. 533.

orchestra such as one seldom meets with in Germany," — but, more important than this, she found herself here in an atmosphere which was wholly beneficial and which, in contrast to their experiences in Holland, was not confined to bourgeois circles.

"Count Platen came to see us this morning," writes Clara on the 22nd. "A pleasant man. In this case one can say with truth, 'Like master, like man', for everybody about the Court is as kindly and gracious as the royal couple themselves." "The poor King, who looks so good and kind," had spoken to Schumann several times at the concert itself, and said "how glad he was to hear and see him, and how much he liked his compositions, and admired him". And this feeling of sympathy was strengthened on the two evenings on which Clara played at Court, and especially on the second evening when by the King's wish she played hardly anything but Schumann. "In many of the pieces one could see how the King was affected, e. g. in *Der Dichter spricht* at the close of the *Kinderszenen*."

But the best of all was being with their friends Brahms and Joachim. "We are struck by Brahms's silence," writes Clara, "he hardly speaks at all, and if he does, it is so softly that I cannot understand him. Probably he has a world of his own — he absorbs all that is beautiful, and lives upon it in his heart." Joachim too, they found more serious than usual; although hours of merriment and *abandon* were not lacking. On one evening in particular, which they spent at Joachim's with Brahms and Otto Grimm, the diary expressly tells us, we were "very merry, and drank a great deal of champagne"¹⁾. They had music sometimes at the Schumanns', and sometimes in Joachim's bachelor quarters. On the last evening — the 29th — the friends were gathered together at

1) Cf. Moser's *Joachim* p. 133 etc.

the Schumanns'. Clara and Joachim played Robert's *Romances* for piano and violincello (the latter of which had been written in November 1853) and then Clara alone played the first three movements of the Brahms sonata, and in conclusion she and Joachim played Robert's *D* minor sonata. "What a beautiful ending for us all this sonata made!"

On the following day they returned to Düsseldorf. Brahms, Joachim, Grimm, und Hiller waved good-bye to them at the station. Not one of them suspected that it was for the last time.

Düsseldorf had no home-like associations for them, and they cannot be blamed if they felt anything but glad to greet once more the streets and squares which had shown them so little hospitality.

Who was there, besides the children, the faithful Dietrich, and a little band of Clara's pupils, who cared for her return, or whose face lighted up when the sound of her step or her voice awoke an echo."

But if the travellers asked themselves this question in the silence of their first evening at home, and with a resigned shake of the head negatived the name of many a so-called friend, there was one name which certainly called forth no such sign, but which made a feeling of home steal over them when they thought of it. "How glad Fräulein Leser will be to have us back again." Not to see them, for she was blind, though she seemed to have stored in her heart all the light and joy which she was not permitted to see with her eyes and to spend it upon those she loved in inexhaustible happiness and goodness, sharing all their joy and sorrow. Since November 1850, when Clara for the first time called on the solitary, highly cultured blind woman in her comfortable home, a friendship, which years only served to strengthen, at once sprang up between them, and all the various interests of life and art, the cares of this world, and the changes and chances which befell

them both, did but increase its tenderness and draw its bonds the closer. On almost every page of the diary, in the early fifties Rosalie Leser's name is to be found, and she is always mentioned as a ray of light. She is always the most welcome sight on festive occasions, whether at their own house or in the houses of their friends; always bright and active. And if it is a case of help in need, the first thought is always of her.

CHAPTER II.

NIGHT.

1854.

Since the autumn, Schumann had been in a more cheerful, one might almost say a more exalted, frame of mind, and the vexatious occurrences in November did not seriously affect his spirits. On the journey to Holland he had had another attack of "abnormal affection of the hearing" at Emmerich, where they spent the first night, "so that," as Clara writes, "neither he nor I could sleep, it made him so nervous." But he appears to have lost this quite soon, for during all the weeks that follow there is no further mention of it. In Hanover his friends found him more cheerful and talkative than ever¹).

Since November his creative faculties had had perfect rest, but he busied himself all the more zealously at the beginning of the year in selecting passages for his *Dichtergarten*, a collection of the utterances of famous poets and authors about music, a subject which had greatly interested and attracted him for years past.

"Robert," writes Clara on Jan. 13th, "is very busy . . . he has already collected priceless treasures from Jean Paul, Shakespeare, Rückert, etc., and never tires of exploring the poets, from the oldest (beginning with the Bible) to the

1) Cf. Moser's *Joachim* p. 134. The scene which is there depicted cannot, however, have taken place after the performance of the *Peri* (Kalbeck *Brahms* Vol. I p. 167), for no such performance was given.

newest." Thus he himself notes on Jan. 7th, "Goethe's poem on music", and on Jan. 9th, "Schiller's poems on music". 10th: Many classics gone through for the book. 13th: *Hildegard von Hohenthal* (by Heinse). 14th: *Kreisleriana*.

He continued this work in Hanover. "Robert was so busy with the *Dichtergarten* that he did not miss his work", Clara notes.

The first days of February slipped away in visits to the studios of their artist-friends, Hasenclever, Hildebrand, and Köhler, and to the library. "Robert is much occupied with his *Dichtergarten*," runs the diary for Feb. 4th; "If only he does not exert himself too much!" On Feb. 6th, he wrote his last letter to Joachim; "A capital letter," writes Clara, "such as he so well understands how to write."

Anyone however, who reads this letter, knowing what was even then standing at the door and what hand was uplifted in readiness to raise the latch, will feel a shudder at the words: "I have often written to you in invisible ink, and between these lines runs a secret writing which will come to light later on. . . . My music is silenced now, at least to the outside world." And the conclusion: "I must end now. It is already growing dark."

On Feb. 7th they both went to a ball given by President von Massenbach, though they were there only for an hour. The next day he again went to the city library. Clara, who was possibly alarmed by signs of irritability, writes: "It makes me anxious to see him reading Latin and Greek after so long an interval. It must be bad for him."

Two days later the terrible guest crossed the threshold.

The diary says:

"On the night of Friday the 10th and Saturday the 11th, Robert suffered from so violent an affection of the hearing that he did not close his eyes all night. He kept on hearing the same note over and over again, and at times he heard

chords. By day it became merged in other sounds. On the night of Sunday, the 12th, it was as bad again, and on the following day also, for it ceased only for two hours in the morning, and at 10 o'clock it began again. My poor Robert suffers terribly. Every noise, he says, sounds to him like music, a music more wonderful and played by more exquisite instruments than ever sounded on earth. But naturally he is much upset by it. The doctor says he can do absolutely nothing.

The following nights were very bad — we hardly slept at all. . . . He tried to work by day, but he could do so only at the cost of the most terrible effort. He said frequently, that if this did not cease, his mind must give way. . . . The affection of his hearing has so increased that he hears whole pieces from beginning to end as if played by a full orchestra, and the last chord goes on sounding until Robert thinks of another piece. Ah! and one can do nothing to ease him! —

On the night of Friday the 17th, after we had been in bed for some time, Robert suddenly got up and wrote down a theme, which, as he said, an angel had sung to him. When he had finished it he lay down again and all night long he was picturing things to himself, gazing towards heaven with wide-open eyes; he was firmly convinced that angels hovered round him revealing glories to him in wonderful music. They bade us welcome, and before a year had passed we should be united and with them. . . . Morning came and with it a terrible change. The angel voices turned to those of demons and in hideous music they told him he was a sinner and they would cast him into hell. . . .

During the days that followed, things remained much the same. He felt himself surrounded alternately by good and evil spirits, but no longer did he hear them only in music, often they spoke. At the same time his mind was so clear that he wrote touching, peaceful variations on the wonder-

fully peaceful, holy theme¹⁾ which he had written down on the night of the 10th; and he also wrote two letters, a business letter to Arnold in Elberfeld, and another to Holl in Amsterdam.

"At night there were often moments in which he begged me to leave him, as he might do me an injury. Then I would go away for a few minutes in order to quiet him, and when I came back, it was all right again. . . . He often complained that his head was spinning, and then he would assert that it would soon be all over with him, and he would take leave of me, and make all sorts of arrangements about his money and his compositions etc. . . . On Sunday, the 26th, he felt a little better, and in the evening he played a sonata by a young musician, Martin Cohn, to Herr Dietrich, with the greatest interest, but worked himself into such a state of joyous exaltation that the perspiration poured down from his brow. Afterwards he eat a large supper very hastily. Then suddenly, at 9-30, he stood up and said he must have his clothes, he must go into the asylum as he no longer had his mind under control and did not know what he might not end by doing in the night. . . . Herr Aschenberg, our landlord, at once came down to quiet him, and I sent for Dr Böger. Robert laid out all the things that he wished to take with him, watch, money, note-paper, pens, cigars, everything in short, with perfectly clear mind; and when I said to him: 'Robert, will you leave your wife and children?' he answered, 'It will not be for long. I shall soon come back, cured.'

Dr Böger, however, persuaded him to go to bed, and put him off with the thought of the morning. He would not allow me to stay with him that night, I had to send for a male nurse, but of course I stayed in the next room. At first he chatted fairly freely with Herr Bremer (whom I had had fetched),

1) Printed in the supplementary volume of the critical edition, as No. 9, *Thema (E[♭] major) für Pianoforte*.

then he read the papers for a long time, and at last he slept by fits and snatches.

Next to Bertha, who showed herself a really faithful soul, Frä. Junge¹⁾ was my chief comfort and support. She spent several nights here, watching with me. . . . Ah! how dreadful a morning was to break! Robert got up, but he was more profoundly melancholy than words can say. If I so much as touched him, he said: 'Ah! Clara, I am not worthy of your love.' *He* said this, he whom I always look up to with the greatest, the most profound reverence. . . . ah! and all that I could say was of no use. He made a fair copy of the variations, and as he was at the last he suddenly left the room and went sighing into his bed-room — I had left the room only for a few minutes, in order to say something to Dr Hasenclever in the next room, and had left Mariechen sitting with him (for 10 days I had never left him alone for a minute) Marie thought he would come back in a minute, but he did not come, but ran out into the most dreadful rain, in nothing but his coat, with no boots and no waistcoat. Bertha suddenly burst in and told me that he had gone — no words can describe my feelings, only I know that I felt as if my heart had ceased to beat. Dietrich, Hasenclever, and in fact all who were there, ran out to look for him, but could not find him; an hour later two strangers brought him back; where and how they had found him I could not learn. . . .

. . . . but alas! I saw him no more. When they had brought him back and put him to bed, they did not want to excite him by letting him see me again, and so I decided to go to Frä. Leser for the day, for to be in the house and not to see him, would have been too much for me."

1) Elise Junge, companion and friend of Fräulein Leser. Bertha was the Schumanns' help.

"Where and how they found him, I could not learn", Clara writes. Naturally they concealed from her the fact that impelled by sheer misery he had gone to the bridge across the Rhine and had flung himself into the rushing stream. It was not until much later that she learned the truth, when after his death his wedding-ring was found to be missing. In 1856 she writes: "Everything was in good order. But there was one thing that it pained me greatly not to be able to find — his wedding-ring. I imagine that he himself cast it away before he sprang into the Rhine, fondly dreaming that thus it would be united to mine. In order that you, my dear children, may never have any doubt as to the facts, I will tell you what happened. It was Feb. 26th, the last day on which I saw him in Düsseldorf, before his sudden disappearance. In the misery and delirium of his fever he had thrown himself into the Rhine, but fortunately he was rescued at once. Then, however, I but suspected it; I have only just learnt it for certain. Afterwards I found papers in which was written, among other things: 'Dear Clara, I am going to throw my wedding-ring into the Rhine; do the same with yours, and then the two rings will be united.' At the time I paid no further heed to it, but when they told me at Eendenich that they had never seen any wedding-ring on his finger, I at once thought of this, and now it has grown to a painful certainty."

Let us return to the entries in the diary after February 26th.

"What terrible days did I now pass! I dared not go to him, but I received news of him every hour. He seldom asked after me, and when they told him that I was with Fr. Leser, he was quite satisfied. . . . Tuesday, Feb. 28th. He was up again all day, and was writing at his desk incessantly. The doctors had got two male nurses for him, and from the first he liked having them about him — and indeed he was always gentle and kindly towards others. To-day, he sent me the fair copy of the *Variations* by Fr. Junge, adding that I must play

them to Frl. Leser. . . . Wednesday, March 1st, I sent him a little pot of violets and some oranges. He sent early to tell me that he was getting on very well, but all at once he became violently excited again, and now the doctors would no longer suffer him to remain out of bed, and would not permit anyone who had been with him before, to come near him. . . . When he saw the doctors he kept on insisting that they must send him to an asylum, for there alone could he recover. . . . And so Böger and Hasenclever came to tell me the worst, that they would take him to a private asylum at Endenich, half-an-hour from Bonn.

. . . . He, my glorious Robert, in an asylum! — How was it possible for me to bear it? And ah! I was forbidden even to clasp him once more to my heart. I had to make this greatest of all sacrifices for him, for my Robert. . . . They wrote to Dr Richarz at Endenich, whom Hasenclever knew personally as an extremely nice man and an excellent doctor. . . . Friday, March 3rd. An answer came from the doctor, to say that he was ready to receive him, and Hasenclever decided to take him there himself. Brahms came over from Hanover to-day, and at once came to see me. He said he had only come to comfort me with music, if I had any wish for it. He is going to stay here for the present, and later, when Robert is so far recovered that he can see strangers, he will devote himself to him. What touching friendship!

Saturday, 4th, dawned. Oh God! the carriage stood at our door, Robert dressed in great haste, got into the carriage with Hasenclever and the two attendants, did not ask for me or for his children, and I sat there at Frl. Leser's, in a dull stupor, and thought that now I must succumb. . . .

The weather was glorious, so at least the sun shone on him. I had given Dr Hasenclever a bunch of flowers for him, and he gave them to him on the way. For a long time he held them in his hand without noticing them, then all at once

he smelled them, at the same time smiling and pressing Hasenclever's hand. Later on, he gave a flower from the bunch to everyone in the carriage. Hasenclever brought his to me — with a bleeding heart I kept it.

At 6 o'clock that evening, I drove home with my Mother¹⁾. — What it was to enter his room! I cannot write about it.

Before long Brahms and Dietrich came, and spent the evening there. It was really friendly of them, not to wish to leave me alone with my sorrow on this first evening, and I must acknowledge this, although I would rather have let my unfathomable grief have free course in *his* room. Kind Frä. Leser came, too. What can I say of her? of the self-sacrificing friendship which she has shown me all through this time, and still shows me every day? of the way in which she has suffered, and suffers with me? . . . in which she lives in my griefs and joys? It can only be felt; but I do feel it with all my heart, and I shall always think of her with the most fervent gratitude. In spite of her own misfortune, she forgets herself altogether in my sorrow. That is such friendship as God alone can put into a heart. In the greatest sorrow that He sent me, He blessed me with this friend, and with her equally self-sacrificing, dear, good Elise (Junge), who would give the last drop of her blood for me if by so doing she could give him back to me.

Late at night one of the attendants, a male nurse from Duisburg, came back from Endenich and brought me news of Robert's safe arrival.

Sunday, March 5th, Joachim came from Hanover, to spend some days near me. Dear fellow! How touched I am by this! He spent several hours with me in the morning, when naturally we spoke of him, my dearest. In the afternoon and

1) Clara's mother had hastened to Düsseldorf at the first news of Schumann's illness.

evening I made up my mind to have music with Joachim; we played His music. . . .

Monday, March 6th. I began to give lessons again. It was a hard struggle, but on the one hand I felt as if nothing but the most strenuous activity could enable me to keep up, and on the other it is now doubly my duty to earn something. . . .

At 11 o'clock Joachim came, and with Brahms and Dietrich, we went through Robert's *Luck of Edenhall* and *Des Sängers Fluch*. We were all deeply moved. . . .

At 6 o'clock Hasenclever came back from Eendenich, brought me the flower of which I have spoken, and told me how much he liked the institution. The whole *Siebengebirge* is visible from it. Robert gets the morning sun in at his window, and has a view towards the *Kreuzberg*. The doctor received Robert with great kindness, and has given him an attendant to himself, to whom he took at once.

In the evening Joachim and I played at Frl. Leser's again (I could not make up my mind to do it at home), until 9 o'clock, when Joachim left. The good, faithful fellow had to play at a concert on Saturday evening, and travelled here straight through the night after it, and now is going back by night again. We played Robert's third sonata, in A minor¹⁾, and to-day we both played it in the right spirit for the first time. I had got hold of it before, but last time, in Hanover, Joachim could not grasp it properly. To-day he was inspired, and I with him. His music is the only thing that gives me any comfort. I lose myself in it; it moves my whole heart and yet for the moment alleviates my pain. But when I finish playing my anguish is redoubled, for then I feel the weight of my bitter misfortune, I can no longer touch his hand, no longer tell him how his works inspire me.

1) Not printed. Composed Oct. 21st—31st 1853. Clara had first played it with Joachim in Hanover, Jan. 20th 1854.

Tuesday, March 7th. Dr Frege came from Wiesbaden just to see me and to offer me his help and support if they could be of any use to me. This friendship touches me profoundly. . . . Numbers of letters came to me from all sides. Exaggerated reports in the newspapers seem to have made people think the illness worse than it is. These letters were terrible to me, for they made my wounds bleed afresh. But though I knew that Robert as an artist enjoyed the respect of all those who knew him more closely, I had not imagined how great it was, for it would hardly be possible for a man to receive more sympathy than has been shown him in his misfortune. I often say to my Mother that if he could know of it it would cure him of his melancholy. It seems to me so terrible that it should be possible for this man, revered as he is, to fall sick of depression, and to imagine that he is not a good man.

Wednesday, March 8th. I always have terrible nights. Either I can not sleep at all, or else I lie half-asleep and horrible pictures hover before my eyes — I see and hear him all the time. . . . I have still no news of how Robert is. Wasielewski, who is in Bonn, promised me when he was here, that he would inquire at Endenich every day, and send me news, and now I have heard nothing from him since Sunday. . . . Herr Grimm came over from Hanover to-day, to stay here.

Thursday, March 9th. Still no news. At last Friday, the 10th of March, I heard from Endenich, but there was little to satisfy my heart. His condition was very much the same, though on the whole he was rather quieter. . . . I had many callers from all sides. . . . Saturday, the 11th, Julie's birthday . . . the children, instead of being a comfort to me, only agitate me the more, for I keep on thinking: 'What a father the poor children had! and now they have lost him, perhaps for ever'. . . . News of Robert again, he keeps just the same. Sunday, March 12th. I went for a walk by myself, through Bilk and across the fields. Everybody urged me to go out, and so I

thought I would at least to go for one of his favourite walks, and therefore I went alone — I wanted to be alone with him, without any distraction. The sun shone so gloriously. All the time I kept on wondering if he saw it too, and if it did not make him think of me — I thought he must feel me. How I wept as I walked! I had gone the same way with him, when he had the affection of the hearing.

Monday, March 13th, my Mother went to Endenich — she wanted to see the place, and to speak to the doctor himself and ask him to send me news regularly every week.

I received newspapers from Dublin to-day. The *Peri* has been given there for the second time, and was received with much greater applause than on the first occasion. The papers speak of Robert with great admiration. — In the afternoon Brahms came, and played me Cohn's sonata. He evidently has a musical disposition and great intentions, but he must study harmony well. . . . In the evening my Mother returned, much relieved. She said that the doctor was a nice, kindly man, and the institution was not one huge building . . . but was formed of several little buildings scattered about in the garden, all very cleanly and cosily arranged, with a beautiful great garden, and in front the whole range of the *Siebengebirge*. — Robert's condition was much the same; for the most part he lay on his bed, but twice a-day he went for a walk, and he chatted pleasantly with the doctors when he was not a prey to nervousness. The doctor promised to send news regularly. Tuesday, March 14th. I just vegetate from day to day. Every day now I make myself take some exercise, but with how heavy a heart! Wednesday, March 15th. A visit from Hiller . . . he thought . . . I had better move to Cologne, as I could earn more there than here. . . . Naturally I flatly refused. I told Hiller that I would not leave the rooms which had become so dear to me, without a more weighty reason than a few extra lessons. . . . And further, that I considered it would be

derogatory to my good husband if I took a step which would place him before the world in a false light with regard to his relations to his wife and children, for people would think that he had left me entirely without means, which is not at all the case. No, if God suffers him to recover quickly, he shall find everything as he left it, and if this is not to be, if he has not recovered by the autumn, in any case Cologne is the last place I should go to. . . .

Thursday, 16th. . . . This morning I found some pages on Robert's writing-table, which he wrote during the last days that he was here. They affected me terribly. . . . I saw from them that if he did not at once ask after me, yet he had continually thought of me. I had rather better news to-day. . . . I played the first and second parts of Robert's *Faust* to Brahms to-day — Grimm and Dietrich sang. . . . I was profoundly affected again — the man who made that, was mine, and now he has been taken from me in so terrible a way. Friday, March 17th. Fairly satisfactory news again from Wasielewski, i. e. his condition continually changes. . . .

For a long time now, I have not practised a note, but when I play Robert's music I feel as if some higher intelligence guided my fingers; I am no longer conscious of them, and my whole being seems turned to music. . . .

Friday, 18th, I had a letter from Paul Mendelssohn, which has greatly affected me. He writes that he feels as if his dead brother, Felix, who was our warm friend, had urged him to offer me his help, and if I accepted it, I must not thank him, but he would thank me, for he was only carrying out his brother's wishes, and therefore he asked me to trust him as a friend. At the same time he sent me, privately, a note of credit for 400 thaler. — I considered for a long time¹⁾ — I

1) A short time before, she had unhesitatingly sent back with many thanks, a sum which had been placed at her disposal by another friend, in a way which she felt to be offensive.

did not want to reject an offer made so delicately, and in the most friendly way possible, and I felt that I owed it to my children, and above all to him, not to cast away over-hastily help which was offered me in so noble a fashion. Without injury to my honour, I could let the paper lie there, without using it, and give it back to him later, but at the moment it was a help. Robert may take longer to recover than we now hope . . . and was it not possible that in 3—4 months Robert might be so far recovered that he would have to travel for his health . . . in short, I wrote . . . in the warmest manner, that I would keep the note in case of necessity, but that I was not at present in a condition to need it. . .

In the afternoon we went through the third part of Robert's *Faust*. Dear, dear husband, through his music he himself brings me the best of all comfort. In the evening Brahms and Becker played me a sonata by Grimm, who is a very talented composer, as one feels particularly in his songs, some of which Brahms was showing me the other day. . .

Monday, March 20th. News from Dr Peters (Dr Richarz's assistant) that on the whole Robert's condition is certainly better than it was at first, but that the attacks of depression still recur frequently; during these he walks restlessly up and down his room, and at times flings himself on his knees and wrings his hands . . . I wept all day, to-day. Sometimes I have no tears left, and then again at others I cannot restrain them.

Tuesday, 21st. In the afternoon Dr Hasenclever came with the young musicians, and we again went through the first and second parts of *Faust*. In the evening there was a rehearsal of Robert's second symphony . . . they all went to the rehearsal, and I stayed alone with my deep sorrow, in Robert's room. His *Variations* did something to sooth my sick heart, but afterwards my grief broke out again all the more violently. The *Variations* are so touchingly sad — ah! he was already suffering so severely when he wrote them.

Wednesday, March 22nd. A friendly offer from Dr Härtel, to give a concert in Leipsic for me and the children. Of course I at once sent a decided refusal. . . . I will let no-one give a concert for me; I will do that myself if necessary. . . . But all the proofs of friendliness are really touching, and one cannot but feel that such friendship is a blessing in itself. . . .

Thursday, March 23rd. In the afternoon I played through Robert's *Neujahrskied*, the *Spanisches Liederspiel* for 4 hands, and the overture to *Hermann und Dorothea*, with the young men. . . .

Sunday, 25th, good Avé Lallement came from Hamburg, simply to see me and to offer me his help and counsel, if I should have need of them. This was a sincere proof of friendship. . . . He told my Mother that he had with him a sum that was at my disposal. Naturally I did not accept this, any more than the other offers, although he tried to represent the matter to me from a side which was fine and noble. He said that Robert had worked for us musicians all his life, and had given us the fairest hours of our lives, and that by this constant work he had made himself ill; now it is our sacred duty to do everything we can — at least as far as externals are concerned — to make him better, and to support his family. . . .

Sunday, 26th. In the evening Brahms played me his wonderful new trio¹⁾, at Fr. Leser's, but I did not entirely understand it. I cannot quite yet used to the constant change of tempo in his works, and besides, he plays them so entirely according to his own fancy that to-day, for example, although I was reading the music, I could not follow him, and it was very difficult for his fellow-players to keep their places. But there are splendid things in this piece. — Brahms was not very polite; it seems to me that he will be spoiled by the

1) B major.

tremendous idolatry with which he is treated by the younger generation, for he often expresses himself in a way which I never heard from my Robert for instance. I am afraid that he will often 'put his foot in it', as they say. I am very sorry for this, but I should not have the courage to tell him of it. — Monday, March 27th, not such good news from the doctor — I was overwhelmed with grief. — In the evening we played Robert's 3 trios to Mother. . . . Tuesday, March 28th, Mother went back to Berlin. . . . Brahms and Grimm went to Cologne to-day, to hear the 9th symphony, which the former has never yet heard. . . . Friday, March 31st, Brahms and Grimm have been to Endenich, and asked for news of Robert from the doctor himself. He was decidedly quieter, and had a great desire for flowers, as he always had in Düsseldorf. I was much agitated again, for I thought, 'If he thinks of the flowers he had here, will he not also think of me? Why then does he never ask after me? Why does he never wish for news of me? Or does he shut up this longing in his heart? And how dreadful that would be; how he would suffer in that case!' Ah! it is terrible when all these thoughts come upon me. April: a new month. How many must still dawn before I see him again? O God have mercy on me, I fear lest I should die of grief.

Saturday, April 1st. Reimers came from Bonn to-day, and brought really encouraging news. Robert often looks for violets in the garden, and enjoys them. The doctor thinks that he is gradually coming to take interest in other things again. . . . 3rd Reimers went back. I gave him a beautiful bouquet to take to Robert. . . . Friday, 7th, Wasielewski came with less good news. . . . yet I think the fact that he has passed these 10 days quite quietly, must be a step towards improvement. — He quite ignored my flowers. April 10th, Dr Hasenclever has been in Bonn, and brought me news that gave me new life. . . . The doctor says that as much has been attained as could have

been hoped for in so short a time (ah! how long it has been to me) — the first step towards improvement. O God, how I thank Thee for this ray of light in my grief. . . . That good Brahms always shows himself a most sympathetic friend. He does not say much, but one can see in his face, in his speaking eye, how he grieves with me for the loved one whom he so highly reveres. Besides, he is so kind in seizing every opportunity of cheering me by means of anything musical. From so young a man I cannot but be doubly conscious of the sacrifice, for a sacrifice it undoubtedly is for anyone to be with me now. . . . April 12th. In the evening I read the old letters which Robert and I wrote to each other from 1831 to 1837, when we plighted our troth for ever. How violently this affected me! What have we not suffered for each other! . . . April 14th. At last I played to myself again, to-day. I have often opened my piano, but have always closed it again, for my heart always grew so heavy that I could not play. I was forced to study on account of Brahms's new trio, which I want to play with Wasielewski and Reimers, who both wish to come here for Easter. . . . April 16th. I feel very unwell, I cannot sleep at all by night, or if I do, I dream incessantly of Robert. . . . Last night I heard him sigh several times, so naturally that I had to look towards his bed to convince myself that it was not he. . . . April 17th. The doctor writes . . . that he took pleasure in looking at the flowering plants I sent him, and smiled and nodded his head, but without saying anything. My Robert, is it possible you should not have thought of your Clara? . . . Yesterday morning he was very pleased because he heard a nightingale begin to sing quite close to his room. . . . How glad I am that he hears the nightingales. . . . They are said to be here too by now, but I have not heard one yet. . . . Joachim and Hermann Grimm paid me an unexpected visit this morning. . . . We at once played the Brahms trio, which Joachim did not know yet. How he played

it at sight, without one mistake! Now, for the first time, one really heard the trio properly. . . . In the evening we repeated the trio, and now everything in it is clear to me. . . . Besides this, Joachim played his 3 new *Charakterstücke*. . . . We ended our music with Robert's charmingly humorous *Phantasiestücke* for violin and 'cello. . . . I thought of him all the while, and continually asked myself how it could be possible that so blithe a spirit, and one so sparkling with humour, could fall a prey to depression. — April 18th. . . . I played Robert's A minor sonata with Joachim — with as much enthusiasm as I played it before — 6 weeks ago. In the evening. . . . [we played Robert's] D minor sonata, but it so affected us all that we could play no more. . . . April 21st Brahms brought me three pieces, and amongst them his very clever "*Erinnerung an Mendelssohn*". — To-day, an invitation from the Rotterdam Festival Committee came to Robert. Poor fellow! I dare not even send it on to him. . . . April 22nd. It is 7 weeks to-day, since my beloved Robert went away. . . . 'My Robert,' I thought, 'you must feel how I am thinking of you; what countless numbers of times I utter your dear name every day. . . . Everything of yours is sacred to me. It is with a feeling of real awe that I go to your music-chest. . . . Your writing-table is always decked with fresh flowers, as you liked it to be. . . . April 23rd. . . . this afternoon. . . . Brahms and Grimm and I played Robert's *Requiem*. How moving it is, how magnificent and holy an imagination it shows! . . . Later on in the evening I played the *Carnaval* and — the *Papillons*. The old days came over me as I played. . . . Yesterday, Mila-nollo played here — In spite of all attempts to persuade me I could not make up my mind to hear her — my heart is dead to all else. . . . About a fortnight ago I had a few lines from my sister Marie. . . . April 25th. I have been cast down to the ground by the postscript to the (doctor's) letter: "But there is still no certain prospect of a favourable issue to the

illness, and it is impossible to look for a recovery until Robert has continued in a favourable mood for some weeks on end". . . . I have lost all heart, for I had never for a moment seriously doubted that he would recover, although I had feared that it might be a long time. But I never believed in an altogether unfavourable issue. . . . I feel paralysed. I have lost all power of action. How can I still work . . . in such despair! . . . April 27th. Wasielewski was here on Monday — he was heartless enough to be here almost the whole day, before coming to me. And then he did not find me in . . . so I did not see him at all. . . . April 28th. Brahms brought me some songs of his. Some of them are very strange, but all those that he showed me were works that he had composed some time ago — I wonder if he is not composing at all here, or if he is planning something bigger? April 30th. . . . I had very bad news through Reimers. For several days my poor Robert has again been suffering from an incessant affection of the hearing and absorption in his own thoughts. . . . The day passed very quietly. I would not receive any callers — not even Brahms — I could not. . . . May 7th. Brahms, Grimm, and Dietrich came this evening, as well as Frl. Leser, and Frl. von Noville, and Wittgenstein. Herr Brahms had promised that he would play some of his compositions to the first-named. . . . He played a great deal. I always listen to him with fresh admiration. . . . I like to watch him while he plays. His face always has a noble expression, but when he plays it becomes even more rapt. . . . And at the same time he always plays quietly, i. e. . . . his movements are always beautiful, not like Liszt's and others. . . . Chance brought Frau Seeburg and Frl. Salomon¹⁾ here from Leipsic this evening — they

1) The impressions which Hedwig Salomon received on this visit were published in that *Fliegenden Blatt* from Düsseldorf, May 7th 1854. Cf. *Eine Glückliche. Hedwig von Holstein in ihren Briefen und Tagebuchblättern* p. 114 etc.

stayed for a little while. . . . Some days ago I began to read Robert's book about music and musicians, from the very beginning. . . . What a man he is! Ah! I have long known that, but I keep on discovering it anew, and I cannot but put it into words. . . . May 8th. Brahms . . . played to me a great deal again. He played some of Schubert's *A* minor sonata, Weber's rondo from the *D* minor sonata, a and movement of Clementi's — all by heart. I am filled more and more with admiration for the great spirit which inhabits so small a body! May 9th. I sent Herr Brahms Robert's writings to-day, by way of a remembrance for the 7th (his birthday) — I thought Robert would have done so himself. . . . May 11th. Herr von Sahr, who arrived here yesterday, called on me. He is going to stay here for some weeks. . . . May 13th. . . . Brahms . . . played his *F* minor sonata. I do not quite clearly understand the last movement, but the other seems to me magnificent, except for a few roughnesses here and there. Then he played Schubert's wonderful *B*^b major sonata, whose first and second movements are particularly delightful. . . . Brahms plays Schubert wonderfully, especially those movements in which he cannot exaggerate the tempo — which he is fond of doing. Herr von Sahr seems to me extraordinarily silent. One is specially struck by it in contrast to Brahms and Grimm. The two latter can be as merry as children. May 14th. God be thanked, there is once more good news of my dear husband. He has now been quite quiet, without any disturbance, for a fortnight. . . . May 16th. Ah! how sad a morning dawned again to-day! The news from the doctor was painful in many respects. The delusions of hearing continue, and he speaks wildly. . . . But the most painful thing to me is that when he speaks of Düsseldorf he mentions the Hasenclevers, but does not say one syllable of me. Is it possible that he doubts my love, because I allowed myself to be persuaded to leave him? Ah! Robert, my love is so unending that you must feel

it. . . . If only my child were born I could begin to set about some work — I cannot go on like this. — Besides I must see about earning something. Living is far too expensive, and Robert's money is gradually melting away. My chief endeavour now is to earn enough to pay for Robert's illness. If heaven sends him recovery, there must be nothing to remind him of this miserable time. . . . If only I could do something at once! It is sad that I have to pass the time so idly. . . . To-day, Brahms played me Robert's *F*[#] minor sonata again, but I was in such deep distress that not even music could distract me — it was a bad day, to-day. . . . May 19th. Brahms played me Schubert's *A* minor and *D* major sonatas, about which I had just been reading Robert's magnificent words¹), and Clementi's *B*^b major sonata. . . . Afterwards we played a fantasia and a sonata of Mozart's, and the ever-inspiring overture to *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. That was a good deal of music for one time, but it is my balm, and then we play nothing but you, my Robert, and your favourites. — May 20th. I am suffering a great deal physically. My nerves are so upset, that I should like to lie down continually. . . . I can do little, and am only glad if I can give my lessons. . . . To-day I was reading the "Four opinions on the subject of the Beethoven monument"²) and also about Mendelssohn's *Melusinen* overture³), and I re-read the essay on Schubert's sonatas. How magnificently Robert describes these three always to the point My Robert builds himself a monument in these writings, as beautiful as any that he could raise except in his compositions. I am very happy over this treasure that he has given to the world. Ah! it fills me with the deeper grief to think that this rare and great spirit must now lie so low. Let him recover again, O heaven, and once more work for the

1) *Schriften* 4th ed. Vol. I p. 175 etc.

2) *Schriften* 4th ed. Vol. I p. 251 etc.

3) *Schriften* 4th ed. Vol. I p. 181 etc.

delight and instruction of men. I cannot believe that his powers are yet exhausted. . . . May 23rd. I had news from the doctor again — unfortunately, just the same. . . . I begin to give up all hope of better news. I passed the whole day in dumb agony. May 24th. Very unwell. In the afternoon music took me somewhat out of myself. At Klems, I tried through, with Brahms, 3 movements of a new sonata of his for 2 pianos¹⁾. This again seemed to me very powerful, quite original, on a grand scale, and at the same time clearer than the earlier things. We played it twice, and on Sunday I and Dietrich are going to play it to him, so that he may judge from afar of the way in which the instruments blend. He and Grimm then came back with me. Brahms played me Schunke's tender, thoughtful sonata dedicated to Robert . . . and then I played my variations on a theme of Robert's, which made me terribly sad; it is just a year since they were composed, and I was so happy, thinking of surprising him with them. This year I must spend his birthday alone, and he will not even know the day. . . . We also played, as duets, Robert's *Bilder aus Osten* and the Overture, scherzo, and finale. It is not easy to play with Brahms; he plays too arbitrarily, and cares nothing for a crochet more or less. . . . May 25th. To-day, Liszt sent me a friendly letter, enclosing a sonata dedicated to Robert, and some other things. The compositions are dreadful! Brahms played them to me, but they made me quite wretched. They are really gruesome! Nothing but noise — there is not a wholesome thought in them; everything is confused; there is no sign of any clear harmonic progression. And to crown all I must write and thank him — it really is dreadful. . . . May 27th, A walk in the delightful wood (of Eller) which I first visited a year ago with my beloved husband. I thought

1) The first sketch of the *D* minor concerto. Cf. Kalbeck's *Brahms* Vol. I p. 172 etc.

about him so much, and all the way I talked about him to Brahms. Brahms is always the person with whom I most like to talk of Robert; first, because Robert liked him best of all, and then, because in spite of his youth he has a delicacy of feeling which appeals to me. He is remarkable from every point of view: in some ways he has developed far beyond his age, and in others he is quite like a child. . . . One learns to prize and love him more and more highly. Robert at once recognised him for what he is. May 28th. News from Reimers. Robert was rather depressed again yesterday, but the day before he was remarkably cheerful, enjoyed the asparagus that they brought him and the bunch of flowers which D^r Richarz's wife gave him. Ah! how I envy her for being able to give him flowers. I cannot give him the least thing. . . . To-day Dietrich and I played Brahms's own sonata to him, and then I played it with Brahms. I played it over again with the greatest interest and delight. It is a magnificent work. . . . I played Robert's *F* minor sketch and the *A* major canon. — Both went very well, the mere thought of him inspired me; he always liked to hear me play these two. . . . May 31st. Dietrich went to the *Siebengebirge*. He is also going to see the doctor at Eendenich. . . . I could find it in my heart to envy him when I think that this afternoon he will breathe the same air as Robert, if only for a few minutes. . . . Towards evening Brahms played me some remarkably beautiful Hungarian folk-songs. The national march is especially fine. . . . I wrote to Härtel to-day, about Brahms's trio, for I was afraid that if his attention were not called to the fact that this is not a work which three people could easily play at sight, he might judge it from a hasty performance, and send it back to him. . . . I only hope I may have been of some use to poor Brahms by so doing. I say "poor", because he has just confessed to me that he has not a penny, and could not even go to the Musical Festival at Aix la Chapelle, much

as he wanted to hear a Händel oratorio (*Israel*). I debated in my own mind whether I should offer to lend him a trifle or not. . . . June 5th. Brahms played me some German folk-songs this afternoon. . . . He really has not gone to Aix. I am sorry for him, though he told me that he was never in better spirits than when he had no money; which surprised me not a little. In the evening he played to me for a long time at Frl. Leser's — the *D* minor sonata of Weber's, and a number of Hungarian and German folk-songs, for which he always finds new and interesting harmonies. June 6th. To-day I received the best news from the doctor that I have had at all. Robert was quiet, with no delusions or nervousness. He did not speak wildly, and he asked some questions which showed that he is beginning to remember the past. . . . If only heaven would grant that this might be the first step towards recovery! The mayor, Hammers, came to see me to-day, and told me that the council had decided not to consider Robert's post vacant for the present, but to continue his salary as city conductor until either he himself should send in a formal resignation, or the committee of the Musical Society should choose another conductor. So I have the comfort of knowing that under all circumstances his salary will be paid up to the New Year. Hammers is always very friendly towards us. He told me that Hasenclever spoke very nicely about Robert at the council-meeting.

A few days later, on June 11th, came the longed-for and dreaded hour, and the lonely mother held the last pledge of love in her arms. The child was a fine, healthy boy. She allowed them to call him Felix, in memory of Mendelssohn, but the final decision as to the name, and the christening were put off until Robert's return.

On the July 19th Clara went with Joachim to Berlin, partly for the sake of a change, but chiefly in order to give her third daughter, Julchen, into her mother's care, as the change

in their domestic arrangements made it impossible for her to be with her two elder sisters in Düsseldorf. "Thanks to Joachim I have the most delightful hours here," she writes at this time, "thanks both to his art and to his kindly words." And in another place, she says: "He is as dear a friend as Brahms, and in him too I have the utmost confidence. He has such delicate perception that he understands my slightest and most subtle feeling. These two seem made to be Robert's friends, but he does not yet know them as I do. Misfortune alone teaches one to know one's friends. Four¹⁾ days later she returned home.

The next few weeks passed more cheerfully, and she was full of plans for the future. One evening when she was walking and talking with Brahms she suddenly decided. "To learn to play the organ sufficiently to be able to play some of Robert's things to him when he is well. . . . The idea pleased me so much that I lay awake half the night thinking of what I was going to play, and how I would entice Robert into the Church where he would find me playing the organ."

Reading and music helped her through many hours of despair and anxiety. Brahms often read her E. T. A. Hoffmann, whose works proved an inexhaustible source of interest.

At the end of July a special stimulus was given to music at home by the presence of Müller, the Münster conductor. "Brahms," runs the diary for July 30th, "played his variations on a theme of Robert's, and to-day I was more struck by them than ever before — the spirit of Beethoven breathes through them all." July 31st. In the afternoon Brahms played his *C* major and *F* \sharp minor sonata, and the variations again. I have never been so struck by his compositions as I was to-day. I had never understood the *F* \sharp minor sonata so well, except for the ending which seems to me very fantastic, but

1) Not 14 days as Kalbeck says, *Brahms* Vol. I p. 178.

which does not appeal to my heart. He says that he meant it to express unsatisfied longing — there is nothing to be said in answer to that — he certainly knew what he wanted, and this is his conception of it. . . . He is a great genius. Robert said so as soon as he heard his works, when at first sight he saw what is gradually being revealed to us." "The poor fellow has nearly all the musicians against him, for they are jealous of his superiority," she continues; and even among her own acquaintances she often had to combat the opinion that while her young friend had genius he was unbearably arrogant in bearing and expression, and she herself was reproached with being too careless about her dignity as an artist in her relations to him.

"She may be right," she writes after a serious difference of opinion with her friend Fräulein Leser, "but when I am filled with his compositions I cannot conceal from myself or from such an artist, how much more highly I value this power of prolific production, than mere virtuosity. . . . She thinks I often make myself too cheap in his eyes, and I ought not to do so when he is so young. I will take more care, though I am convinced that Brahms knows exactly what I am worth. But it seems to me that an artist, like other men, is to be judged not by age but by intellect, and when I am with Brahms I never think of his youth, I only feel myself wonderfully stirred by his power, and often instructed." A few days later, as if in support of this, she writes: "I had a long talk with Brahms, which was both interesting and instructive. He thinks that there are many people of talent who if they were told that they had imagination or originality would be wrecked by the consciousness of such a possession, because then they would always be striving to do work of this sort, and would lose their original strength and simplicity, due to unconscious effort. I thought this very true, but I believe it only of talent not of genius, for genius goes untroubled on its way, and follows

its god alone. — Such a genius is Brahms. He is an amazing person. . . . I cannot but thank heaven for sending me such a friend in my great sorrow; one who raises my whole mind, who reveres my dearly loved husband with me, and suffers with me. . . .”

But while she gratefully acknowledged the comfort and help she found in the daily intercourse with Brahms, and above all in their music together, yet she realised that her over-strained nerves were in need of rest at this time. “Music haunts me as it has never done before,” she writes, “I cannot sleep for it at night, and by day it often fills my thoughts to such an extent that I find it impossible to concentrate my thoughts, which is not usual with me.” She decided therefore, to seek for rest at the sea-side, before the serious work of the winter began. Her friend Henriette Reichmann, who was spending August with her on the way back to England, declared herself ready to accompany her, and the faithful Rosalie Leser promised to follow very soon, which made the decision more easy.

Nevertheless she found it very difficult to leave Düsseldorf and its music, and Brahms, who by her advice was setting out for a tour in the Black Forest. On Aug. 10th she started for Ostend. “If I had not been ashamed, not only before the others but before myself, I should have turned round again half-way.”

Her fear of a strange place proved not without reason. She did not escape from the music from which she wished to rest, she only exchanged the good music to which she was accustomed, for bad; Brahms for poor old Vieuxtemps who had entirely abandoned himself to meaningless virtuosity. Yet the watering-place audience was enthusiastically delighted by his playing of Tartini’s *Teufelssonate*, while a concert which Clara was urged into giving by a few musical enthusiasts, was scantily attended, and the sorely-needed proceeds did not

even pay her travelling expenses. All the same, she always retained pleasant recollections of this concert for it brought an addition to the little circle of true and loyal friends who grouped themselves round her, who thought as she did, and who were themselves capable performers. A new "star, bringing gladness, appeared in the artistic heavens", a certain Julius Stockhausen¹). He sang 3 of Schumann's songs — *Stille, Mondnacht*, and *Frühlingsnacht*. But in other respects neither the noisy society of a bathing resort, nor even the sea itself, suited her — much as she enjoyed her solitary walks — She cut short her cure, and went back to Düsseldorf on Sept. 6th. Brahms, who had not gone further than Ulm, had returned in the mean time.

On Sept. 12th, their wedding-day, she writes: "What a day! 14 years ago to-day, I was united to my Robert. This is the first time since then that I have passed this day without him. But my spirit was with him — ah! and what a happiness came to me to-day. I had a letter from the doctor saying that Robert was beginning to doubt the existence of me and the children as it was so long since he had received a letter. I cannot say how this upset me. The doctor asked me to write him a few lines — they wish to see what impression it will make on him. At first I felt as if I could not — I was to write but little. Little, for a heart that has suffered so unspeakably for 6 months! It was too hard. I wrote, but it was torture. If only I could guess how he would take it! But the thought that Robert would receive the first lines that I write him again, on the 13th, made me happy. I knew that he could not help thinking of me. I was very depressed when I got up in the morning, but I did not remain so for long.

1) She had made his acquaintance on Aug. 21st. "Acquaintance with Herr Stockhausen. Magnificent singer. He sang *Frühlingsnacht*, *Schöne Fremde*, and many other of Robert's songs, most movingly." The concert took place on Aug. 26th.

Brahms, dear fellow, whom I really love like a son, brought me a surprise which greatly touched me. He had arranged Robert's quintet for four hands, and the scherzo for two. I once told him that Robert had always wished for such an arrangement, and so he had done it while I was away. It gave me double pleasure, for it was a surprise which he had prepared for my beloved Robert. . . . I had another great surprise when Marie and Elise played four of the *Bilder aus Osten* wonderfully well. Brahms had taught them. It was the first pleasure of the morning. Ah! if only *He* could have shared all the pleasures. All day long I kept on wondering if he had received my letter. A pleasure was in store for me, which I should never have dared to hope for. . . . Sept. 14th. A long talk with Brahms. He told me much about himself, which half fills me with admiration for him, half troubles me. Will people ever recognise this fine character? Is it not possible that he will be misunderstood all his life? Will not those who understand him be few in number? I believe it will be so, but the few will understand and love him, as my dear Robert did at once. . . . Proof of my *Variations* from Härtel. Brahms has had a splendid idea, a surprise for you, my Robert. He has interwoven my old theme with yours — already I can see you smile.

Sept. 15th. A letter from Robert. What can I say? My hand trembles now that I try to write about it. I can only say that I was deeply moved, and for a long time I could not read it. There was his dear writing once more, and his noble spirit in every word, asking so gently and lovingly for the children and for me, and speaking so kindly of my playing. I could not help saying all the time, that such a letter could not come from a sick man.

"Oh! if I could but see you and speak to you again," runs the letter, "but the distance is too great. I want to know so many things — what your life is like, where you are living,

and if you play as *magnificently* as ever?" He asks what has happened to his collection of scores, and his manuscripts (such as the *Requiem*, and the *Sängers Fluch*), and "where is our album with the autographs of Goethe, Jean Paul, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and the many letters which have been sent to you and to me? Where is the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and where is my correspondence? Have you all the letters that I wrote you, and the words of love which I sent you from Vienna, when you were in Paris? Oh! if I could but hear your wonderful playing again. Is it a dream that we were in Holland last year?" And then he asks questions about certain isolated events connected with their journey, which had stayed in his memory.

In later letters, and especially in those to Brahms and Joachim, intellectual interests apparently become more and more prominent, and he is particularly occupied with his own and his friends' compositions. But this is merely a "life of grace", the last fugitive ray of sunshine breaking through the clouds and giving deceptive promise of a day which is already drawing to an end.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAST ECHO.

1854—1856.

By the close of September Clara's means were exhausted. "My money is at an end," she writes on Sept. 30th, "and I cannot make up my mind to sell out one of Robert's investments. God knows what will come of it all."

Just two years later, when he for whose sake she had again gone out into the world was no longer among the living, it gave her melancholy satisfaction to be able to enter in the diary, for her children to read, that during his illness their father's capital had increased by 5000 thaler, in spite of the fact that during this time the whole burden of supporting the sick man and the children fell upon her shoulders. But bravely and nobly as she entered upon this struggle, she could scarcely have endured it unaided: —

"To every man, no matter how unhappy he may be, God sends some comfort, and we are surely meant to enjoy it and to strengthen ourselves by its means. I have you, but you are but children. You hardly knew your dear Father, you were still too young to feel deep grief, and thus in those terrible years you could give me no comfort. Hope, indeed, you could bring me, but that was not enough to support me through such agony. Then came Johannes Brahms. Your Father loved and admired him, as he did no man except Joachim. He came, like a true friend, to share all my sorrow;

he strengthened the heart that threatened to break, he uplifted my mind, he cheered my spirits when- and where-ever he could, in short he was my friend in the fullest sense of the word."

These words, addressed to her children, with which Clara opens the record of the last period of Robert Schumann's life, have nothing new to say. Nor have the following: "He and Joachim were the only people whom your dear Father saw during his illness, and he always received them with evident pleasure so long as his mind was clear. And he did not know Johannes for years, as I did. I can truly say, my children, that I never loved any friend as I did him — it is an exquisite harmony of soul. It is not his youth that I love, there is no flattered vanity in my affection. I love his freshness of mind, his wonderfully gifted nature, his noble heart, which I have learned to know in the course of years, as others cannot. At times he may seem rough, and the younger musicians feel his superiority of mind — Who likes to confess that to himself or to others? — Therefore they do not like him, and Joachim alone openly expresses his admiration, for he is his equal as an artist. They look up to each other with respect. It is an ennobling spectacle such as is seldom to be found in this world. Joachim too, as you know, was a true friend to me, but I did not live near him, and so it was Johannes alone who supported me. Never forget this, dear children, and always have a grateful heart for this friend, for a friend he will certainly be to you too. Believe what your Mother tells you, and do not listen to petty and envious souls who grudge him my love and friendship, and therefore try to impugn him or even to cast aspersions on our relations, which they cannot, or will not, understand."

"I felt it my duty," she continues, "to tell you this. Never forget it, and never forget the thanks you owe him for your Mother's sake."

These words indicate clearly enough what Clara owed to Brahms, and in the diary and in numerous letters, the relationship between them is so painted as to form a picture full of charm. A young man of 22, whose art made him older than his years, but who as far as sensitiveness, capability, impulsive delight in joy and beauty, were concerned, was perhaps younger and fresher than most men of his age, and a woman of 34, who for 14 years had been married to a passionately loved husband who fulfilled her ideal both as artist and as man, step forward side by side just at the moment when married happiness had been eclipsed by the mental darkness which had fallen upon the husband. They were drawn together by passionate love and admiration for this man who had been so a true friend to the youth — in a certain sense, indeed, might be called his creator. And it was this debt of gratitude which first caused Brahms to return to the despairing woman whom he looked up to with such devotion and reverence, that she might have someone to stand by her in her need. He brought a sacrifice to friendship, brought it gladly, but it was a sacrifice. As such it was offered, as such it was accepted. They thought it would be a matter of weeks — hoping for speedy recovery: it lasted for years.

What Brahms gave Clara, her own words have shown in part: in the first place he made up to her for one thing she had lost — lost as she at first thought only for a short time — intellectual intercourse with a personality of distinction and of fine perceptions, whose superiority as an artist she clearly recognised; an intercourse which was not confined to music alone, but, as had been the case with Robert, touched upon her literary pursuits, and on questions of æsthetic and general interest. When in 1854 the renewed intercourse with Robert not only failed to fulfil her expectations, but proved a source of mental anguish, it was Brahms's influence, combined with the hard work which she imposed on herself, which saved her

from despair. And in addition, this friend brought her another gift, something new, something whose magic and charm she had hitherto never suspected — youth.

Clara had never had any real youth, nor even any close intercourse with young people. Her calling, and later the unfortunate circumstances of her home life, had prevented her from enjoying the pleasures of childhood and girlhood. And even when she was married, no late spring followed, such as her heart would have welcomed. That terrible period of probation, and all that it implied, had so blighted their youth that it was no longer capable of wakening into new life of its own accord. Schumann's naturally grave disposition lent a sober colouring even to their merriest hours, and art laid claim to all the strength and freshness left unexhausted by household cares. To music they owed many hours of pure and deep happiness, but it could not make them conscious of "the wild joys of living".

It was this consciousness which came to her like a revelation through intercourse with Brahms. At first she was lost in wonder and surprise, but afterwards she thankfully yielded to the enchantment. In July 1855 on a wonderful journey through the Teutoburger Wald, on her way back from Detmold, she writes: "We thought so much of the lonely friend who was left behind. If he could have enjoyed it with us, in all the vigour of his receptive power, my happiness would have been doubled. How much I thought of dear Robert, sitting there alone within four walls, and suffering. It is an unspeakably hard fate." And a few weeks later, she writes from the Rhine where she went with Brahms: "I cannot say . . . what a pleasure I find it to enjoy all this with Johannes. He draws in great breaths of nature, and one grows young with him. It is true that I am often sad, and that distresses him, but it is only natural that the more inspiring our surroundings are, the heavier my heart should grow at the thought that my

beloved husband is alone and forsaken whilst I am free to enjoy the glories of nature and the society of the best of friends. I should never have undertaken this journey by myself or on my own account; I did it simply to give pleasure to Johannes, and that he might have a change, but it has been a great joy to me."

And on the same day we are given a pleasant glimpse into the charm of these days spent together. "On the way back (from Schönburg, through Ober-Wesel) we¹) rested under an oak at the foot of the mountain, and making ourselves comfortable eat the fruit which we had just bought. I always like to see Brahms's radiant face. There is, after all, no greater pleasure than the power of giving happiness to those we love." A few days later, she writes from near Neckarsteinach: "We scrambled about energetically. Johannes very happy again. The old days ought to come back for him, his fresh, vigorous nature would suit them."

For this very reason he alone could help her in her darkest and saddest hours. His mere presence could give her more comfort and support than the kind words of her dearest and oldest friends. And the separation from him was perhaps the hardest part of the sacrifice which she made for her husband and children, when in the following year she set out upon a long and exhausting concert tour. She was able to bear it only by the help of a regular correspondence, through which their intimate relations were maintained as far as possible.

"All my thoughts and dreams," writes Brahms in October 1854, "are of the glorious time when I shall be able to live with you two. I think of the present as the road which leads to the chosen land." And in December: "I should like to write and tell your dear husband about last summer. I could spend hours in describing it to him, without ever hurting or distress-

1) Brahms, Clara, and her companion.

ing him. I should write about nothing but you, and with what incomprehensible fineness and greatness you bear your sorrow. Then he would become filled with a longing — a warm, happy longing — to be yours again. . . . If by any chance I have to write to your dear husband again soon, do not be shocked at my brazen-faced lying if I tell him that I have seen you (Clara was not in Düsseldorf). I often see you as clearly as if you were present in the flesh: e. g. in the trill-passage in the andante of the *C* major symphony, in the finale, in the pedal of the great fugue when you suddenly appear before my eyes looking like S^t Cecilia."


And a week later: "I wish the doctor would install me as nurse and attendant at Christmas. If that came to pass, I believe the worst would be over. I would write to you about him every day, and all day long I would talk to him of you."

The hour of parting struck on Oct. 14th 1854. Brahms and Grimm accompanied Clara and her companion, Frä. Agnes Schönerstedt, as far as Hanover. Here they found Joachim, and the little circle of friends once more enjoyed each other's society. On the 16th Clara was again received at Court with all the former artistic appreciation and human sympathy, and on the 17th she said farewell. "A hard parting. I am torn from all that I loved, cast out into the busy world, and He, my beloved, cannot even accompany me in spirit, for he knows nothing of my journey. I debated long whether to write and tell him or not. But I feared to upset him; he might be anxious about me; he might think that I was in distress for money; and I wanted to avoid that. If heaven lets me succeed in my undertaking it will be much better to be able to say that I have done so-and-so to his and to my satisfaction. For his sake I do it, and heaven must surely bless me."

Her first halting-place was Leipsic — at once an easy and a hard beginning. Easy, because friendly hands were stretched

out to her on all sides, because in the Preussers' house she breathed her native air; and hard, because of the flood of painful and pleasant memories which poured over her.

She was most warmly received by the *Gewandhaus* audience, before whom she made her first appearance at one of the subscription concerts on Oct. 19th. She played Beethoven's *G* major concerto, and the *A*^b major canon from the studies for pedal piano, *Traumeswirren* from her husband's *Phantasiestücke*, and Weber's rondo. She bore herself bravely, but during the second part (Gade's *C* minor symphony) her feelings overcame her, and she burst into tears in her box.

Her whole life was like a dream in which the happiness of the past, the misery of the present, and hopes for the future were strangely blended. As in days gone by, the students of the Conservatoire serenaded her by torch-light. She met the Bendemanns again, who came over from Dresden. In the mean time came a half-sad, half-playful letter from Brahms. "Why did you not allow me to learn to play the flute, so that I could travel with you? Just think; I would have arranged the andante from the *F* minor sonata  for flute,

guitar, and kettle-drum and I and Frl. Schönerstedt and Pfund would have serenaded you."

Then came her own "packed" concert on the 23rd, at which she played the *Concertstück* in *D* minor for piano and orchestra which had been his last birthday-present to her (she played this from manuscript); the *Genoveva* overture and the *Luck of Edenhall* (which was given for the first time) were also on the programm.

"His music is played, is played for the first time, and he cannot hear it though I do. I feel as if I did him a wrong. God grant that he may once more have the pleasure of listening to his works."

But a fresh note was to be struck on this evening. At the close of the first part came: "Andante and scherzo from the sonata in *F* minor by J. Brahms, performed by Clara Schumann."

On the last evening of her stay the *Paulinerchor* serenaded her, singing, amongst other things, the *Waldchor* from *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*. "It was magnificently rendered. Ah! my Robert, why must I enjoy all this love alone?"

Weimar first made her fully conscious of the bitterness of being alone. Although there was no lack of attentiveness — particularly from Liszt, and from the young Grand Duke and Duchess — although the public greeted her with enthusiasm at her concert and appreciated and enjoyed Robert's *Manfred* overture, the fourth symphony (which Liszt conducted), and the *A* minor concerto, Clara could not respond. For all Liszt's winning kindness, gratefully as she recognised it, could not make her forget that between them as artists yawned a gulf which could not be bridged, and that it was as impossible for these people properly to appreciate what was best and most characteristic in her, as it was for her to admire the taste of Liszt and his followers. A movement from Berlioz' symphony, *Romeo and Juliet*, arranged by Pohl for 8 hands and played at sight by Liszt and three of his pupils at a matinée, sounded to her "like really infernal, devilish music", whereas all the rest of those present thought it "heavenly, divine". This sense of discord was not lessened by an evening spent at the dowager Grand Duchess's, Maria Paulovna, when Clara played on an "execrable" piano, to a restless audience who were busy preparing lint.

But it was not until she reached Frankfort am Main that she once more realised — for the first time for years — the martyrdom endured by an artist who travels alone, who is dependent upon the favour of local patrons of music, or upon the often clumsy and ignorant efforts of male and female enthusiasts, and at the same time received at foretaste of

what was awaiting her in other places. Incredible as it seems, there was no lack of people — musical and unmusical — who even in the presence of a sorrow like hers could not repress petty jealousy and personal grudges. It was under these circumstances that Liszt showed the real greatness and fineness of his character. Although he might have had cause to bear the Schumanns ill-will, no sooner did opportunity offer than he came forward like a true knight to enter the lists on behalf of Robert Schumann's wife. In vol. 61 of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* he speaks of her as "the gentle, suffering prophetess who breathes the air of heaven and is chained to earth only by her tears"; "a short time ago a charming playfellow of the Muses" she is now "a consecrated, faithful, stern priestess whose eyes look upon men with a sad, penetrating gaze"; "crowned with the sacred filet"; "whose brow is deeply scarred". The language may seemen to us high-flown, but the feeling which inspired it was sincere, it was a genuine tribute to the greatness of her sorrow.

In Frankfort also, her programme had included the adagio and scherzo from the *F* minor sonata by that friend whose letters were her "only pleasure". "I have written to him frequently, and I always find it a relief, for at present I cannot tell Robert about any of the things which occupy my mind, his spirit does not go with me, when I go into a concert I do not feel that he is wishing me success. Then my heart sinks, and only one thing comforts and strengthens me when my courage threatens to give way, the thought that He, Johannes, dearest and best of friends, thinks of me and sends his good wishes with me."

Her pleasure was great at seeing him again. A "feeling of being at home" had already been awakened by her meeting with Joachim and Grimm in Hanover, on her way back from Frankfort. On Nov. 7th she met Brahms at Harburg, and they went on to Hamburg together. She was drawn

thither by the philharmonic concert on Nov. 13th, at which she was to play, and no less by a strong desire to see her friend's birth-place through his eyes, and above all to make acquaintance with those nearest and dearest to him. We find her dining very happily with Brahms's parents, "simple folk, but worthy of all respect I always enjoy unaffected bourgeois life of this kind". She lets Johannes show her the tin soldiers, "with which he used to play as a boy — and he still likes to look at them!" She wonders afresh, "how it was possible for Johannes to develop into what he is, amidst such surroundings, when he had to do everything for himself." She is much interested in seeing Johannes' teacher, Marxsen, but comes to the conclusion that "he does not understand him". And continually she breaks out into expression of joy that through him "new life has come" to her. "Often, daily, do I thank God for this friend, who has been sent to me in this time of bitterest trial, like a veritable angel of comfort." But Hamburg itself pleases her less than it did before, either because she was more sensitive, or because it really had changed. She sees much to dislike in her old friends, and least of all does she approve of the Hamburg public. The reception afforded her at the philharmonic concert, and at her own concert three days later, is described in the diary in terms whose strength possibly shows the influence of her young friend. And the audience at Altona is dismissed with the significant comment, "They are sufficiently like the people of Hamburg".

A break, but not an entirely pleasant one, was made by a two days' expedition to Lübeck, with Grimm and Brahms. They were oppressed by the stiffness of Lübeck society, and though the public was better than a Hamburg audience, "still it was the public".

On the following day, Nov. 19th, she left Hamburg, taking leave with heavy heart of the place "where I have passed

so many happy hours. It made me sad to say good-bye to the woman whose son has become so dear to me. I thought to myself, who knows how long this good mother may live? Perhaps I am appointed to be a mother to him in her place”.

The next point on her journey was Bremen. Here too, she played Brahms's scherzo, and after the concert she had some conversation about Joachim and Brahms with Schumann's old friend Töpken, in the *Ratskeller*. But she found, as she was often to find, a complete want of all understanding, and the sigh is wrung from her, “How stupid people are, and especially these amateurs who think themselves on a level with artists”. In other respects she had reason to be satisfied with her reception. But she was not really happy until the following day, when she and Joachim once more awaited Brahms in Hanover¹). Evening united the friends, and they and the Grädeners, who had just come over from Hamburg, held a concert at Joachim's house. A quartet of Grädener's awakened feelings so painful that, to her sorrow, she could not bring herself to say a kindly word about it to the composer and his wife. On the other hand Robert's *A* minor quartet touched her as if it were “the music of the spheres”; “Only then did my heart feel warm and happy again. Later, Johannes played his trio (*B* major). It leaves nothing to be wished except another first movement; I cannot get to like this one, though I think the opening magnificent. The second, third, and fourth movements are quite worthy of this genius.”

Hitherto her concert tour had taken her into the west and north-west, and it had been possible for her to see her friends at short intervals, so that the sense of loneliness and separa-

1) Kalbeck *Brahms* Vol. I p. 204 says that Brahms remained in Hamburg “because he could not find what he sought”. But Clara's diary contradicts this.

tion had quickly been lost. But now there were hard trials in store for her. On Nov. 23rd she set out for a long visit to Berlin, while Brahms returned to Hamburg. At parting she had comforted him by promising to call him "Thou" in her letters for the future. "He had begged me to do so at Hamburg, and I could not refuse, for indeed I love him like a son."

In Berlin she found all sorts of difficulties awaiting her, in connection with the arrangements for her concerts. However, she settled them comparatively quickly, and to her satisfaction by means of an agreement with Friedländer. In order to preserve her independence, and not to be a burden on anyone, she had taken lodgings for herself, though she did not let this interfere with her intercourse with her relations. One great satisfaction she had on the very first day; the proceeds of her last concerts enabled her to repay Paul Mendelssohn's loan.

In choosing Berlin as a temporary stopping-place she had thought not only of giving a number of concerts with Joachim in the city itself, but even more of making the Prussian capital the basis of operations in her northern and eastern campaign.

She was therefore neither surprised, nor displeased when, before she had begun her preparations for her own orchestral concert, a telegram invited her to Breslau. In order to save the expense of two tickets, she went alone, but she was not long in bitterly repenting it for a sense of "terrible loneliness" weighed on her throughout the entire journey. This was natural enough, for once more she was harrassed by all the petty annoyances of business preparations, and above all by having to look for a piano, a matter which kept her in suspense until just before the beginning of the concert, so that in the end she was "dead tired" when she sat down to play. She had the satisfaction of finding her trouble rewarded by

a full hall and an enthusiastic audience, but a message from Endenich, which reached her on the day between the two concerts, once more completely crushed her. Robert's letters to her, to Brahms¹⁾, and to Joachim did indeed seem to her "magnificent" and "beautiful", but she was all the more painfully disappointed by the accompanying letter from the doctor, which said that "no meeting could be thought of for months to come." "I did not know where to get the courage to go on working. And I was so lonely here. The faithful Johannes gave me some help by his dear letter which also came to-day." Here too, there was no lack of kind friends, relations of Friedländer's, but "they are of the same flesh and blood as myself, but we have nothing else in common. . . . It was a sad ending to the day — my friend Johannes, my comforter in bitter sorrow, was wanting. How sorely I missed him." Even the tremendous success of her second concert, on Dec. 1st, and of Robert's concerto, had no power to comfort her. "All my courage has forsaken me."

It was fortunate that immediately after her return she was fully occupied by the preparations for her concerts — which included a number of calls on the chief musical powers in Berlin; Rellstab, Dorn, Jaubert etc. — and was thus forcibly taken out of herself.

On Dec. 4th she gave her first concert in the *Singakademie*, with Liebig's orchestra, whose presence in Berlin showed some advance on the wretched condition of orchestral music in earlier days, though as far as exalted ideals of music were concerned it was a modest one. "I was very nervous about it beforehand, and made poor Woldemar's (Bargiel's) life a burden." But her trouble was rewarded. It was very full for Berlin, and the pecuniary success if not brilliant was encouraging. The chief point was that she had completely re-estab-

1) Jansen *Briefe* New series 2nd ed. p. 402 Nos. 402, 465, 466.

lished her relations with the public and this both with old and new pieces — with Beethoven's *G* major concerto, and with Mendelssohn's *Variations sérieuses*.

Since her last visit to Berlin many things had altered, for the worse as well as for the better. Her old friends were for the most part dead or scattered. The Mendelssohn's circle had grown small and quiet, but their name with all its associations, still exercised the old fascination, and she preferred their house to all others. "A pleasant evening at Paul Mendelssohn's," she writes on the day of the concert, "Felix's *D* minor trio, and Beethoven's *D* major trio. Felix's two sons, Paul and Karl, are fine boys. . . . When I got home I found a laurel-wreath on my bed — I do not know where it came from." Her acquaintance with Bettina — brought about by Joachim on her visit to Düsseldorf in 1853 — opened a new circle of friends to Clara. She was brought into intimate relations with the brothers Grimm. "I am in low spirits," runs the diary for Dec. 11th, "and unfortunately I could not throw off my depression at the Grimms' this evening. They are excellent people. The brothers Grimm are the authors of the fairy-tales, and the son of one of them, Hermann, is a poet of note, the intimate friend of Joachim, and, they say, is engaged to Gisela von Arnim. There are few such families; one feels so free, and so much at home there — the whole tone is thoroughly artistic."

The previous day her first soirée with Joachim had taken place, with great success. The second soirée was given on Dec. 16th, and the people of Berlin had an opportunity of hearing, among other things, Schumann's *D* minor sonata, Beethoven's *G* major sonata (Op. 30), Bach's Prelude and fugue arranged by Joachim for the violin, and Mendelssohn's variations in *B♭* major (Op. 83). Not only was the audience enthusiastic, but, what was more difficult in this case, the artists were satisfied.

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But now, at last, she could give herself a holiday. "On the 22nd, at noon, we set out for Hanover, meaning to surprise Johannes and Julius Grimm. But as often happens with surprises, it was a complete failure. Joachim could not find either of them, and had to spend the night at an hotel. . . . Not till the morning did we succeed in getting hold of them. Joachim and they breakfasted with me, and they were delighted. I will say nothing of myself. I had been simply longing for Johannes. To Him alone can I utter all that is in my heart. Joachim too, is a dear and faithful friend, but Johannes is even more to me.

In the afternoon I left for Düsseldorf with Johannes and Joachim. We arrived at 10 p. m., both of them having done all they could to make this sad journey to a sad festival in Düsseldorf, less mournful. I found all the children well. Both friends stayed with me. Sunday, 24th, Joachim went to Endenich, and came back unexpectedly in the evening. He had spoken to Robert, and was so cheered that he did not want to keep the glad news from me longer than necessary. He brought Johannes a letter¹⁾, and strange to say, it was written with the intimate, affectionate "Thou", although I had said nothing to him about it. I was terribly excited by all this, and an intense longing filled my whole heart with pain and grief. . . . Johannes and Joachim were very good to me, but all my heart was with Him, my dearly loved husband. . . . Wednesday, 27th. A letter from the doctor saying that Joachim's visit (the first he had received for ten months) had made Robert quite cheerful. We were very glad, and Johannes and Joachim would have it that there will soon be a complete recovery, but I am cautious in my hopes — things improve only step by step, and often there is hardly any advance to be seen for weeks together. 28th: Joachim left again. I spent nearly the whole

1) *Briefe* New series 2nd ed. No. 467, p. 403.

of yesterday and Friday in sorting and burning a number of letters, Johannes giving me loyal help. He enjoyed the burning, seeing so many names "curl up". . . . Dec. 30th. A letter from Robert, at once cheering and depressing. New Year's Eve alone with Johannes. I say nothing of the feelings with which I entered upon the new year, and left this sad, indescribably miserable year behind me. What will the next one bring? Shall I win back my happiness? Shall I ever again possess it in its entirety? God grant it."

If the old year closed in doubts and questionings, the new one began with hopes and cares; hopes for others, cares for herself. On New Year's Day the child of sorrow was at last baptised by the auspicious name of Felix. The god-parents were Brahms and two young friends of the house. The question of creed made it impossible to include Joachim, much to Clara's regret.

Soon she began to prepare for a fresh journey. She had felt obliged to refuse an invitation to Vienna at the beginning of December, on account of the distance from Robert, but at the same time she had agreed to a request from Rotterdam that she would take part in the Jubilee concert of the *Eruditione musica* intending to combine with this a concert tour through the Dutch States, such as she had undertaken the previous year.

Busy as she was with preparations for the journey, on Jan. 3rd 1855 she made time, in the intervals of packing, to give herself and Joachim the pleasure of going to Hanover for 24 hours, with Brahms, in order to hear the rehearsal of Joachim's *Heinrichs-Overture*. She did not regret it, for the work made the deepest impression upon her. "It takes hold of one tremendously," is the diary's comment.

The nearer the hour of departure came, the more she dreaded the thought of a fresh separation and of renewed loneliness. But she was to have one more pleasure before

she left. Sunday, 8th. A glorious letter from Robert ¹⁾; — much about Johannes' fascinating ballads. He writes so extraordinarily well; in the days of his most perfect health he can never have written better. One would think that he must be quite well. Johannes is going to him. On the 11th Johannes went to Endenich. He came back in the evening, and was quite full of my beloved, whom he found well and cheerful. Robert was very glad to see him and received him warmly. Johannes had to play him his ballades and variations.

Cheered by these deceptive hopes of a speedy recovery ²⁾, she set out on her journey on Jan. 15th. The previous day was dedicated to Brahms, who brought her comfort and peace, as he always did. "His nobleness of mind, his clearness of vision lend one wings."

Brahms was to have taken up his quarters in the Schumanns' house in Düsseldorf while Clara was away, and on the 15th he accompanied her and Fr. Schönerstedt on the steamer as far as Emmerich, and there said good-bye to them. But this parting seems to have been harder than the first, for two days later he suddenly appeared in Rotterdam, to the surprise of the friend whom he had just left. "He quite frightened me at first, but afterwards I gave myself up to the truest joy," she writes, "for yesterday and the day before, a foreign land had made me doubly conscious of my loneliness."

He stayed until Jan. 23rd and was thus able not only to be at the Jubilee concert on the 18th — at which Schumann's first symphony was given, and Clara played, among other things, Beethoven's fantasia for chorus and orchestra — but

1) *Briefe* New series 2nd ed. No. 468 p. 404.

2) Kalbeck Vol. I p. 208 says that Brahms took away a more unfavourable impression from Endenich, realising that it was a case of severe illness, and that in order to spare Clara he kept back "the worst of what he noticed".

also to make acquaintance with her Dutch friends, Verhulst at their head.

But an unlucky star was in the ascendant during this tour in Holland. It was not that she failed to find a warm, even an enthusiastic, reception everywhere — Rotterdam, Leyden, Utrecht, Amsterdam, the Hague greeted her as they had done the year before —; but partly in consequence of the mental strain which she had undergone, partly because she was really unwell, she felt oppressed. She was not blind to the bright side of it all, but she was little able to appreciate it, and was inclined to make silent comparisons with the past which hardly did justice to the present. At Leyden and at the Hague, on Jan. 23rd and 24th, she was particularly unwell, and although in speaking of the last-named place she declares, "in spite of this I hardly ever played Beethoven's *E♭* major concerto so well", yet there were days, such as that of the Jubilee concert at Rotterdam, or still more of the concert at Utrecht, on which she was painfully conscious of her inability to master her weakness. "I did very badly; there was no strength in me," she writes from Utrecht.

On the previous evening she had received a letter from Robert, "which so upset me, that I spent the whole night in tears". It contained the ominous words: "My Clara, I feel as if something terrible were before me. Woe is me, if I am never again to see you and the children!"

"It is incredibly difficult to appear in public when one's heart is torn with grief," she writes after the Utrecht concert.

Her sense of loneliness grew till it became unbearable, and just at this time her friend's letters came less regularly. In addition, there were all sorts of annoyances, such as her constant meetings with Vieuxtemps whom she found unsympathetic both as a man and an artist, and the practice of whose art she thought injurious to the public taste. Brahms can have found it no easy task to hearten his friend, when

she was lost in these gloomy thoughts. But his never-failing freshness and humour were always at her service, as he tried to change the current of her ideas.

Clara talked seriously to Verhulst about Johannes' ballades, but, as she writes in the diary, "It made me very unhappy, for if people like him say that they cannot feel enthusiastic about them, and there is nothing in them which 'is absolutely inevitable', that there 'is a want of connectedness', etc. etc., what can one expect of the world at large?"

It is no wonder that she was glad when on Feb. 8th she closed her tour by playing Beethoven's *E*^b major concerto to an enthusiastic audience at Rotterdam. The following day she was free to return to the atmosphere in which alone she felt happy and at home.

Many surprises were awaiting her there; both pleasant and unpleasant. On Feb. 12th (two days after her return) the diary announces: "Joachim sent us some quite wonderful variations for piano and viola. They are great and imaginative — a master-piece, worthy of a Beethoven. — Johannes played me canons and giges: he can do anything he wants!" "13th: Letter from the doctor. Robert once more thinks that he hears music. How discouraging it is when one's hopes are continually disappointed."

But she had no time for thinking and dreaming. "On Monday, the 19th, I must go out into the world again."

This time Robert knew of her purpose, and Brahms gave her a "Book of Remembrance" in which "to press a flower from every city in which I stay" for her beloved. It was to have been a joy to him. He never saw it.

Her first halting-place was naturally Hanover, though she did not go there for a concert. But this time she did not carry away an entirely pleasant impression, owing to a meeting with Jenny Lind, at which she really quarrelled with that dearly loved friend because she would have nothing to

say to Brahms's variations, and talked about "mistaken tendencies".

Hard work awaited her in Berlin, where on this occasion she took up her quarters with the Friedländers, who had recently been married. In the days that followed, full of sad memories as they were — it was a year since Robert had been taken to Endenich — she found Joachim's presence a great comfort. "What a rare nature this Joachim has, noble-minded both as a man and an artist." "A year ago to-day," says the diary for March 4th, "Robert went to Endenich. I was very sad this morning, but when I went out and saw the glorious sunshine I felt as if Johannes were speaking words of comfort to me." In Danzig too, she felt more happy and at ease. Her two concerts were very successful, and she was overwhelmed with flowers when on March 7th: she said good-bye at the station to the many friends whom she had made in this short time.

In Berlin duty at once called them both to the concert-hall, as they were taking part in the concert given by Stern's Choral Society on the 8th. She played Beethoven's fantasia for piano, chorus, and orchestra.

On this evening she thought had made a strange discovery. Mendelssohn's violin concerto, played by Joachim, for the first time failed to exercise its wonted fascination over her, and she was filled with sorrow to think that it had so soon have grown old. Probably however, the cause lay rather in a momentary lack of sympathy on her part, and in the fact that Joachim happened to play it with less enthusiasm than usual. This evening brought the parting with Joachim who was obliged to return to Hanover the same night, and in consequence a concert which she had meant to give with him, and which had already been put off three times, fell through altogether. She was not sorry for it; she felt the strain, of the last few months and for this reason, she had already given

up the journey to England, which had been planned for this year, and also a concert in Leipsic.

But she was not allowed any rest. After playing at a charity concert on March 10th, when she was much pleased with the success of Beethoven's sonata op. 101, and at the Cathedral Choir's rendering of Robert's *Requiem für Mignon*, she prepared for a concert tour in Pomerania. She decided to go alone — a determination which was rash from every point of view, and which she bitterly regretted in many an hour of despair, though her wonderful elasticity of spirit enabled her now and then to see the humorous side of things.

Pomerania, lying under the snows of March 1855, was a different world from that to which she was accustomed. She found all sorts of curious contrasts: "the richest people in Pomerania", who showed her hospitality in Greifswald, such stiff, stuck-up creatures, "that I felt quite uncomfortable"; in Stralsund, a most good-natured bourgeois public, very responsive to music; and in Grimmen, country-gentlemen who formed the larger part of the animated audience. Here she supped with the hospitable mayor of the city, and was presented with a bouquet of tiny oranges (Pomeranzen) "with a play upon the name". The following night she was given the room belonging to the master of the house, full of books, statues, and chemical instruments; and tortured herself with the fancy "that all the authors could climb down from their works". But the strangest and most amusing incident was the journey to Bergen, in response to an invitation from Herr Eckenbrecher, the judge of the district court. From a pecuniary point of view it was practically worthless, but as an adventure it was not without charm. First came a sleigh-ride across the ice of the sound between Rügen and the mainland; "then a sort of wooden box took us¹⁾ on to Bergen, where we arrived

1) Bratfisch (lit. roast-fish) the *Musikdirektor* at Stralsund, whose name

at 6 o'clock — I shaken to pieces, for the road was dreadful. They had given up expecting me. The soirée was at Dr Eckenbrecher's house, and began at 7-30. I played almost all the time, though Dr Eckenbrecher sang some songs. After the soirée a large number of people stayed on, but I was so upset that a violent fit of crying overcame me, and I had to go to bed. I was sorry for the sake of all these kind people who wanted to be nice to me. In the morning some of them serenaded me. They sang very prettily, and afterwards we breakfasted together, and then I went back to Stralsund . . . with Bratfisch." That same morning she hunted for a piano in Stralsund, tried it in the hall (in soaking wet clothes), and in the evening gave her second concert. On this occasion a very animated artiste played Beethoven's *C* major sonata to a very pleased and grateful audience, as an encore.

This brought her adventurous journey to an end. On the 20th she returned to Berlin by way of Rostock, and after a short rest went on to Düsseldorf, where she arrived on March 22nd. "I cannot say how happy it made me to see my dear friend again at last. . . . He is my prop, my support, without him my courage dwindles more and more. My dearly loved husband, Robert, surprised me with a letter by way of a welcome home."

"Holidays!" says the diary, with a significant mark of exclamation; and apparently they were also days of happiness "I have begun to study theory with Johannes. A splendid letter from Robert to Johannes, and a letter from Joachim (to Brahms): 'take rooms'!!! i. e. he is coming here for some time." Nor was the musical ending to the month, which she always liked, wanting. March 31st. "Johannes plays to me; glorious music, gloriously played. To-day he played me Beethoven's

is so remarkably suited to these surroundings, was her faithful companion on her wanderings through Pomerania.

B major fantasia, which I did not know at all. He himself has written several more sarabands, gavottes, and gigue, with which I am delighted." And there was a no less musical opening to the next month. "Sunday April 1st. I went to Cologne with Johannes to hear that most gigantic of all works, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*. It quite over-powered us, and indeed it is music such as a god might write for gods, not for mere men, for a man can scarcely grasp it. Monday 2nd, Joh. and I went over the Cathedral, and the same idea struck us both that the *Mass*, in its greatness and its art, is like the Cathedral, which looks as if it too were the work of the gods."

"But to our feet no resting-place is given!"

Fresh disquiet and anxiety was caused by a visit which Brahms paid to Eendenich, from whence he brought back news that Schumann was very anxious to leave. Clara had employed her lonely day in composing a romance for the approaching birthday of her friend: "It's tone is sad, but I was sad when I wrote it."

Was it an intense desire to distract her thoughts, or was it the fever of travel in her blood — she had always loved travelling, in spite of her occasional complaints —? Whatever the reason, a month had not passed before her boxes were once more packed. Once they had to be unpacked again when they were half-ready. There was to have been a performance of *Genoveva* at Weimar, and Liszt sent her a warm invitation to it; but at the last moment the journey was given up as being "too costly". A week later she suddenly made up her mind to go for another journey. Otten was producing *Manfred* in Hamburg and this inducement proved too enticing for the expense to be considered. They travelled third class. On April 13th she and Brahms went to Hamburg by way of Hanover, and stayed — for the first time — with Brahms's parents. The performance, which took place on the 21st, was

preceded by the overture to the *Bride of Messina*. It moved her deeply, and she was satisfied with the rendering: "It was a pleasure which has seldom been equalled in all my life." And to make it still more complete, on the following day she received "the best letter of all" from Robert. "He writes in high delight at Bettina's visit; says that he is going to arrange Joachim's *Heinrichs-Overture* for 4 hands; that he is working a great deal, etc. etc. I was very happy over it, as happy as I can be without *Him*. . . . I found myself quite at home with Johannes' parents. His mother is splendid. She gives what she has, simply and kindly, without making any fuss, and that is what I like." This straightforward simplicity appealed to her with double force when contrasted with what she found in many highly cultured musical circles. She became quite indignant with one lady who "raised adoring eyes", and "melted away in musical ecstasy". "If only people did not always think it necessary to say something! If one has nothing brilliant to say after magnificent music, it is better to hold one's tongue."

Clara was especially glad of this opportunity of removing certain false ideas and opinions which Johannes' parents had conceived. She traced them, not without reason, to his old teacher, Marxsen, "who looks upon an artist's life from the material side. . . . How much it grieves me to see Johannes in the least misunderstood by his own people. His mother and sister have some dim idea that there is something out of the common in him, but his father and brother do not even go so far as this".

She reached home well-satisfied, on the 24th, and cheered by a musical evening with Joachim on the way. But she was soon saddened by news from the doctor at Endenich, who considered that this feverish desire to work was no favourable symptom. "If only the doctor would allow him to have some friend with him," Clara writes. She little thought that

neither friend nor doctor would ever again bring healing or alleviation.

To her own sorrows during these weeks, was added anxiety as to her friend's future. He had written to her when she was in Berlin in February: "If it means anything to you, take care that I do not suddenly go off to Hamburg. I often think seriously of it, when my circumstances become too exasperating. But how should I get on without you all!! There is not the least prospect of my getting pupils here. . . . What will become of me?" And matters had certainly not improved since then. The post of *Musikdirektor* in Düsseldorf, which had hitherto been kept open for Schumann, and for which Schumann had thought of Brahms, had in the mean time fallen to Tausch — which could not have surprised anyone who knew the circumstances — and with his appointment these warmly cherished, secret hopes were buried.

As has been said, the New Year brought no improvement in this respect. "Little Fräulein Arnold from Elberfeld, is taking lessons in theory from Johannes," Clara writes sadly in the middle of April. "If only I could get more pupils for him. — It is hard on the poor fellow that with all his efforts he cannot earn anything. I try to comfort him as much as I can: better times are sure to be in store for him. It is a bad time at which to publish works. The publishers have no money; this unfortunate Russian war makes all business at a stand-still. Everyone complains of it, and even we housewives feel it bitterly, for almost all prices are double what they are usually."

In spite of all these clouds in the sky, Brahms's 22nd birthday, on May 9th, was kept as a genuine festival in the Schumanns' house. "He was very merry, and thoroughly enjoyed it," writes Clara, "so that I too seemed to grow younger, for he whirled me along with him and I have not spent so cheerful a day since Robert fell ill, in spite of the fact that I had

received a few lines from Robert this morning which made me very uneasy. He tells me to wait for a letter till the day after to-morrow, but speaks of having had restless days. Johannes did not let my uneasiness cling to me. Robert sent him the original score of the *Bride of Messina* overture, and some very kind words came with it. I gave him Dante and Ariosto, as well as photographs of Robert and his mother and sister. Joachim came in the afternoon, which filled Johannes' cup of happiness to the brim."

The next day a letter came from the doctor at Endenich, which confirmed the fears awakened by Robert's words. "Bad news. Robert has restless days. He sleeps badly, and again speaks of voices. He has been working too hard. And I have not received his promised letter."

She was never to receive it. The few lines which came to her on Brahms's birthday were to be the last that he would ever send her. They may well find place here:—

"Dear Clara

I sent you a spring message on May 1st. The following days were very unquiet; you will learn more from the letter which you will receive the day after to-morrow. A shadow flickers across it, but the rest of its contents will please you, my darling.

I did not know it was the birthday of our dear friend. I must make myself wings that my letter may come with the score.

I have enclosed the drawing of Felix Mendelssohn, so that you may put it in the album. A priceless keep-sake.

Farewell, dear heart

Your

Robert."

May 5th — —

Under these circumstances Düsseldorf Musical Festival, at which the *Peri* was to be performed, with Jenny Lind in the title-rôle, and which was attracting not only the artistic and music-loving Rhinelanders, but musicians and lovers of music from every part of Germany, was anything but a pleasure to

Clara. Every glimpse of a well-known face, every meeting with old friends — Grimm and Grädener stayed with her — was saddened by the memory of old days, and above all by the comparison with the last Festival, three years ago, when her beloved, then in the full glory of his creative power, had been the centre of all that went on. Nor were discords wanting.

The old friendly relations with Jenny Lind could not be recaptured; on the contrary, their differences of opinion, especially with regard to Brahms, became more pronounced. And Liszt, who always entertained the kindest and most chivalrous sentiments towards her, had once more the misfortune to irritate and annoy her by his well-meant attentions. On the day after the Festival there was music at Clara's house, when Clara and Joachim opened the concert by playing Robert's *D* minor sonata. Liszt insisted on playing the *Genoveva* overture with her: "But it was so dreadful that I could only find relief in tears. How he banged the piano, and what a tempo he took it at! — I was beside myself at hearing His work so desecrated in these rooms which have been hallowed by His, the dear composer's, presence. Afterwards Liszt played Bach's chromatic fantasia equally horribly. And though he had deprived me of all pleasure in music for to-day, yet I felt an irresistible longing to hear one clear tone, and to finish more worthily with Robert's *Études symphoniques*. I played them as I seldom have; I felt more than ever inspired by them."

And while she won back some peace and joy by means of her art, the performance of the *Peri* too brought her some hours of deep and great happiness. "Jenny Lind," says the diary, "was wonderfully poetic — the most magnificent peri imaginable. What a charm there is in the varied tones of her voice — the longing of the peri, and then at the end, the rapture. It is impossible to imagine a finer rendering than she gave. How she sang the sleeping chorus! It moved one's

very heart ah! if only you could have heard it, my Robert. . . . And you, my Robert, are the creator of this, of many another glorious work, and how bitterly you have to pay for making such wonderful things."

Among the visitors at the Festival were the three young princesses of Lippe from Detmold. They had called on Clara, and had expressed a wish that she would come to Detmold for a few weeks in order to give Princess Friederike some lessons. In the second week in June this wish was repeated in the form of an official invitation, with the request that she would name her own terms. Clara accepted with no light heart. The thought of parting from Brahms and Joachim, with whom she had been living so happily for the last few weeks, and an undefined fear of strange surroundings, made her inclined to refuse, but as her terms were most liberally acceded to in Detmold, she felt it her duty to accept the offer, and on June 15th she and Frl. Wittgenstein set out for Court.

"A sorrowful day. . . . How hard I found it to say good-bye to Johannes. I cling to this friend with all my heart, and I always feel it terribly when I have to part from him."

But no day passed without bringing home to her the fact that she was very fortunate, and that it was possible to spend a very pleasant time here. A pretty neighbourhood, comfortable rooms, and daily intercourse with distinguished, kindly, artistic, and grateful people, made a pleasant combination.

In the princess, her pupil, she found "an amateur such as is not often to be found among princesses", and her mother, the mother of the reigning prince, was "an excellent woman, very kind-hearted, and really musical, so that it gives me genuine pleasure to hear her talk about music." The lively interest in music taken by the reigning prince, which showed itself in their daily intercourse as well as at the actual concerts, did more than anything to help her get over the un-

bearable sense of being alone and forsaken. "They treat me with every kindness, and show a sympathy with my lot, that often moves me to tears — especially the dowager Princess." "I play every afternoon," says the diary, "when the ladies and gentlemen come my rooms." A few days after her arrival there was a musical soirée at the Palace, at which she played Beethoven's *E♭* major concerto. Clara was not unfavourably impressed by the orchestra. "Not many people were there." This was due to the delicate consideration of the Prince, as she intended giving a concert in the theatre. With princely munificence, theatre, lighting, and orchestra were placed at her disposal on this occasion. The Prince gave her an especially pleasant surprise by twice inviting Joachim to come and play, thus not only presenting lovers of music as well as the artists who were performing with two delightful evenings, but giving Clara the opportunity of talking to her faithful friend. The parting hour (on July 1st) found both sides in tears. "I can truly say that it grieves me to part with people who have shown me such kindness."

On her solitary journey back through the beautiful Teutoburger Wald, her thoughts hastened joyously to meet the friend who was waiting for her in Düsseldorf. No sooner had she arrived than she plunged with him into the delights of Liszt's arrangement of the 9th symphony for two pianos. "It sounded glorious," she writes. "For the next few days we played it every day with real delight." A visit from Wilhelm Grimm and his son Hermann, during the second week in July, brought about a delightful musical evening at which Brahms and Joachim played "magnificent duets" of Haydn's, and Clara and Brahms played some *Albumstücke* to their welcome guests. A letter from Jenny Lind, although it was concerned with a concert which they were to give together in Ems and which they had discussed at the time of the Music Festival, struck a somewhat jarring note by the request "to choose simple

things which can be understood by people who love beauty". This warning to exclude "mistaken tendencies" from her programme contained a sting of which Clara was painfully conscious, not only on account of the person from whom it came, but also for the sake of him at whom it was directed. "It is a malicious world," she writes in her diary, "always ready to tread underfoot anything that is new or great." She wrote in answer to her friend that she only played music which she was convinced was beautiful. I will yield to the public taste only in so far as it does not run counter to my convictions. A remark which also contains, and was intended to contain, a sting of its own.

The concert in Ems was fated to give her many unpleasant hours. On July 21st the whole party had broken up. Joachim's goal was the Tyrol, and Clara (who was accompanied by the faithful Bertha on this occasion) and Brahms went towards Ems. "My heart felt as if it would burst, as we passed through Bonn. But Johannes exercised an influence upon me as he always does; and speedily drew me out of my gloomy thoughts." They greatly enjoyed their journey through the valley of the Rhine, and they also appreciated the picturesque surroundings of Ems, though not the society — from which Brahms fled next day. Clara left alone in the midst of all this coming and going, and not finding the friendly support which she had expected from Jenny Lind, felt most uncomfortable. The worst of all was the concert itself, which was crammed, and to which all the Detmold grandees came over. "With what feelings did I give it! How degraded I felt by an audience which could not understand one of my pieces, and did not attempt to, but which cared for nothing but Jenny Lind. The whole of last winter, with all its torments, did not exact such a sacrifice as this evening when I was forced to humiliate myself from a sense of duty. . . . I struggled hard against my tears, and was only glad that none of my dear ones were

there, for Robert's heart, or Johannes', would have bled if they had seen me in so humiliating a position. I cried bitterly when I got home — if only Johannes had been with me, he would have found some comfort for me. — The profits of this concert amounted to 1340 thaler, sufficient to bring my family through the summer and leave something over. I added another 500 thaler to the 500 which I sent Paul Mendelssohn¹⁾ last winter. Now he has 1000 thaler of mine, and it will be a great joy when I can tell Robert of this. It would give me some comfort for all that I have suffered."

This comfort was to be denied her, but fate had another in store. Brahms came back to her at Ems, and Clara and her companion, taking him as their guide and courier, spent happy and refreshing days wandering through the valley of the Rhine; days which obliterated all unpleasant impressions. They sent their boxes from Coblenz to Cassel, and "Johannes took all that we needed, in his knapsack". Setting out on foot from Stolzenfels, now taking the right bank, and now the left, they walked for five days in glorious summer weather up the Rhine towards the Niederwald. On the evening of July 20th their walking-tour ended at Frankfort, but they still continued to travel together.

Amongst other places they visited Karlsruhe and Baden-Baden, the latter in order that Clara might see the Princess of Prussia about some lessons for her daughter, and might also arrange to give a concert before long. But the sight of so many "disgustingly blasé faces" soon deprived her of all wish to do so. On July 30th, the travellers were once more at home.

The very first days brought disturbance and agitation. They had to leave the rooms to which Clara was bound by the memories of her last days with Robert, the rooms which his

1) *Translator's note:* Her banker.

presence had hallowed, and which had always been kept just as they were when he left them. When once this work of destruction was completed, and they had moved into their new flat on the first floor of No. 135 Poststrasse, she found the change beneficial. The situation, which gave them a view over green trees, was far better than that of their former gloomy house set in a narrow street and surrounded by high buildings. Brahms moved with them, and became possessed of "a charmingly cosy room".

Originally Clara had intended to go to Pyrmont in August, in order to rest, and to invite Brahms and his sister there. But this plan fell through — largely on account of the expense. But since it became imperative that she should do something to recover her strength before the labours of the winter began, she decided, on hearing that her friend Livia Frege was at Düsternbrock near Kiel for the sea-bathing, to go there, so that at least she need not be alone in a strange place.

The sea-bathing proved a great disappointment. "It is like a child's bath under an umbrella, there is so little room . . . and it is so still; there is hardly any motion in the water, it is stiller than the Rhine." But she enjoyed the peculiar charm of Kiel Bay, and the surrounding beech-woods. "There is a beautiful combination of sea and forest here," says the diary, "One always catches a glimpse of the sea peeping through . . . The sea itself is uninteresting on the whole, but it is the simplest and most unsophisticated sea-side place, I know. One sees hardly anything of the visitors. You can wander about in the forest for hours together without meeting a soul. That does one good, and after bathing I always go off to the forest by myself." She had a great deal of music with Livia Frege, and with the Härtels from Leipsic, who had come to stay at Bellevue for the summer holidays. And Clara seized the opportunity to play Brahms, especially the ballades, in order to interest her friends — and particularly Härtel, the publisher

— in his works¹⁾. But once again she was forced to realise how difficult this was. She had indeed the pleasure of finding Livia Frege “at last grow quite enthusiastic” over the ballades, after they had been played to her several times in rapid succession, although at first she had seemed prejudiced against Brahms: “But”, adds Clara, “I see from her, poetical and open to new impressions as she is, how difficult it will be for Johannes’ works to be understood. Livia says well, that it often seems as if he were playing with the stars. It is just the same with Robert’s music, there is none more poetic, but his is always soft and melodious and sweet, which is not always the case with Johannes. On the contrary his harmonies are sometimes harsh, and I can well imagine that they would repel those who were not prepared to be attracted. As with the man himself, the roughest husk conceals the sweetest kernel, but not every common-place person is able to discover it.”

She herself was in a state of exhaustion and nervous irritability. Sea-bathing did not suit her, she was tormented with face-ache, and was not always capable of finding the “sweet kernel” even when it was offered to her without any husk and in the most pleasant and attractive form. She tortured herself and her friend with all manner of doubts and reproaches, which had no real foundation, and which she bitterly regretted when she realised their injustice. “A nice letter from Johannes, at last,” she writes on Aug. 21st, “which cheers me a little. If only I had not written to him so reproachfully yesterday.”

She conceived the idea — a most unfortunate one — of making Brahms send her Robert’s letters, but they only made her the more unhappy. “What hopes came with them, and where are they now.”

1) The purchase of the ballades by Härtel in October was no doubt the result of this.

In this frame of mind it was natural, and certainly it was a good thing, that she should quickly decide to travel with Frau Frege, who left suddenly on Aug. 24th. On the evening of the 25th she arrived in Düsseldorf, much to the surprise of her friends. "I could have cried with joy at being home again." "Sunday 26th, we spent very cosily — Joachim told us all about his journey in the Tyrol, and Johannes and I were delighted to think that we were all together again." The month closed to the strains of Bach and Beethoven. "Brahms plays a great deal to us just now; Beethoven and Bach were the most glorious of all — so glorious that I was filled with joy and sorrow. My courage sinks continually. He has arranged Joachim's *Heinrichs-Overture* for the piano, and we have often played it, and are all delighted to find how splendid it sounds."

September brought Princess Friederike, who wanted to continue the lessons which she had received for a few weeks in Detmold. With her came all sorts of excitements and pleasures, and above all a great deal of music at Clara's house. But there were also dark clouds on the horizon.

On Sept. 4th, Clara, oppressed by the continuous and torturing silence, had written to Robert begging for "one word". "Will he not write me a word? It is now 4 months since I received his last lines." Then came the letter from Dr Richarz on Sept. 10th, which deprived her "of all hope of a complete recovery". "To think of him, the most aspiring of artists, enfeebled in mind, perhaps, nay probably, a prey to the most terrible melancholy! — Can I wish him come back to me in this state? And yet can I help longing to have him back in *any* condition? I do not know what to think. I have thought it all over a thousand times, and it is always terrible."

"15 years ago to-day," she writes on Sept. 12th, "Heaven granted me to you, my Robert. I suffered greatly all day — deep grief."

At such a time it was not easy for her friends to wish her many happy returns of her birthday. Nevertheless they did so, and in their strength she found help and comfort. "Johannes surprised me with a prelude and aria for his *A* minor suite, which is now finished¹). The children, Marie and Elise, gave me great pleasure by playing Schubert's *C* major duet, which they had studied very carefully. Joachim gave me Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin, and Frä. Leser (blind as she was!) gave me a piece of her own work. I had numbers of letters. Nothing was lacking that birthday celebrations should have, yet, without Him everything was wanting. In the afternoon we took the children up the *Grafenberg*. We spent the evening with Frä. Leser, having music. Joachim played Robert's concerto, Brahms the *G* major fantasia, and I played Robert's *F*♯ minor sonata. I was inspired as I have seldom been, it was as if Robert's spirit hovered over me.

The rest of the month passed very uneventfully. I studied all sorts of new things, i. e. old things that I happened not to have studied before."

She was preparing for the winter campaign. Brahms, too, was arming himself, "Johannes is working hard in preparation for his tour," says the diary for the middle of October. "I am rejoiced that he has two engagements, in Bremen and Hamburg, and Joachim is going with him to Danzig so that he is certain to gain both money and reputation. I am so glad about it." She herself opened the season with a concert in Elberfeld on the 18th, at which she and Joachim played Beethoven's *A* major sonata, and Matilde Hartmann sang "Songs by Clara Schumann, Johannes Brahms, and Robert Schumann". Her tour began in earnest on the 27th — after a sorrowful parting from Brahms, in Hanover — when she gave a concert

1) In August he had written to her: "I have written myself out and am growing old, and I cannot get on with my composing, yet I have written something in readiness for your birthday or your return."

in Göttingen. The programme seems to have been specially adapted to the place and the moment — Mendelssohn's sister, Frau Dirichlet, lived here — old and new, past and present, friendship and love, blended in wonderful harmony. Between the *Appassionata* and Schumann's *Études Symphoniques*, came two songs of Mendelssohn's, a gavotte for piano by Brahms, a nocturne and an impromptu of Chopin's, and two ballades of Schumann's. It finished with two songs of Fanny Hensel's, two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and Weber's rondo.

In Berlin, where she stayed with her mother this time, she found awaiting her the usual "thousand little arrangements for the concerts, which no-one can make for me, and in addition to this I have to practise regularly, besides keeping up a correspondence with Johannes, this is an absolute necessity and through it alone my soul gains life and courage. And with all this, I have to return calls and receive them, and to go into society. And I am parted all from my dear one, from my best-beloved, from whom I have had no word of love for months — what could strengthen or cheer my heart if I could not enjoy hours of quiet in which to write to Johannes, and share my griefs and hopes with him alone, confide to his ear all my thoughts and feelings, and receive his letters in return, his letters which are my sole joy and comfort."

The very first concert, on Nov. 3rd, which she again gave with Joachim, and with the support of the Orchestral Society under Julius Stern, promised well both for artists and audience. One more the chord was struck — Bach, Beethoven, Schumann. The youngest — he could hardly be called the "living" composer — opened the evening. First came the *Manfred* overture, and then Clara played the *A* minor concerto. These were followed by Bach's *G* major violin sonata, and the concert closed with the *C* minor pianoforte variations — which Clara played for the first time in public, and the violin concerto, given by Joachim.

"How splendid it must have been," wrote Brahms, "I shall certainly not be such a success as a pianist; you will see that I shall fail." Towards the end of October he had gone to Hamburg, and now he was at home occupying his leisure by talking about Clara, and listening to accounts of her." "I have told my Mother, and she has told me, ever so much about you. Both of them [his mother and sister] love you. Tears always spring to my Mother's eyes." Two days after the concert in Berlin, Clara received a request from Heinrich Behrend, to give two concerts there with Brahms and Joachim. "I had only suggested Johannes and Joachim," Clara writes, "and but they want us all three, I decided to accept. We three belong together as artists, and I am very glad that for once we shall be able to appear together in public." On Nov. 8th, Brahms arrived in Berlin, on the 11th he was at his friend's second concert — once more a programme of Bach, Beethoven, and Schumann — and on the 12th they set out for Danzig. On the 14th and 16th these soirées "given by Clara Schumann with Herr Joseph Joachim and Herr Johannes Brahms" took place¹⁾ in the great hall of the *Schützenhaus*. The third member of the trio did not have a fiasco, but the concerts did not go off without certain accidents and misfortunes, which kept Clara in a state of anxiety less on her own account than on Johannes'. "The Stöckhardt [piano] has been a torment to both Johannes and me, and I moreover I was nervous about Johannes." But everything went so far well that there was no serious misfortune. On the second evening however when the audience was inclined to be out of humour (for some reason not mentioned), "Johannes had an accident with the piano belonging to someone there, and had to stop in the middle of what he was playing and continue on the Stöckhardt. I was very much upset and it has spoilt the

1) For details of the programme see Kalbeck Vol. I p. 262.

whole tour for me." These faint discords do no seem to have entirely died away even at a soirée at Heinrich Behrend's on the following evening although "It was very animated" and Brahms "played Beethoven's *E* major sonata exquisitely, with great tenderness and feeling". This made it all the harder to say good-bye to Brahms in Berlin on the following day, when, after this rather discouraging beginning, he went direct to Bremen and Hamburg. On the 20th, the third and last soirée was given by Clara and Joachim. Joachim forgot his spectacles, and the concert began half-an-hour late in consequence, a misfortune which at first threatened to put the audience out of humour. Fortunately their good temper was restored by Mozart (*A* major sonata for violin and piano), Bach (*Adagio* and *fugue* for violin), Schumann (*Jagdlied* from the *Waldszenen*, and *Schlummerlied* from the *Albumblätter*), and Beethoven (piano-sonata, *Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour*, and the *Kreutzer* sonata).

On the same evening Brahms was put to the test in Bremen, and on the 22nd he sends a cheerful letter to say: "All went well yesterday, of course I only mean in so far as I have now a right to hope that someday I may play really well and surely in public. . . . I do not find it so difficult to play with an orchestra: it is a real joy." "How glad I am," writes Clara in the diary. She herself was busy about another concert, and at the same time was trying to take care of the interests of a friend. Joachim's *Heinrichs-Overture* was given at the fourth concert, Nov. 22nd, by Stern's orchestra, and on the same occasion Beethoven's *E*^{*b*} major concerto played by Clara (No. 5. Op. 73), Schumann's violin fantasia, and the wedding-march, entre-act, and bridal-song from *Lohengrin* were on the programme. But unfortunately the public "did not in the least understand" the overture. On the other hand "he played Robert's fantasia so magnificently, that he aroused the greatest enthusiasm. I had the same success when I played Beethoven's *E*^{*b*} major concerto."

Three days later, Brahms wrote from Hamburg: "I received great applause, quite enthusiastic for Hamburg. I really did play with both fire and restraint. It was decidedly better than Bremen."

On Nov. 27th Clara and Joachim went to Leipsic, where they gave a concert on Dec. 3rd, the last for this year. Two days later Joachim left. The two comrades parted sadly. During these last few days he had for the first time confided his own trouble to Clara, and by so doing had awakened her warmest sympathy. She stayed behind in Leipsic, in order to take part in a concert in the *Gewandhaus* on the 6th, and in a quartet-evening on the 8th. At the former she was delighted with her husband's 2nd symphony which Rietz had studied "magnificently". She herself played the *G* major Concertstück (*Introduction and Allegro appassionato*. Op. 92) which, "after a long interval, was a great joy", and also Beethoven's *E♭* major concerto, which was enthusiastically received. On the quartet-evening where among other things Schumann's quintet was played, she ventured, in spite of much head-shaking on the part of the audience, to play Beethoven's great *Hammerklavier* sonata (*B♭* major. Op. 106) and had the pleasure of rousing real enthusiasm for it. With this, her concert tour ended for the year, except for an excursion to Mecklenburg, and one Court-soirée at Schwerin. At Rostock, in Mecklenburg, she found the public narrow-minded, and little capable of understanding her music, though eventually she succeeded in making them appreciate Schumann's *D* minor symphony. She was summoned to Court on account of Prince Reuss's recommendation, but she felt uncomfortable, and the results — both artistic and pecuniary — were not to be compared with those elsewhere.

At last, a week before Christmas, she reached Düsseldorf again, arriving at the same moment as Brahms, and just in time to make her preparations for the festival. She could

have wished for no better helper than this man with his childlike capacity for enjoyment, and its anticipation. In this respect he was really a gourmand. Early in November he had already wandered about in the evenings at Hamburg, looking in the shop-windows for all sorts of pretty toys for children great and small, himself the greatest child of all. He had written to Clara: "While I am here, I often pass a shop in which I have discovered the most beautiful soldiers. Yesterday I went in to buy an acrobat for Felix, and at the same time to have a look at them. I found a delightful person, who will amuse you too, and went out with a heart full of longing. I reconsidered, and came to the conclusion that I was only beating about the bush and must give in, in the end. At present I have the most fascinating battle-piece, I ever saw, with a little tower as well. I am over-joyed with it. At Christmas I will set out all my troops so beautifully that you will be delighted with them."

It is necessary to bear this picture in mind in order to understand what it meant to the Schumann children when Brahms came into the nursery at Christmas, although he was not what is usually meant by being fond of children. In any case he brought their mother the best gift that she received on this sad Christmas Eve. She sent pictures of Brahms and Joachim to Endenich. "A year ago, how much I hoped that we should be united again by now. But things are worse than they were then, for then I at least received a letter from my beloved." All the children were with her, except Julie who was still with her grandmother in Berlin, and all of them, and especially the two eldest, had developed greatly during the year, much to her pleasure. She felt herself surrounded by friendship and love, "yet I was sad".

And in addition to all else, a long separation was at hand. Once more the boxes were packed, and farewells were said. She did not even end the old year with her children. The

bells which rung in the New Year, found her far from home on her way to Vienna, writing to Johannes from an uncomfortable room in an hotel at Prague, and "thinking much of Robert and you. Ah! what will the next year bring us? I fell asleep in tears, to wake again before long, and to spend the rest of the night in melancholy thoughts".

For the third time she arrived in Vienna, which in spite of their unfortunate experiences nine years before, always had a mysterious, almost magical, fascination for both her and Robert. Since her last visit, great changes had taken place; from appreciating Beethoven they had learned to appreciate the romantic movement, and Schumann most of all. The Viennese had discovered that this man, who at first had seemed to them so remote, so obscure, so difficult to place, had an imagination above all limits, which appealed to their own delight in the romantic, and they now responded to his music with unrestrained warmth and vehemence.

In the five concerts which she gave during January and February she realised with pleasure and surprise how far the pendulum had swung, for she was greeted with storms of enthusiastic applause. A week after her arrival — on Jan. 7th — at her first concert, she was recalled 15 times.

The following concerts roused enthusiasm to such a pitch and were so well attended that when she passed through Vienna on her way back from Buda-Pesth in March, she had to arrange for a farewell concert, in order to give her friends one more opportunity of hearing her and thanking her.

Nine years ago she had been respected as a virtuoso, but as an interpreter of classical music she had been, if not rejected, at all events only tolerated. Now it was difficult to say whether the method or the meaning of her playing proved the more attractive, whether it was Robert Schumann's music as played by Clara Schumann, or Clara Schumann as the interpreter of Robert Schumann that drew people. At the

third concert (Jan. 20th) at which she and J. Hellmesberger and Borzaga played Robert's first trio, the scherzo was encored. On the same evening she played Brahms for the first time in Vienna: *Sarabande* and *Gavotte*.

At the fourth concert, besides playing Beethoven's sonata Op. 106, she played the *Carnaval* for the first time, "amidst great enthusiasm". She had to repeat it at her farewell concert, when she also gave the andante (founded on an old German minstrel song) and scherzo from Brahms's *C* major sonata, and Henselt's *Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'* (as an encore), "In memory of old days (1836)".

How greatly Vienna had advanced in appreciation of music was shown not only by the wonderful performance of Schumann's *F* major quartet by the Hellmesberger Quartet — "I never heard it so beautifully rendered" —, but also by the attitude of her private friends. She ran in and out of the Streichers' house almost every day, not only to practice, but as a friend of the family, and on one occasion she played Robert's *F*[#] minor sonata, the BACH fugue, the pedal-piano sketches, and some of the canons, to a small circle.

"Moments of holy inspiration such as these are the happiest of all. One forgets oneself and all around one, and lives and moves in music alone."

But she was forced to confess that something of the old slip-shod ways remained, though they pained her less than they had done on her previous visit. She became really indignant over the manner in which the Mozart Festival was celebrated. "Nothing went well," she says of the second day. "There were nothing but scraps, and the finale from *Don Giovanni* nearly broke down. . . . It was wretched, that Mozart should have so unworthy a Festival in Vienna."

This Festival brought about another meeting with Liszt, and gave rise to a quaint little scene between them, which illustrates the unbridgeable gulf that lay between the musical

man of the world, who treated his fellow-creatures with humorous contempt, and the artist who would allow no jesting where art was concerned.

It was at a "dreadful" soirée, given by Liszt's Hungarian friend, Countess Banfy: "Small rooms crammed with people, and stifling heat. . . . Ladies, almost melting with heat; in huge crinolines and toupés which made their heads twice the size that the good God intended them to be, stood fanning themselves. It was a typical drawing-room, and there I had to play. I could have cried over my beautiful pieces, when anything would have been good enough for such a company. Liszt played the fine gentleman. . . . When I complained that my pieces were unsuitable, he said to me: 'Why do you not play a couple of bad pieces by Liszt? They would be in place here.' I answered quietly: 'You are right; but I cannot do that'."

She saw but little of Viennese society proper. "How out of tune with it I felt," she writes in speaking of a soirée at Princess Schönburg's, "with my heart full of grief and longing." On the other hand she willingly kept up friendly, everyday intercourse with friends both old and new, the more so as her own rooms, in the house of cousins of Emilie List's, were dreadfully uncomfortable. "They throw open their drawing-rooms, and sit on velvet-covered chairs, but there is no fire in the stove, and they sleep in wretched holes," she complains. She went most of all to the Rettichs, whom she always found attractive, and in whose house she felt most certain of meeting the people who interested her. Here she dined with Grillparzer, and felt quite at home with the "dear, simple-minded man". And here, too, she was stricken dumb by Hebbel's stiffness and coldness: "I feel as if every word died on my tongue when he sits opposite me." She liked his wife better.

It is true that she could not always repress a smile at the very modest demands which these distinguished people made

upon their intellectual powers in private life. For example: Laube's *Essex* was given for the first time, and Frau Rettich as Elizabeth and Marie Seebach as Rutland deeply moved and delighted her. The following day she was one of the small circle of friends which met to celebrate Herr Rettich's birthday, and they played *Glocke und Hammer*¹⁾ till 12-30 a. m. "I could not help thinking of Queen Elizabeth all the time, who was sitting here rapturously playing *Glocke und Hammer*. Halm was there too, and so were several other pleasant people, but one could not properly enjoy meeting them, because the game was being played with really comical solemnity." This simplicity, however, appealed to her far more than the strained cleverness which she found in the artistic and literary circles which gathered round Laube. Betty Paoli made her shudder by reciting a "really repulsive" poem: "I feel dreadful in society of this sort, when everybody is trying to be clever, and to attract notice. I draw a deep breath when I escape from it." She found much pleasure in making acquaintance with the young Marie Seebach, who recited Schumann's ballads at her concerts most effectively, and who produced a great impression on her as Käthchen von Heilbronn. "I cried a great deal. I have seldom been so delighted. I was still shaking all over long after I was in bed." Emil Kuh then still quite young, also took her fancy. She got to know him through his fiancée, Adele Ferrari, who made her first appearance at Clara's last concert (March 2nd).

But with the musicians themselves her relations were slight. She called upon Fischhof, but this time she found his vanity greater than his kindness. On the other hand she received what was at times an almost over-powering amount of friendly help from Karl Debrois von Brugk, whose passionate admiration

1) *Translator's note:* A round game. In later life, Mme Schumann herself became fond of playing it.

for Schumann was transferred, with added force, to Schumann's wife.

Her most intimate friends were the Streichers and Selmar Bagge and his wife, for she did not feel attracted by the Marchesis and their music. Those with whom she was really most closely in sympathy as regarded music, were no longer in this world. Twice she stood by the graves of Beethoven and Schubert. On the first occasion her thoughts flew to him whom she knew to be nearest to her at this moment, Brahms. "How I wished he were at my side. I sent him some leaves from the graves." The second time, just before her final concert on her way home, she plucked some sprays for the man who had once stood on that spot, years before, thinking of her and hoping to win her.

If Vienna had surpassed her expectations both as regarded artistic and pecuniary success, this was still more the case in Buda-Pesth, whither she turned her steps on Feb. 13th.

Here she found a combination of good things. The neighbourhood was beautiful — from her room at the Hotel de l'Europe, she had "the most charming view over Ofen, and the most wonderful chain-bridge I ever saw", — the musical atmosphere, and the kindness of the people were such as she had not expected.

Her musical adviser, the music-dealer Noszavögli, was at first much exercised over her programme, which is "serious to an almost unheard of extent for Buda-Pesth". But after the first concert (Feb. 18th) he said no more. The two following concerts, on Feb. 23rd and 27th, the second including the quintet and Beethoven's *D* minor sonata, and the third centring round the *F* minor sonata and the *Carnaval*, more than justified her courage by the storms of ever-increasing applause which they provoked, and the almost dangerous crowds which they attracted. She was particularly touched when after the *Carnaval* (which concluded the programme) she was given a laurel-wreath

tied with ribbons of the Hungarian colours, to present to the composer.

Nor were her pleasant impressions confined to the concert-hall. Needless to say, she played at the Court, which was then resident in Buda-Pesth, but it was less a matter of course that the great nobles, headed by Count Clam, the musical *Statthalter*, should take every opportunity of distinguishing her in the most marked way. Best of all she liked the people themselves, and amongst them the gipsies. "It is extraordinarily affecting to hear these children of nature play, and to see how their eyes light up and every muscle moves, and then at the same time their wonderful power of improvising and yet always keeping together. . . . I could not help thinking of Johannes all the time, and how he would have delighted in it."

But in these streets one fiddle sounded above all others in her ears: here she was wandering through Joachim's native land. She made acquaintance with his parents and his brothers and sisters, and often ran in to see these "excellent people".

How fond the people here became of her in a short time, was shown by "the regular procession of acquaintances" who escorted her to the station on Feb. 28th.

She travelled home by way of Vienna and Prague, and at Prague, where she had only just stopped to rest on her way out, she gave two concerts on March 6th and 9th. Here too, she felt that she was met with real sympathy and understanding, Joseph Kittl, the director of the Conservatoire, in particular did everything he could to make her stay as pleasant as possible, and she was pressed to prolong her visit. But before her second concert she had already been afraid that her strength would not last out and she felt that she must go home. It was not only that she needed rest after the fatigues of two months of concert-giving, but she wanted

to gather strength for the great enterprise which she had in view, her journey to England.

She had suddenly decided on this at the end of January, and had asked Bennett if spring was a favourable season there. Curiously enough this letter had crossed with one from Bennett, inviting her over. "After a day of severe struggle, without one friend to advise" her, she had made up her mind to accept the offer of two engagements for the Philharmonic Concerts.

She allowed herself but a few days rest in Leipsic, where for the last time she enjoyed the care and kindness of the Preussers and that sense of being at home which she had always felt more strongly with them than in any other place. For the last time, since the Preussers were on the point of leaving Leipsic and going to Loschwitz near Dresden. Clara, tired as she was, would not allow herself to be dissuaded from taking part in the farewell matinée which was given in her friends' house. She had previously refused an invitation to take Joachim's place at a *Gewandhaus* concert which he was suddenly prevented from attending, chiefly on account of her father and sister: "I knew Father would prefer me not to play, and that was enough to make me say 'No'." On the day of the matinée she writes: "I had secretly written to Stockhausen in Weimar, and to our great surprise he arrived on the evening before the performance. I was still very feeble, but everything went very well.

At the end, I played the *Carnaval*, and Stockhausen sang some of Robert's songs magnificently. Ah! to think that he should never have heard him! How pleased he would have been."

Two days later she said good-bye to her friends and to the rooms "in which in her happiest years so much glorious music had sounded". She also bade farewell to her two eldest daughters, Marie and Elise, who had been sent to school here

a short time before. On the evening of the 15th she once more played at the Court of Hanover with Joachim: twenty-four hours later she was at home again. "What bliss, once more to enjoy comfort of home, and all the dear things and people that are associated with it. He alone, the dearest of all, is always wanting."

Brahms too, had been spending busy and eventful weeks, and both of them, in spite of their regular correspondence, had much to relate. In January he had had experience of the musical atmosphere of Leipsic, and had made acquaintance with her friends there, so that he now saw men and things for himself, and not merely through her eyes. He had also had an opportunity of hearing about a plan which had been formed by some of the friends of Schumann and Clara and by which a certain sum, to be collected by subscription, was to be set aside yearly so that at least the cost of maintaining Schumann in the Home might be taken off Clara's shoulders. In his letters he had striven to persuade Clara that it was her duty to accept this friendly offer as "a thank-offering of love, brought to an honoured artist".

On April 8th she set out for England with a heavy heart, a foreboding, as it were, of what was in store for her. "Parting from Johannes — the most painful I have ever had," runs the diary, "... I shall never forget this miserable, lonely journey. ... It was a rainy night, as gloomy as could be."

And now came London and England, a chaos of new, bewildering, confusing impressions, a glimpse into a new world in which nothing even distantly resembled the one which she had hitherto known. "I felt stunned, and could think of nothing but Germany, my whole heart was there, and only the lifeless body was here." Everything was new and strange, unhomely and uncomfortable, from the arrangement of her rooms — her bed-room was two flights above her sitting-room — to the whole manner of life and attitude of mind. "Here,"

she writes after the first rehearsal for the Philharmonic Concerts, conducted by Bennett, "no more time is allowed for the rehearsal than for the performance, so that of course things cannot go very well." Bennett himself, Robert's old friend and the natural person for her to rely on amidst these strange surroundings, was most kind to her and did all that he could, but neither personally nor as a conductor did he fulfil the expectations which Germany had taught her to form of an artist of his rank and position. "He is a nice man, but no conductor, he has none of the requisite freshness and vigour. How could he have, with a life like his? From 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. Bennett is incessantly giving lessons: composing, or reading through scores in preparation for the concerts. His only chance of learning new music is in the carriage on his way from one lesson to another. How any man can stand it, is incomprehensible to me." She asked herself seriously whether her old friend Pauline Viardot, whom she had met here again to her great joy, was not right in saying that "all the teachers in London were making themselves stupid" by living like this. But it was not confined to London. Wherever she went, in Manchester, in Liverpool, in Dublin, she found the same hunt for money, the same feverish desire to earn wealth, as though art in itself were not sufficient for an artist, but were only a means by which the greatest possible amount of money might be earned in the shortest possible time, as if it were so much silk, or tea, or sugar. And yet in some respects these were the best people in the world. Take for example the Robinsons in Dublin, who set the musical tone in the Irish capital, he as singing-master and she as pianist. "She is the most musical player whom I have heard since Fanny Hensel," writes Clara. Her whole personality had a remarkable grace and "a delicacy of feeling in her dealings with others, as well as in her music, which attracted me extraordinarily. And as a wife too, I learned to love her. They

two live very happily together, though one looks in vain for the comfort of home-life among artists in England, they earn money from morning till night, and each of them snatches a mouthful of food whenever they can find time for it. . . . Not till late at night do they meet, when they are half-dead, worn out by the burden of the day." "Yet," she adds, "I could not but admire the freshness which the wife manages to preserve in spite of all this frightfully hard work." But these were exceptions, the race for wealth prevented the majority from maintaining a high level of life or art. And yet amongst them were men called to the very greatest. Thus Piatti, the 'cellist, "plays with a tone, a bravura, a certainty, such as I never heard before". . . . Then again, there was Dr Wylde, the conductor of the *New Philharmonic Society*, at which Clara played Schumann's *A minor* concerto on May 12th. "It was a dreadful rehearsal," writes Clara, "for Dr Wylde is no musician, and he could not grasp the rhythm of the last movement. At the performance he put the orchestra quite out, but in some incomprehensible way it managed to get in again." And a person used to continental methods had to become accustomed even to the worthy John Ella, conductor of the *Musical Union*: "His audiences are his children, they obey his least word. He speaks to them loudly, tells them to be quiet if they make a noise, and will not begin until no-one is speaking. No-one dares to speak while the music is going on. But he is the one man who takes it all seriously, and spares neither himself nor the public." . . . "They call it a rehearsal here, if a piece is played once through, but no-one thinks of working at it carefully. And the public puts up with it. It is the artists' own fault; they allow themselves to be treated as inferiors in English society, since nothing is too humiliating to be borne if only they make money. How badly I fit in here! They simply laugh at me when I express my disgust at such doings." (May 11th.)

During a visit of barely three months, she appeared in 26 concerts, at which there was no want of applause other outward tokens of admiration. She played before the Queen, and on June 18th the *Réunion des arts* gave a musical soirée "in honour of Madame Clara Schumann", at which no works but Schumann's were performed. And yet, in spite of all this she did not feel as if she had come into touch with public or musicians.

"They are dreadfully behind the times," she complains, "or rather they can see only one thing at once. They will not hear of any of the newer composers except Mendelssohn, who is their god. The *Times* always shuffles when there is anything to say about Robert." This may sound unjust, when we remember how much Schumann and Beethoven she played at this time, to halls that were always full; and yet she was right. The gulf between her views of art and those of the multitude for whom she played was not yet bridged. Three instances, the two last of which occurred during the last week of her visit, will best illustrate this.

On June 23rd the *Peri* was given under Bennett's direction, with Jenny Lind as the peri. "I sang in the chorus," says the diary. This action, which seemed to her a matter of course, was looked upon by the public, if not as tactless, at least as very remarkable, and raised a smile. The German artist, on the other hand, considered it something more than remarkable that during the Queen's presence the whole attention of the audience was concentrated upon the exalted lady, who had no connection whatever with the work that was being performed. Again, it seemed to her not odd, but rude, when at a soirée given by Lady Overstone the whole company talked while she was playing. She would not submit to this, however, and in the middle of her performance she suddenly stopped and told the now attentive company that she was not accustomed to play while people were talking. "I let my hands

lie in my lap, and did not begin to play again until everything was quiet." "If more artists did that," she adds, "they would be more respected. After this had happened, people were much more respectful. The next day I received a polite apology from young Lady Overstone."

An incident which occurred at her last concert, on July 2nd, marked sharply, almost comically, the difference between German and English taste in music. It was the third of Holmes's pianoforte recitals in the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, a concert which consisted of 24 items, and lasted 5 hours. "This really was the *ne plus ultra* of a bad concert," she writes, "I felt ashamed of myself among all this dreadful stuff." The best, or the worst, of it was that no pause for rest was allowed, even the interval between the first and second parts was filled by the organ "on which the *Geburtstagsmarsch* from Robert's album of duets, and the *A* major canon from the studies were played. The latter did not sound bad, but the *Geburtstagsmarsch* was one of those incomprehensible things which could happen no-where but in England".

And yet, in spite of all this, in spite of the fact that she had come to England in a time of sorrow, and that she had been suffering most bitterly through all these months, although at parting she felt herself as isolated with regard to music as she had done on the first day, she liked both the country and the people. There were her hostesses, the Miss Busleys, musical drudges, two kind old maids, in whose cheerless rooms she had shed so many secret tears; the Townsends in Camberwell, whose hospitality she had to thank for many a quiet Sunday; above all Mendelssohn's relations, the Souchays, in Manchester, the Beneckes and their German friends in Camberwell, the Robinsons in Dublin, and the Bennetts in London. She liked to wander in the quiet green parks, and under the shadow of the Tower, and Westminster Abbey, and St Paul's, —

worthy memorials of a great past. And she liked the Crystal Palace too, though at first she thought its brilliancy suited only happy people. Thus though she had often been on the point of suddenly breaking all her engagements and hurrying home, yet when the time of parting came, she said farewell "in tears", "in spite of all the dreadful troubles that I have had here", as she writes. "When all is said," run her parting words on leaving England, "I like the English character very much. The Englishman is cold, difficult to approach . . . but when once he is warm he is so for ever and is capable of any friendship. I had grown very fond of some people."

Her tears at parting were caused to some extent by what she knew was waiting for her at home. During these months of utter loneliness she had been forced to watch the last glimmer of hope die. A week after her arrival, a letter reached her from Brahms, telling her, as a result of his visit to Endenich, that not only did Robert's condition preclude all thought of removing him to another institution¹⁾, but that the doctor had no hope of a complete recovery. He had spoken to Robert himself, and the invalid had indeed shown pleasure at the sight of his friend, but had only been able to express himself in broken, confused, stammering, inarticulate words. It was no longer possible to doubt that this was the beginning of the end, and the only thing left to hope for, was that there might not be long to wait.

"Such a letter," says the diary, "and I have to play in public for the first time, this evening. . . . I could not play a note all day, I could do nothing but weep aloud from morning till night, and then wearied out and depressed I went to the concert. Heaven was gracious, it all went very well, I was quite successful but I knew that this day, and the

1) *Translator's note:* Brahms had suggested attempting a different treatment.

many days of tears which followed, would cost me a great part of my health." "My days were filled with tears," she adds a few days later, "and in bed at night I am often overcome by such a paroxysm of weeping that I feel as if I must die. Richarz tells me quite openly that there is no hope for him."

Now more than ever she found her sole comfort and support, apart from the strict fulfilment of her duties, in the letters of that friend who never wearied of trying to distract her thoughts, and help her through these hours of gloomy brooding by means of his tender thoughtfulness, serious advice, and merry humour. On his own birthday, May 7th, he surprised her with a fugue in *A* minor. "I wrote to him at length about it," says the diary, "I write to him a great deal in any case, the hours when I am writing are the most bearable." On the day before Robert's birthday he sent her the "wonderfully beautiful, heart-felt fugue in *A* minor". She knew that he would go to see her beloved on this "day of pain", and would take him from her the large atlas which Robert had been wanting for his latest occupation, which consisted in stringing together in alphabetical order the names of cities and countries. "Bad news of Robert, from Johannes," she says, three days later. "He took little notice of him, but pored over the atlas all the time (his latest occupation), picking out words which could easily be transposed, etc. etc. Johannes was with him for some hours, but he had nothing to tell me. I was sunk in misery."

On July 4th she landed at Antwerp. On the 6th she returned to Düsseldorf, after a three months' absence. She had only a few days' rest, during which Brahms played her his two fugues, and in the evenings read her *plattdeutsch*¹⁾ fairy-tales. They had planned a journey along the Rhine, such as they

1) *Translator's note*: The low German dialect.

had taken the year before, but Brahms was not well and so the idea had to be given up for the time.

She had still no suspicion how near the end was. Even on July 14th, when, driven by anxiety, she went to Bonn with Frl. Junge, in order to speak with Richarz and tell him that she wished to see the invalid, the doctor's words, that "he would not promise him another year of life", came upon her like a thunder-clap. That the angel of death was already standing at the threshold, never occurred to her. On July 16th, she began to read the *Nibelungenlied* with Brahms, and the following day she gave their first lessons to two new pupils — one of them, her English hostess, Miss Emmie Busley. Then, on July 23rd, came the telegram from Eendenich: if she wished to see Robert alive, she must come.

She went at once, with Brahms and Frl. Junge, but on her arrival found the danger over for the moment. "Johannes saw him, but both he and the doctor begged me not to see him, told me that it was my duty to my children not to subject myself to such a shock, etc. etc. In short, I returned without having seen him. But I could not long endure the pain, the longing to receive but one more look from him, to let him feel me near him — I had to go to him, and on Sunday the 27th I travelled back with Johannes. I saw *Him* between 6 and 7 in the evening. He smiled, and put his arm round me with a great effort, for he can no longer control his limbs. I shall never forget it.

Not all the treasures in the world could equal this embrace. My Robert, it was thus that we had to see each other again, how painfully I had to trace out your beloved features! What a sorrowful sight it was!

Two and a half years ago you were torn from me without any farewell, though your heart must have been full, and now I lay silent at your feet hardly daring to breathe; only now and then I received a look, clouded as it were, but unspeakably gentle.



Robert Schumann.

Everything about him was holy to me, even the air which he, my noble husband, breathed with me. He seemed to speak much with spirits, and would suffer no-one to be near him for long, or he became restless, but it was almost impossible to understand him any longer. Only once I understood 'My', 'Clara' he would no doubt have added, for he looked at me affectionately; and then once again, 'I know —' 'You' probably.

On Monday the 28th. Johannes and I spent the whole day out there, going in and out of his room, but often only looking at Him through the little window in the wall. He suffered dreadfully, though the doctor would not admit it. His limbs twitched continually and he often spoke vehemently. Ah! I could only pray God to release him, because I loved him so dearly.

For weeks he has taken nothing but wine and jelly — to-day, I gave it to him, and he took it with the happiest expression and in real haste, sucking the wine from my finger — ah! he knew that it was I.

On Tuesday the 29th, he was to be released from his suffering. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon he fell peacefully asleep. His last hours were quiet, and he passed away in his sleep without its being noticed, no-one was with him at the moment¹). I did not see him till half-an-hour later. Joachim had come from Heidelberg in consequence of a telegram from us, and this had kept me in the town longer than usual after dinner.

His head was beautiful, the forehead so transparent and slightly arched. I stood by the body of my passionately loved husband, and was calm. All my feelings were absorbed in thankfulness to God that he was at last set free, and as I kneeled by his bed I was filled with awe, it was as if his holy

1) Kalbeck's account of his last moments needs correction therefore, Vol. I p. 292.

spirit was hovering over me — Ah! if only he had taken me with him. I saw him for the last time to-day — I laid some flowers on his head — my love, he has taken with him.

On Wednesday, the 30th, Fr^l. Reumont gave me Robert's things. . . . What pain to touch them! — my letters, which he had tied together with a pink ribbon, the pictures of me and the children, Johannes and Joachim, in which he had so often taken pleasure. He asked for mine at the very hour at which I made up my mind to hasten to him. All his papers were in perfect order. He had written out his accompaniment to Paganini's 24 *Études* very neatly.

The funeral was at 7 o'clock on Thursday, the 31st. I was in the little chapel at the Churchyard. I heard the funeral-music. Now he was lowered into the grave. Yet I had a clear sense that it was not he, but his body only — his spirit was with me — I never prayed more fervently than at that hour. God give me strength to live without him.

Johannes and Joachim went before the coffin, which was carried as a mark of respect, by members of the *Concordiengesellschaft*, who once serenaded him in Düsseldorf. The mayors went with them, and Hiller came from Cologne, but there were no other friends. I had not let it be known, because I did not wish a number of strangers to come. His dearest friends went in front, and I came (unnoticed) behind, and it was best thus; he would have liked it so. And so, with his departure, all my happiness is over. A new life is beginning for me."

A few days after the grave had closed over all that was mortal of Robert Schumann, Clara writes to her children: "What else shall I tell you of your dear Father; shall I tell you how he suffered? No; you shall know that later on. . . . Ah! if only you were a little older and more capable of understanding, that you might have known how to appreciate him, for he was a man of godlike qualities,

one who had few equals. What heavenly benevolence he felt towards all men, how he protected all young and struggling artists, with knew nothing of envy or jealousy!! How he loved you and me. And this was your Father, whom you have now lost, and for whom all Germany mourns. . . . The city of Bonn gave him a grave of honour in a new enlargement of the Churchyard which looks bare at present, but in 10 years time will be the centre of God's acre, and will be beautifully shaded by five plane trees. Close by stands a little chapel, in which I was while my beloved was buried. . . . I prayed the while. . . . I was quite alone. . . . And then suddenly it seemed to me as if he told me to live for you. This gave me strength, and as far as in me lies I will live for you and love you in his spirit."

Robert Schumann left seven children fatherless — the eldest 15, the youngest 2 — three of them boys. In gifts, in characteristics, in tastes they differed widely, but all alike needed the father's guiding hand, death had robbed them all of something which could not be replaced.

"When I look back over my life," writes the eldest daughter¹⁾, who, when her father died, was just crossing the threshold that separates childhood from girlhood, "my childhood shines out as the brightest spot in it. The happiness of being with my parents, the knowledge that we children were the dearest thing on earth to them, gave me a sense of certainty, of security, of protection, which, when our great misfortune came, was lost, never to return to the same extent."

It was not only the support of a father's authority which she and her brothers and sisters missed; they were at least as conscious of the extinction of a tenderly protective, understanding sympathy, which while their father was with them

1) In recollections of her father which she jotted down for the author.

made a gentle sunshine about their path, lighting up the most trivial events of daily life with its warmth and radiance, a sunshine which they had enjoyed without being fully conscious of how rich they were in its possession. For Robert Schumann was not only the most tender and joy-giving of husbands, he was also the most tender and loving of fathers, although the outer world saw but little of this side of his nature.

How much he lived with and for his children is touchingly shown, among other things, by the *Little Book of Memories for our Children*, which he began in 1846 with the motto: "Gaity, Activity, Trust in God", and which contains, written in his hand (though alas! only till 1849) a heterogeneous collection of descriptions of their life with the children, amusing sayings and questions, characteristics shown by particular children at various ages, little events in the house, expeditions together, psychological-pedagogical observations, and verses — which the eldest daughters learned by heart. Gifted with strong family feeling and an innate delight in intimate home life, and he was, when in good health, even under the stress of creative work, always anxious that the children's rights should be recognised; and if during the day they saw him only for a few minutes and from a somewhat shy distance, they knew that when twilight came their father belonged to them alone, that he would joke with them and, play with them, let them ride on his knee, teach them songs, and in later years play to them or read to them. Then too, the invariable walk before dinner, when — if by any chance her mother was ill — the eldest daughter accompanied him, was a high festival for both father and child. He would tell her the story of the *Peri*, of *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, and *Des Sängers Fluch*, he talked about Goethe and Shakespeare, and with inexhaustible patience would answer the thousand questions which pass through a child's mind. And indeed, childish hands most easily and readily opened the door of that quiet

roguish humour which was one of the foundations of his character. He loved teasing. "We met him once," his eldest daughter says, "as we were coming out of school. We saw him walking with Herr v. Wasielewski on the other side of the street, and ran across and said good morning and offered him our hands. He pretended not to know us, looked at us for a moment through his glasses and then said: 'And who may you be, you dear little people?' We were very much amused, but Herr v. Wasielewski took the jest for earnest, as was shown by the way in which he afterwards described this little incident."

In serious matters also, the children felt their father's eye was upon them, and sometimes that his hand too was there. "Our Mother gave us piano lessons," writes Marie, "and every Sunday morning we played to our Father. Eagerly we waited for the moment when my Father would go behind his great writing-table, pull out the drawer which held his money and give each of us a couple of pennies from a bowl. We thought that the nicest part of playing to him, for it was the only time any money was given us. My Father, however, used also to discuss what we played with my Mother, and he gave her valuable hints as to how she might further our musical education apart from playing."

The power of punishment, as well as the actual education, was in the mother's hands, though occasionally Schumann exercised his authority, not only in words, and the fact that this was so exceptional made it all the more effective. The little naughtinesses of every day, which gave most trouble to the mother, and which they did not venture to practise in his presence, he treated, when their mother complained of them, with complete scepticism: "I don't know what you want; the children are so good!"

His manner of giving himself to his children is prettily illustrated by an instance from the *Little Book of Memories*,

the day before his birthday, 1846. "On June 7th Papa (for the first time in his life) found a bird's-nest. Patience therefore, dear children! What one has failed in for 36 years, often succeeds in the last few days of the 37th, as has been the case with me to-day, to my joy."

But although for the elder daughters the recollection of these happy years of childhood, and the memory of their father, formed a treasure which not only supported them themselves, but enabled them to help their mother in the spirit of him who was gone, for the little ones, and above all for the boys, Clara had to build up a new life, a new home, a childhood whose stay, whose protection, whose sunshine, she must be. Ludwig was but six, Ferdinand not yet five, and Felix had never seen his father.

All the more extraordinary are the force, the independance, the genius with which this remarkable and admirable woman took up the struggle against an overwhelming fate, and created for herself and those belonging to her a life of incomparable charm, which is unforgettable by anyone who ever came into the slightest contact with it. Those who were fortunate enough to live longer and more intimately within that magic circle, and to bathe their souls in the reflection of that radiant personality, as in the glory of a peaceful autumn day, purifying them of all pettiness and littleness, found themselves so permanently enriched, that, in comparison, all that this wonderful woman gave to countless numbers by her perfect and unequalled mastery of her art seemed at times but an harmonious accompaniment to her life. The words which she herself wrote to her children of her husband after his death are applicable to her also: "There have been many artists who have been highly honoured, but scarcely another who has ranked so high as a human being."

CHAPTER IV.

WANDERJAHRE.

1856—1863.

FROM THE DIARY.

Friday, Aug. 1st, we returned to Düsseldorf — I cannot describe my feelings when I saw my children again, fatherless and yet so merry. How I longed for Marie¹⁾, the eldest, our first-born child, who was always his darling. A mother is so glad to find a friend in her eldest daughter. If only she were a few years older.

On Aug. 14th she and Brahms and his sister Elise took the two eldest boys to Switzerland, and spent a month wandering about among the mountains. She returned to Düsseldorf on Sept. 13th.

Düsseldorf, Sept. 25th. I am . . . very worried to know how I ought to provide for the boys' future, for on the journey I saw clearly that they must have a man's hand over them or they will never turn out well. . . .

The 26th. A letter from Jenny Lind advising me always to spend half the year in England, as that would best enable me to provide for my children. I am constantly turning it over in my mind, — possibly she is right.

Wednesday, Oct. 1st. I have decided to go to Copenhagen. Gade has engaged me for three concerts, and I am to give one

1) Marie and Elise were at school in Leipsic, and at the time of Schumann's death were staying with the Preussers at Lockwitz. Julie was with her grandmother, and only Ludwig, Ferdinand, Eugenie, and Felix were at home.

of my own as well. . . . Johannes has composed an excellent first movement for a concerto ¹⁾, I am delighted with its greatness of conception and the tenderness of its melodies.

TO J. VON WASIELEWSKI ²⁾.

“Düsseldorf Oct. 5th -56.

Dear Sir

I wrote to you from Gersau, a month ago, but I see that unfortunately you have never received my letter, and that you must have been thinking me discourteous.

I am sorry to say that I cannot answer you as you wish, for there are many things to be considered. I may say, in the first place, that no influence from without has made me of this opinion.

I must say plainly, that it seems to me too soon for a biography of my husband to appear.

You can readily understand that I care for nothing short of a complete picture of his whole life, a review of all that he has done. I dare not as a wife, give any assistance (which would at present consist of unrevised material) towards his *Life* — imperfect as it would have to be.

1) Piano-concerto in *D* minor. Op. 15.

2) On Aug. 3rd, 6 days after Schumann's death, Wasielewski, in a letter of condolence, had ventured to remind Clara that he had long been intending to put his respect for “the high services rendered to art by the great master, Robert Schumann”, into writing, and declared that on Sept. 3rd 1853 — i. e. before Robert's illness — Clara had given her consent. He had made a beginning, and he now wished to enlarge and complete his work, making it more of a biography, and he asked Clara to give him her permission, and to supply him with further material. Clara, who no longer felt complete confidence in Wasielewski, disliked the idea, and wrote to refuse. Unfortunately her letter was lost in the post, and Wasielewski, who had now obtained David's support, repeated his request. In spite of an unconditional refusal, he kept to his plan, and wrote a biography of Robert Schumann. Brahms wrote to Clara on Jan. 27th /57: “I have carried off Wasielewski's biography, but I do not mean to buy it for myself, as I at first intended. There is no enjoyment to be got out of it, and I think even unsympathetic people will find this so.” Clara always regarded it as a grievance, and she was delighted when Deiters wrote a very unfavourable criticism of the 2nd edition (1869).

That a complete biography should be impossible at present, is so obvious that it is hardly necessary for me to give you the reasons; you will already have thought of them for yourself. . . .

I hope that your great admiration for my husband, and your wish to depict him worthily to the world, will enable you to realise the force of my reasons.

Accept my thanks for your kind intention

Yours truly
Clara Schumann."

FROM THE DIARY.

Saturday 18th. I took the boys to school at Herchenbach. I felt it very much, but it is certainly best for them.

Johannes has finished his concerto — we have played it several times on two pianos. He has composed a wonderfully beautiful adagio for his *C[♯]* minor quartet¹⁾ — full of tenderness.

Tuesday 21st. Johannes left. I went to the station with him — as I came back I felt as if I were returning from a funeral.

Clara spent Christmas with Brahms and the four youngest children in Düsseldorf. She then went to Leipzig in order to keep an additional Christmas with her elder daughters, and also to play at the New Year's concert in the *Gewandhaus*.

FROM THE DIARY.

Jan. 1st 1857. This evening I played Mozart's *D* minor concerto at the subscription-concert — for the first time in my life — and also Beethoven's *Eroica* variations. I was very much wrought up. When the public received me so warmly, I felt as if every heart mourned with me, and as if I in return must utter my grief to each I played very well, except that I was not quite successful in Johannes' beautiful cadenzas, I played them too unquietly, too nervously, for which I was sorry. . . . The *Eroica* variations aroused a storm of applause such as I have seldom experienced. I greatly enjoyed Robert's 4th symphony which went excellently, and the Bach *Suite* in *D* major which Rietz chose as a surprise for me because last year I expressed a wish to hear it.

1) Never printed.

Clara returned to Düsseldorf at the beginning of January, and gave concerts with Brahms and Joachim in Hanover and Göttingen during February. On Feb. 28th she took part in the festival in memory of Robert given at Elberfeld, and in March she played in Barmen, Cologne, and Elberfeld. At the beginning of April she was in Berlin looking for a house that might suit her as she thought of moving there in the autumn, and after an excursion to Dresden and Leipsic, she went to London on April 21st, where she stayed until July 2nd.

CLARA TO WOLDEMAR BARGIEL¹).

“London, May 3rd 57.

I have not very good to news of myself to send you from here — I am often overwhelmed with home-sickness, and do not know how to endure it. So far it has been a very bad season, and if it does not improve in June . . . I shall come back . . . I have had only 2 engagements this month, if all goes well and I get 2 more I shall have just enough to pay my expenses . . . so you see I have a right to be anxious. And I am not being successful with lessons either. Here things always move very slowly. To-morrow, I play in public for the first time — and oh! I do not feel in the mood for it.”

FROM THE DIARY.

London, June 7th. What bitter struggles I have endured all through the day, how heavily the thought of to-morrow²) weighed on my heart! Oh! if only I had my beloved friend here, and could end my tears upon his heart. But the heart which has lost Him, the most glorious husband in the world, can know no end to tears. Spirit of my Robert look down on me, comfort, strengthen your unhappy wife — ah! I can write no more.

June 8th. . . . To-day Johannes set the stone³) over my dear one's grave — my whole soul went with him.

1) Clara's half-brother.

2) *Translator's note*: Robert's birthday.

3) A simple memorial stone (from a design of Schrödter's, the Karlsruhe artist) which stood over Schumann's grave until it was replaced by the Donndorf memorial.

June 17th. In the evening I was at a certain Captain Kelsa's, with Miss Busby. It was the only pleasant social evening I have spent in London. They were true lovers of music, who really enjoyed it. I played the divine *A major sonata*¹⁾ with Piatti. . . . Some things of Robert's appealed very much to them, and this animated my playing.

June 18th. . . . Rubinstein came to see me, and played me several of his compositions, some of which interested me since they showed talent. But both his works and his playing lack grace. The first note he struck startled me by the violence of its attack, and then I did not at all like his preludes. — It seemed to me so inartistic to wander up and down the piano in sixths and thirds. But his technique is very great. We spoke of Joachim and Johannes, whom he called "High-priests of virtue" — I can well believe that they would not get on together.

June 19th. . . . a tiring day. In the morning *Israel* (Handel Festival) at the Crystal Palace, and in the evening Ristori. From a musical point of view I was not very well satisfied with *Israel*, in spite of the enormous masses, there was none of that elemental force which makes me shiver. . . . But the sight of the hall, with its galleries filled with from 20 to 25 000 people, who looked as if they were swaying in the clouds, the impression of the whole, was wonderful. I shall never forget how it over-powered me as I entered. If only I could have had all my German friends with me! — I had hardly time to get home and have something to eat, before it was time to set out for the theatre and Ristori's *Medea*. . . . She is a magnificent artist, full of genius to her finger-tips. I do not understand a word of Italian, but no actress has so impressed me since Schröder-Devrient. For a long time I could not speak, my heart was so full. . . . The public did not seem to me to understand her in the least, how should they understand such poetry and such genius here, where art simply serves as an amusement?

June 23rd. Ella's²⁾ Rubinstein concert. He began with Mendelssohn's second trio, but he so rattled it off that I did not know how to control myself. . . . and often he so completely annihilated fiddle and 'cello that I could hear nothing of them. At the

1) Beethoven's.

2) A concert-agent.

same time the piano often sounded as if it were made of glass, especially when he played his frightful tremolos in the bass, which are truly ridiculous, but which delighted the public. . . . Ella who understands as much of music as a baby (Mrs Robinson's phrase) is now proclaiming him Mendelssohn's successor. It is really true that anybody can do anything they like with the public here. . . .

June 29th. A frightful rush to-day. Went into the city early this morning; from 10 to 11 practised at Broadwood's. From 11 to 12 rehearsal at home with Sivori, and from 12 to 1 a lesson at Lady York's. . . . And many other things during the day; towards 11 p. m. I played at the Philharmonic Concert. I was so tired out that I was amazed to find that I could play at all. I did not play with any freshness, but the audience thought it splendid; how little people understand fine distinctions, and especially here in England.

June 30th. My last appearance at Ella's. I played the *Kreutzer* sonata with Sivori. . . . I can never help thinking of Joachim; what a master he is, superior to all others. I said good-bye to Camberwell yesterday, with tears — the Townsends and Blanks have been so kind to me.

After her return from England, Clara spent July and August (till Sept. 5th) on the Rhine, at Oberwesel and St Goarshausen, with Brahms and the younger children. On July 27th they had been joined by Joachim, of which Clara was specially glad for Brahms' sake. J. O. Grimm, Otten, Frl. Leser and others were also their companions for longer or shorter periods during the hot summer weeks of this year so famed for its vintage.

TO JOACHIM.

"St Goarshausen Aug. 21st 57.

Dearest Joachim

What a pleasant surprise your letter gave us. We too, have been thinking of you not a little, all this time, and we have missed you dreadfully. Johannes sank back into his former seriousness, after you left us, and however much I try, I find it impossible to keep up my own spirits, much as I like to see cheerful faces round

me and to let myself be influenced by them — you must have realised this, even when I was scolding you for making bad jokes. You both know only too well how fond I am of you, and that you can do anything you like with me. But I am very angry with you about one thing: you listened to my (i. e. Beethoven's) *Pastoral Sonata*, disliked my rendering, and said nothing about it to me, for fear I should be offended! Was that right? Do you really think that it is such petty considerations that trouble me when you find anything to blame? I know my own feelings on these occasions, and have no need to be ashamed of them even if my thanks were often told with tears. Do you not understand how bitterly conscious I am of my own insufficiency, when I have studied this or that piece with my whole soul for a long time, and then have to realise that after all I have not yet properly grasped it? Is not intellectual mastery what I am striving for (so far as this is possible for a woman)? And is it possible that I should not be pained when I find myself lacking in intellectual capacity? But is not this all the more reason why you, my best friends, should tell me everything? Nothing can teach me more than your comments, nothing can so stimulate me. Therefore, dearest friend, give me your hand on it that for the future you will tell me everything quite frankly, and if I dissolve into floods of tears! But this will not happen, I shall learn to be more reasonable. Johannes has told me all his thoughts about the *Pastoral Sonata*, and now I play it quite differently. Lately, I have been studying sonatas 109 and 110, for the first time, with much enjoyment. The *A♭* major, which used to seem to me chaotic in places, has now become quite clear."

TO JOACHIM

"Berlin¹⁾ Oct. 6th 57.

Dearest Joachim

It rejoiced my heart to see your writing yesterday — I felt as if your letter came to me from home, and I could not but cry. God knows how wretched I feel here. I am still in great confusion, although for the last fortnight, from early till late I have been very busy moving in. I feel as if I were no longer myself, I cannot think of a note of music. Ah! this utter joylessness in

1) She had moved to Berlin at the end of September.

my heart is terrible. Berlin seems to me dreadful, I feel as if I were an exile. . . .

. . . . Johannes' wrote to tell me how magnificently you played in Bonn; I was with you both in thought, all the time. I shall never forget the Wednesday, when I was left all alone in Düsseldorf, it was one of the hardest days of my life. When Johannes left me in the morning, my heart bled. On that day and the days that followed, I lived through those three years of suffering again. I had come there with husband and children, full of the fairest hopes, and now I was going forth alone; he was in his grave, and my friends were far away (perhaps, in the midst of all their enjoyment, hardly giving me so much as a passing thought). I arrived in Berlin, shattered in body and soul. How bitterly I regretted not having ventured to ask you to accompany me as far as Hanover on Thursday, but I could not bring myself to spoil the pleasure of the pleasant days that you were spending together, and if it were to do again, I should very likely feel the same."

On Oct. 27th Clara and Joachim set out on a concert tour. They went first to Dresden and Leipsic, and from thence Clara went with Nettchen Junge through Augsburg to Munich. She reached Munich on Nov. 12th and at once took rooms near her friends Emilie List and Frau von Pacher (Emilie's sister).

CLARA TO BARGIEL.

"Munich Nov. 15th 1857.

. . . . I have got on very well everywhere, i. e. I have played with the greatest applause, though I have not made much money. Here in Munich and Augsburg, and indeed everywhere in Bavaria, prices of admission are very low (the highest is 20 Silbergroschen¹⁾, and as the expenses are disproportionately great, where is the profit? Yesterday I gave a concert in the *Odeon*, which was very well attended. But I hear to-day, that although the band played for me out of compliment (which of course means that I shall play for them in return) the expenses ran up to 20 louis d'or. From a musical point of view Munich is still quite in its child-

1) *Translator's note:* 2 marks.

hood — it seems almost incredible that an artist should give more than one concert here. Although I was received with enthusiastic applause yesterday, we are having a great council to-day to decide whether I dare risk a second. — But in any case I shall stay here for this week, in order to see all the sights; of which there are enough, and for the sake of my friends, who anticipate my every wish, and who would willingly persuade me to come to Munich altogether, as living is considerably cheaper than in Berlin.

I had a pleasant time in Dresden with Joachim, who played more beautifully and wonderfully than ever. His music often sounds like that of the spheres. I never listen to him without feeling myself really uplifted. . . .

Liszt's meeting with him clearly showed that they were ill-suited to be together for a minute (as artists, this goes without saying; I mean as individuals). . . .

Once, when Schneider was playing us glorious things on the organ — the very best Bach —, and Joachim exclaimed, 'What divine music!' Liszt replied, 'Hm. Bones.' Joachim answered, 'Well I must say I prefer it to jelly'; after which, Liszt very soon disappeared."

TO JOACHIM.

"Munich Nov. 27th 57 Evening.

My dear Joachim

Thank you for your dear letter, which I put in my pocket with great satisfaction, as I was on the point of starting for a second concert in Augsburg, and which I meant to answer from thence, that same evening. But who would have thought what was to hinder me! Just fancy! hardly had I arrived when my left arm became so painful that after a dreadful night I had to cancel the concert next morning, and come back here in order to put off another concert and various other things. Upon medical examination it turns out to be rheumatic inflammation caused partly by over-work and partly by catching cold. It has been going on for a week, and to-day I am more miserable than I have ever been in my life. Naturally I have been unable to do anything, as the pain has been incessant, and gives me no rest. Nettchen has had to look after me as if I were a little child. But the worst days were the two that are just over. The day before yesterday I suddenly got such a violent attack of neuralgia that I thought I

should die. For six hours I was screaming with pain, it felt as if the bones were being torn out of my arms, neck, and breast with red-hot irons. I never felt such agony. The doctor gave me opium, which soothed the pain, but after spending the whole night in delirium, I was so weak yesterday that all day long I was in a half-fainting condition. To-day it is better, although I still have my arm in a sling, and cannot move easily. It is impossible to make any definite arrangements about more concerts; all that is certain is that I have suffered a heavy loss, and that my pain of mind has been as great as my pain of body. On the morning of the day on which the trouble began, I had had such a cheering rehearsal with the orchestra, I was to play Robert's concerto and it was perhaps in doing that, that I over-strained myself. I have never known an orchestra so enthusiastic, as they were after this concerto; I was keenly conscious of how they warmed up to it while they were playing, and was so carried away that I entirely forgot myself and all my surroundings. No applause pleases me so much as that which comes from the orchestra, especially when, as in this case, it comes almost against their wills — Robert's music was still considered almost incomprehensible here, but now I believe the ice is broken. The orchestra is excellent, and Lachner is a good conductor, though he seems to me to have more intelligence than poetry; but at any rate he is worthy of all respect."

JOACHIM TO CLARA,

"Dec. 1st 1857.

.... My poor friend, what you must have endured! Having to live by yourself like that, and without music! It is dreadful. Four years ago I had a similar time here, just after I got my new position as *Konzertmeister*. Carried away by zeal, I over-conducted myself at the first practice when we were doing a symphony of Mendelssohn's, which was to be given at my first appearance as conductor, and for a fortnight I had not the strength to draw my bow across the strings, or to lift a pen — What a *début* it was, with no acquaintances and no friendly colleagues round me! But it was even worse for you, since it came upon you just when you were in full swing, earning money for your dear ones. You must certainly have needed all that the concerts in Dresden and Leipsic brought in, and in the course of the next few weeks you will be

compelled to do what you so dislike; but you will not forget — will you? — that you have often told me that Johannes and I are the two friends on whom you most rely, and you will come to one of us for what you need for your concert tour in Switzerland. I should be as happy as a child if the little capital, which I laid by in accordance with your wise advice, could be of use to you. It might encourage me to be provident in the future, if my little savings were of use to a friend, and in the interests of my financial education, which you have begun with such success, I have a right to demand that you do not ignore me, if you find that you need anything of the sort. You cannot help laughing at me, I know. . . .”

FROM THE DIARY.

Munich. Dec. 2nd. I found a nice stanza in a poem of Bodenstein's, which is just the motto for Johannes.

In winter I sing, as my glass I drain,
For joy that the spring is drawing near;
And when spring comes, I drink again
For joy that at last it is really here.

Dec. 6th. Departure for Zürich¹⁾. Herr Rieter with us. . . . A station from Winterthur we met Kirchner²⁾. . . . A sleepless night, great anxiety at having to turn back, on account of the pain in my arm which is growing worse again.

Dec. 7th. Kirchner came this afternoon. He played me a number of his own things. It is a pity, but with all his talent he will never do anything that matters. He is a dreamer, the most dangerous of all things for a young artist if he has not strength enough to pull himself together. I can never help thinking of Johannes, who has often expressed himself so well about this very danger. Kirchner is an instance of a man who has almost wholly lost himself in dreams, for not only the artist but the whole man lacks back-bone. He has an affectionate reverence for Robert,

1) The first Swiss concert tour took her to Zürich, where she was on the 8th and the 19th, Berne, where she was on the 11th and 15th, Basle, where she was on the 13th and 17th, and Winterthur, where she played on the 20th.

2) Theodor Kirchner, who was then living in Winterthur.

and this made me enjoy meeting him. Wagner¹⁾ — I cannot say much about. He is very friendly towards me, and this makes me all the more sorry that I cannot kindle one spark of sympathy for him.

TO JOACHIM.

“Berne, Dec. 10th 57.

.... That makes me think of the Munich orchestra, and I must tell you that I had another great pleasure the day before I left. I heard the rehearsal of Robert's *C* major symphony, and of the *Leonore* overture. I hardly ever remember to have heard either of them so well played, and I must say that Lachner's grasp of them both, and the exquisite tempo of the overture, amongst other things, has really filled me with admiration for him. Except from you, I have never heard the tempi taken so well in Beethoven's works. The adagio in the symphony was wonderfully played. In fact I wanted nothing save you, dear friend.”

FROM THE DIARY.

Dec. 13th. Concert societies here (Basle) and in Berne are very open-handed. For example, I had been promised a fee of 400 francs for the concert and my own concert was guaranteed to the same amount and everything, hall and orchestra, was free. They are not so generous in Germany.

Dec. 15th. Here in Berne everything is very old-fashioned, and nothing shakes them out of the old grooves. This has its good side, but in some respects it retards development. From a musical point of view, things are dreadful. The singing at the concerts was about as bad as could possibly be heard, the musicians have barely enough to live on and it grieved my heart when I saw the full house and looked at my colleagues, poor ragged musicians. If it were not for the children, I would have given them what I made.

Dec. 19th. (The second concert in Zürich). To please Wagner I played Robert's *Études Symphoniques*. . . . Dec. 21st. From a pecuniary point of view the tour has been very successful, that is I am now in a position to pay all the debts which I incurred by moving house. But now I have to earn enough to support us

1) Richard Wagner, who was at that time in Zürich.

till next winter. . . . Dec. 22nd. Arrived in Munich in the evening, still filled with impressions of Switzerland and the Alps, which I have breathed in as one inhales the perfume of flowers.

TO JOACHIM.

"Munich Dec. 27th 57.

. . . . The day before yesterday I played Robert's concerto in the *Odeon* here, and was much applauded. Afterwards, the orchestra gave me a beautiful laurel-wreath, which I would so gladly have passed on to him, even if it were but laying it on his grave. I have had no lack of wreathes altogether, but I have never received one without thinking how many of its leaves belong to you and Johannes. If I could deck you with them as my heart and conscience dictate, nothing would be left for me. No-one else knows how much I have to thank you for; and indeed no words can express it, but I feel it warmly and eternally."

TO JOACHIM.

"Stuttgart¹⁾, Jan. 26th 58.

. . . . I have been more occupied with you lately, than you suspect. It has been proposed to me, that I should move here, and become a teacher at the Conservatoire for a fixed salary, and when in the course of conversation I said that I should find it difficult to decide on this because it would destroy the plan which I had formed of living in the same city as you, — a plan of whose fulfilment there was always hope in Berlin — they assured that they would make every effort to attract you here, that the post of first Capellmeister was vacant, etc. etc. How many things went through my mind! I did think of the Conservatoire in Hanover with Johannes, when the idea of enjoying that magnificent orchestra hovered before my eyes. I have a chaos of ideas. We must talk them over before long; the time is drawing nearer and nearer when I must try to obtain some post."

On Jan. 27th. Clara set out on a fresh concert tour in Switzerland. She went to Basle, Guebweiler — where she found

1) In January, Clara gave concerts in Nuremberg, Fürth, Erlangen, Karlsruhe, and Stuttgart.

hospitable and sympathetic friends in the Schlumbergers — Geneva, Lausanne, Vevey, Züringen, St Gallen, Schaffhausen, and Winterthur; and on March 11th she returned to Stuttgart.

CLARA TO KIRCHNER.

“Berlin, March 23rd 1858.

Dear Herr Kirchner

I should have written to you before, if I had not been so worn out in body and mind that I could do nothing, and indeed I cannot yet write properly, though I will not let you wait longer for an answer.

Your letter distressed me, and I could almost have reproached myself with being the cause of its sadness, if I did not know that I had spoken to you in your own best interests, as an artist speaking to an artist — how else should I have had any right to speak at all? I hope very much that you are calmer again now, and that you are working hard at your preludes. And of course you thinking no more of giving up your post in Winterthur? You can always do that when once you have found another place in which you could be comfortable. Certainly it would be best for you first to try and live for 2 or 3 months in various places and then work quietly in Winterthur for the rest of the time, so as to earn something, and then you must try to become more practical. Think of the future, as we all have to do; that is no disgrace to any artist, and takes nothing from his genius, if he has any. Was not my dear Robert the tender, careful, economical father (of a family)? and what an artist-soul he had; such a one as is unique.

I have not much to tell you of myself. I have got through my journey quickly and successfully. I was in Jena¹⁾, where I found my boys getting on very well, and later I spent some hours in Leipsic, where too, I found all well. The day after my return, Brahms rejoiced me by a visit. He is with me now, and plays to me a great deal, which gives me real delight, and prevents me from so often feeling painfully conscious of my loneliness. It was a special providence that let me find so true a friend in that dark time, a friend whom I admire as much as I am devoted to him.

1) Ludwig and Ferdinand had been at Stoy's school in Jena, since May 1857.

I am sending you with this the lock of Robert's hair, I promised you — it is small, as I have not much of his hair left. . . .

I shall be very glad to hear from you again soon, and to have more cheerful news.

With kindest regards, dear Herr Kirchner,

Yours sincerely
Clara Schumann."

TO W. BARGIEL.

"Hanover, March 30th 58.

Dear Waldemar

I am sure you will be glad to hear that to-day's rehearsal¹⁾ went very well. It is true that there was only time enough to play the concerto once through, but it went with scarcely a hitch, and quite inspired even the players. If you could have heard it, it would have seemed quite clear to you to-day. Almost all of it sounds beautiful, some parts far more beautiful even than Johannes himself imagined or expected. The whole thing is wonderful, so rich, so full of feeling, and at the same time so well-proportioned. Johannes was very happy, and played the last movement prestissimo out of sheer delight. We went for a walk afterwards, and it seemed as if heaven lent the day a special splendour. Johannes drew it in, in deep breaths. I wish you could have seen his delight."

FROM THE DIARY.

Ap. 14th. This evening (Schröder) Devrient came to see me, my relations were there and so was Johannes²⁾. With a great effort she sang several songs — unfortunately her voice is no longer under control. . . . On the 15th we went through Bach's *C* minor cantata on the piano, twice in rapid succession — Johannes and I alone — I always find hours like these the most enjoyable.

Ap. 20th. A long chat with Devrient, who thinks me mistaken in asking Johannes and Joachim for advice as to my playing. . . . She declares that it makes one lose one's self-reliance. I say,

1) Of Brahms's concerto. On Palm Sunday, March 28th, Joachim had telegraphed to invite them to it, and Brahms and Clara had gone to Hanover, where they found Grimm awaiting them.

2) Brahms was in Berlin from Ap. 12th to May 9th.

"no", a strong intellect will know how to pick out the good, or rather that which suits its particular individuality, and can only profit by so doing.

.... Ap. 25th. Matinée at the theatre. Devrient sang some songs, and I endured perfect agonies of nervousness. She no longer has her voice under control, and naturally her execution suffers in consequence. . . . She has more than once offered to tour with me and sing at my concerts, but I would not have it for the world. I should daily have to witness the deterioration of the woman who was my highest ideal when I was young. What was not she to me? For what memories I have to thank her — indelible memories! And shall I allow this woman to sing at my concerts, expose her to the rough multitude, which will ask not what she was, but what she is?

TO KIRCHNER.

"Berlin, May 10th 58.

.... I hope you have quite got over your indisposition, and that you are being very industrious! Oddly enough, when you wrote that you were so absorbed in Bach's cantatas, Brahms and my brother and I were similarly occupied here. I was particularly delighted with the great *C* minor cantata. Unfortunately one never hears these things here; the amateurs are too unmusical and lazy; though a Bach Society has lately been founded, and recently it gave a performance of the *A* major mass, which was encouraging although it proved a struggle with difficulties. If it lasts, it will be a source of great pleasure, but I have not much faith in it. I have been going through *Faust* again — which I am sending chiefly for your delight — during the last few days, and I am quite enchanted with it. Next to *Manfred*, it seems to me the greatest, deepest thing that my Robert created. . . .

The second [part] too, contains magnificent passages, though in places I should have liked *Faust* to have been treated as recitative, where he is merely reflecting, and this would have broken the monotony. But only the two long arias are at all monotonous and even those all well worth listening to. How the richness of the last part fills one! How grand is the introduction to the final chorus, how wonderfully inspired the whole third part, and the duet in the first, how tender it is — I could go on for ever, my heart is too full. . . .

I shall pass most of the summer in Göttingen, where Otto Grimm lives, and has a fine choral society. Brahms will come there too, and later Joachim, on his way back from England. The country there is very pretty (though one must not compare it with Switzerland) and thanks to the choir and a not bad string-quartet we shall be able to enjoy many a musical treat. Brahms was here a few days ago, and played Bach almost all the time to my brother and me. I myself have grown almost idle in consequence, for one can wish for nothing better than to listen to such music so gloriously played, and to sit by comfortably and enjoy it. But in Wiesbaden, where I am going at the end of the month, I will begin to be industrious again myself."

On May 9th, Elisabeth Werner had come to take charge of Clara's household and of the education of the daughters who were living at home. On May 19th, Clara went to stay with her old friend Frau Preusser in Lockwitz. From thence she went to Leipsic, and on May 30th to Hamburg, where she stayed with Brahms's parents. On June 9th she left Hamburg in order to look for rooms in Göttingen for herself and her family for the summer. Marie accompanied her when she went to Wiesbaden for a cure in June and July and also on the journey to Bonn, Düsseldorf, and St Goarshausen, which followed.

CLARA TO ELISABETH WERNER.

"Dresden-Lockwitz, May 31st 57.

How much I have already been thinking of you and the children, dear Elisabeth, and have wished that you were all here in this glorious spring weather. A new world opened before my eyes when I saw the green and the trees and the high corn-fields here, and how everything wanted in profusion and luxuriance. — The journey went very quickly. I read Shakespeare all the way, and forgot everything else; I was met at the station by my dear Frau Preusser, and we drove out here at once; I could think of nothing but how I wished all my dear ones could be with me, to enjoy this magnificent scenery. If I only had plenty of money they would all have to come. How much good it would do Wal-

demar after a Berlin winter. . . . What are my dear children doing? I very much hope to have news to-morrow. If only I knew how to give them some treat during the holidays. I did think of one, but I am afraid that you might not like it. Marie and Elise have never been to Potsdam, and it would certainly give them a great deal of pleasure if you were to take them there for the day. But you must take the whole day for it — starting by the first train at 7-15 a.m. and coming back at 10 o'clock at night. Their grandmamma would be sure to be ready to take charge of Eugenie and Felix for a day. . . . Or would you prefer to take Marie and Elise to the theatre? Do whatever you like, only contrive some sort of treat for yourself and for them, and then I shall be quite happy."

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"June 25th 58.

Dearest Clara

Certainly I am most amazed and surprised suddenly to get a letter from you from Düsseldorf. Even if my ears had been burning, I should never have guessed it. I often think of St Goarshausen, and at times I really long for the Rhine. To my mind, longing is one of the most pleasant of feelings, it thrills so sweetly that a sense of well-being pervades one. . . . The fresh ivy-leaves showed me that the dear friend's grave is well-cared for. You never mention it, and indeed you write too little altogether, about everything. . . . Always do what you will with my things; if you are sure no advantage will be taken of it, have copied everything that has the good fortune to be liked. I only beg that you will not try to arouse in other people an enthusiasm like your own, which they will not understand afterwards. You demand too rapid and enthusiastic a recognition of talent which you happen to like. Art is a republic, you should take that as your motto. You are far too aristocratic. I cannot expatiate on this, or at least only by word of mouth. . . . Do not place one artist in a higher rank, and expect the lesser ones to regard him as their superior, as dictator. His gifts will make him a beloved and respected citizen of the above-mentioned republic, but will not make him consul or emperor. I will say more when we meet. You might answer me more quickly; do not often keep me waiting as long as you have done this time. Do not look upon my folk-songs as more

than the most casual studies, or you will be very dissatisfied. But perhaps in one or two of them you may see some gleam of better things. You should improve the accompaniment; try to make it freer.

With love

Your Johannes."

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Wiesbaden, July 1st 1858.

How much I have been enjoying your folk-songs, dear Johannes — if only I dare say all that my heart feels about them! But I realise more and more that I must learn to fetter it. That I should have to do so even with regard to music, gives me great pain, for you must and ought to know that it is no blind enthusiasm which dictates my words. Has it not happened that I have been unable to receive with joyful sympathy this or that work of yours, and have met you with open opposition? And if you imagine that I would force what I love upon others, you mistake me wholly. I express myself warmly when I think that I have found a receptive mind, which a woman's heart is quick to realise, but you are far too dear to me, and I esteem you far too highly, to let your name pass my lips when I am with people who dislike you, or who are cold. With people like Grimm, Joachim, Waldemar, Kirchner, etc. I give free and warm expression to my feelings, and let them well up from the depths of my heart; from them I do indeed expect ready appreciation of what your genius brings forth. And I have found it in them all, though Waldemar is rather slower than the others; he first divines, and *then* discovers.

I wish you would interpret my feelings more generously than you often do; anyone who read what you say of my enthusiasm, would think that I was a most emotional person, who adored her friend as if he were a god.

. . . . Dear Johannes, you neither see nor hear when I speak of you to others. I really do not do it in a state of exaltation. It is true that I am often greatly struck by the richness of your genius, that you always seem to me one on whom heaven has poured out its best gifts, and that I love and honour you for the sake of many glorious works — all this has fastened its roots deep down in my soul, so, dearest Johannes, do not trouble yourself to kill it all by your cold philosophising. . . .

I am now studying the concerto seriously, and cannot suppress my rapture over it, in spite of the fact that your reproaches will not go out of my head. They have hurt me more than anything has done for a long time, for they are so unjust. I should have done better to hold my tongue about it, but my heart was too full. I have considered myself so happy in being your friend, one who understands you, and is able to recognise your worth in music as in other matters; and now comes your rebuke!

I am waiting for another letter, my Johannes. If only I found longing sweetly thrilling, as you do! — to me it brings nothing but pain, and often it makes my heart quiver with unspeakable sadness."

"Wiesbaden, July 8th 1858.

My dear Johannes

A thousand thanks for your dear letters, which have made me quite happy. It was long since you had written to me so kindly. . . . But I must beg you, dear friend, not to put everything I say about the folk-songs on to the songs themselves. One need only ask what are the songs without accompaniments, and what with yours? You yourself must best know that such accompaniments, such interpretation, such grasp of the characteristics of each song, such imaginative combination of melody and harmony, often so fine and delicate that the two have become inseparable, could only be the work of genius, of a mind that is all poetry and music, as you are, and as you know that you are. This conviction lies at the bottom of my soul like a rock which cannot be shattered. You will smile at my enthusiasm again, but who is responsible for it except you and you music? The other day, I was reading something appropriate about enthusiasm, in a letter of Goethe's to Schiller, when, speaking of a criticism of German literature, written by Herder, he says: 'Pleasure, joy, and sympathy, are the only real things, and bring forth reality again'.

If Goethe says that, have I not cause to feel beyond your blame? I would gladly say much more about individual songs, e. g. about an *A* in the *Reiter*, and how fine a touch it is, and about a wonderful, moving *E* in *Der tote (Gast)*." . . .

(The end of the letter is missing.)

From July 26th till Sept. 14th Clara, with all the children except Ludwig and Ferdinand, was in Göttingen, staying in

the same house with J. O. Grimm and his young wife. Brahms and Waldemar Bargiel were also there for a time. After the children had gone back to Berlin, Clara went to visit her friend Rosalie Leser in Düsseldorf. She gave concerts in Cologne, Aix, and Crefeld, and returned to Berlin on Oct. 26th. On Nov. 9th she set out for Vienna and Buda-Pesth, taking Marie with her, and travelling by way of Dresden and Prague.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Berlin, Nov. 8th 58.

.... The other day I heard a serenade of Mozart's (*B^b* major) for 13 wind-instruments, for the first time, and realised clearly that it was specially planned for these 13 instruments, whereas yours needs a full orchestra. Another thing struck me — in spite of Mozart, I could not help longing for your serenade, which delights me in quite a different way. What struck me about Mozart was a great monotony of sound — I never like listening to several movements for wind-instruments alone; the oboe in particular, otherwise so arresting, often become quite exhausting."

TO EMILIE LIST.

"Buda-Pesth, Nov. 18th 1858.

.... Do not lay it to my charge that I have been silent so long; I have had a bad summer, and in September, when I spent four weeks in Düsseldorf with Frl. Leser, my nerves were still in such a wretched condition that I could do nothing. But since the beginning of November I have felt a little stronger, and so you see me once more on my wanderings.

.... I played once in Vienna, with great applause, and think of giving a concert there on Dec. 5th, and before that, one here. I met Pauline Viardot here. She is on tour. She is just the same as ever, and as dear.

I have Marie with me this time; she is a dear, only I wish she were rather more mature so that she could better enjoy all that is going on around her. . . .

The 19th. I was interrupted yesterday, — first by callers, and then by the *Huguenots*, which I had not heard for 13 years. Do you remember what my Robert wrote about it? I really think he was much too kind; it is quite immoral music."

TO JOACHIM.

"Vienna, Dec. 9th 58.

.... You may be glad that you are not with me, for I am so terribly depressed, that often my will is powerless. I do indeed give concerts, but with what torture of heart. My health is giving way entirely. Think what it is like never to give a concert without playing one piece after another in deadly anxiety, for my memory threatens to leave me, and the fear of it torments me days in advance. . . . After the first piece such a storm of tears overcame me that it was a long time before I could regain my composure. But I believe things would be better if you were with me. . . ."

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Dec. 4th. 58.

.... Will you believe that it costs me an effort to send you this roll? I do so, because I think only of you and therefore put on one side my dissatisfaction with the things. . . .

You will send them all back as soon as possible, won't you? I will not fix any time, for I know that you are more punctual and careful than anybody. Do not show the things to anyone, for there are holes in the scoring, which no eye but yours must see. Write to me quite decidedly; and tell me particularly what you do not like, or what strikes you as weak etc. etc. The *Grabgesang*¹⁾ goes very slowly, and is intended to be sung at the grave-side. In spite of my dissatisfaction I shall be very pleased to get your letter, for it is sure to show in what I have to some extent succeeded. Let it be as detailed and as kind as possible."

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Vienna, Dec. 20th 58.

There are passages in the *Bräutigamslied*²⁾ which I like very much, some — e. g. page 14 from *C* major onwards, and then later where the four voices blend together — I like immensely; the last bar on page 15 is wonderful. But the *motifs* have occasionally struck me as commonplace, e. g. I should have guessed this melody

1) Printed as *Begräbnissgesang* Op. 13.

2) Has not yet been printed.



to be by Hiller or somebody of that sort, rather than by you, and even the opening



gives me the same impression.

Forgive me, I daresay what I have been saying is very stupid, but every time I play the piece through, this feeling forces itself upon me. I cannot feel that the melodies are effective, though the colour is.

The *Grabgesang* has taken great hold of me. It is magnificent that the contraltos sing alone first and the sopranos do not enter until *Gottes Posaune wird anhehn*. How impressive the big drum must be, just before. The music between the parts, pages 4 and 5, is wonderful, the gradual heightening of feeling in the accompaniment, and the unison of flutes and clarinets. But the most magnificent of all is the phrase *Die Seel', die lebt*. I had to play that over and over again, I could not tear myself away from it. Only one thing, the 2nd bar in A major, does not quite please me, the music seems to stand still there, whereas both before and after it advances so grandly. The end again with the altos must be magnificently impressive. Have you heard it? If only one could hear it! I have been living with it for days. Let it be sung at my grave someday — I believe you must have thought of me when you wrote it!

21st. Everybody here has been imploring me to play the *Kreisleriana*, but they seem to me so unsuitable for a concert. However, I shall have to give way, for Spina tells me that there will be a fuller concert if I play them. I will make a selection; it would never do to play them all. . . .

You would never believe how great a following Robert has won here, and how they have gained in the power to understand him. For instance, the 2nd trio roused great enthusiasm, the other day, and so did the F major quartet, the audience insisting on having the adagio and the scherzo repeated, as was also the case in the trio. That is a pleasure after all, although usually I am

more or less indifferent to public opinion. Here, they wear their pens down writing about them, many a . . . , at Mendelssohn's expense; but some of them — e. g. Hanslick, Bagge, and Debrois, — write very well."

CLARA TO WILHELMINE SCHRÖDER-DEVRIENT.

"Vienna Jan. 28th 59.

Dear, admired Wilhelmine

If ever I found a letter hard to write, it is this one! I cannot tell you how dismayed I have been by the news that you intend to return to public life.

Dearest Wilhelmine if there is still time to change your mind, do so. Believe me, you are on the way towards sad experiences; and is this fitting for a great artist such as you? You who stand there unapproachable, who personified an ideal in art, will you now deliver yourself up to the light-minded, shallow multitude which cries for — 'a voice'? If you sang your heart out of your body they would not acknowledge it, because your voice no longer has its youthful freshness and unfortunately it is this multitude that has to pay. If you reply, that in Dresden you are advised on all sides to do it, believe me that most of those to whom you now sing for nothing would be among the first to fall upon you as soon as you sang in public. Why will you not rather train girls of talent for the stage, and unlock the treasures of German song? It is true that you will not find geniuses like yourself, but you will find talent capable of giving you pleasure. Think for a moment, what a field lies open to you there, how many people you can make happy, and how your name would continue to live in your pupils. You, the only person who can do it, would create dramatic singers for the world, and the knowledge of what you were doing would give you daily pleasure, whereas in the other case you would be miserable. You would always be thinking of former times, your feelings would often be hurt, in short, dear Wilhelmine, I beseech you not to think of it, not to do it, let the glory of your name shine on undimmed, and let your art in private life give pleasure to those who deserve it. Dear friend, it was chiefly for this reason that I did not accept your earlier offer to sing at my concerts. You had been my ideal all through my life. I still feel the warmest gratitude when I remember the

pleasure that you have given me, and shall I now hold out a hand to help you take this step? No, I cannot, even at the risk of making you angry with me, for I consider it my duty to do all I can to keep you from it.

It goes without saying, that if in spite of all you wish to give a concert here, I will support you in every way I can, play for you, make arrangements, do whatever you like. Finally, honoured friend, I must beg once more that you will look upon what I write, simply as a mark of the truest admiration. I shall anxiously await your reply¹).

Now, as ever, your truly devoted

Clara Schumann."

LIVIA FREGE TO CLARA.

"Leipsic, Jan. 31st 59.

. . . . Yesterday evening we had our performance of *Faust*, and when I woke this morning I was still excited over it. Then came your dear letter. We performers, and a large part of the hearers, had a great, great joy yesterday. It went really well, all the soloists took pains, the chorus sang with freshness, enthusiasm, and accuracy. Brahms played and Langer conducted. Fancy, I was brave enough to sing *Gretchen*, and *Sorge* and some solos in the third part as well. Fortunately I did not have a headache, and so I sang them to the best of my ability — though indeed, that is far enough behind what I should like to do! On all sides I was besieged with requests to repeat it, and perhaps I will do so this week — for very soon Devrient is coming to sing in three concerts, and there are other concerts as well, so that things will be crowded. Unfortunately, Brahms left to-day. I have broken many lances over his concerto. You know the philistine views held by our musicians!! It interested me greatly. I found the first and second movements easy to understand, the third I thought rather long, but it gave such decisive proof of the wealth of talent and poetry to be found in B., that I was touched to the heart. What did the public do? First they were silent, and then, when a few showed signs of applauding, — others hissed! I have shed tears of rage over our audiences — but it is all the fault of a few

1) *Translator's note*: No answer ever came.

pedants and evilly-disposed people. I have not got to know anything else of B.'s, except a few songs, as our time has been much occupied with *Faust*. He accompanies very well, and I think that he too, enjoyed the performers."

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"[Hamburg], Feb. 2nd 1859.

.... Up to the day of the concert in Leipsic, I made sure that you would come. I was very disappointed, when I waited to the last, in vain. I found Leipsic as dull as ever; I knew nothing and no-one, which or who could give me any particular pleasure. My concerto went very well. I had 2 rehearsals. You know already, that it was a complete failure¹). At the rehearsals, dead silence; at the performance (when not 3 people troubled to clap) it was regularly hissed. It made no impression on me. I enjoyed the rest of the music, and did not think about my concerto. No-one said anything to me, except David who of course said something nice. Rietz and Sahr, whom I asked, said that they did not like it. . . . In March (the 24th, I think) I am going to play my concerto here (Joachim will conduct). Cannot you come over for it? Surely you will not be staying longer in Vienna? . . ."

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Vienna, Feb. 16th 59.

Dear Johannes

Once again I have been longer than I should have been in answering, but this is what happened. As soon as I received the first news of the ill-success of your concerto, I sat down to write to you, I felt as if a friendly word must do you good. Then I grew afraid that you might answer me shortly, and that would have hurt me. But it has taken me a long time to get over it. It is not that a bad reception can in the least diminish your high worth as an artist, but it pained me to think that an icy breath should fall on your warm artist-heart, for no man is so exalted that he does not find a friendly reception more pleasant than one of the other kind. . . .

1) Cf. Kalbeck *Brahms* Vol I p. 355 etc.

I decided to give three more soirées. . . . At the third, I have to repeat the *Kreislarianas*, as I am being urged to do so on all sides. You cannot imagine how much Robert is played and sung here. They tried to persuade me to let the soirées consist of nothing but his things, but no-one could have induced me to do this, I think it would have been very unwise. . . .”

“Dresden¹⁾, March 14th 1859.

. . . . There is nothing to say . . . about my life, except what is to be found in the life of every virtuoso. I wish I had something else to relate. Stockhausen’s²⁾ *Lieder*-singing has been a sunbeam in this life; it is magnificent, and at the same time his thoroughly musical nature, the ease with which he sings everything at sight, is a joy. . . . I have been very kindly received by the Bendemanns — He really is an excellent artist. He has done a beautiful drawing of Robert for me from a daguerrotype, and he is now doing a companion picture of me. I am sorry to say I have only once been able to go to the Picture Gallery.”

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

“Hamburg, March 29th 59.

Dearest Clara

It is sad that I have to write to you, and keep on having to write. Yesterday, the *Serenade* was played to nearly 1200 people, and you were not there, you could not enjoy it with me, and I had to think of you far away and alone³⁾. . . . The rehearsals were crowded, and people seemed to like it even then. At the concert, yesterday, it made its mark. They worked with their hands until I came down and went in front. . . . You would never have recognised the people of Hamburg.”

1) On Feb. 27th Clara had left Vienna, and since the 28th she had been staying with the Bendemanns in Dresden.

2) She gave concerts with Stockhausen in Dresden.

3) From March 22nd to 28th Clara gave concerts in Prague, returning from thence to Dresden. On March 31st she was present at a performance of *Manfred* in Leipsic, under Rietz’s conductorship, and after another short stay in Dresden, she returned to Berlin on April 5th.

Clara spent Easter in Berlin with all her children, and from April 16th to 23rd Brahms also was with them. On April 25th she set out for London, accompanied (at the express desire of her father) by her half-sister, Marie Wieck. She was there at the same time as Joachim and Stockhausen, and often gave concerts with both of them, though on this occasion she was not so pleasantly impressed by England. Apart from the fact that the pecuniary success was not brilliant, she felt the want of understanding shown by the English public for Stockhausen's remarkable, interpretive art, and also the breach with Robert's old friend Bennett, which resulted from the gossip of a common pupil. Her most pleasant recollections of this visit — apart from meeting her old friends, the Townsends, the Beneckes, and the Busbys (with whom she stayed) — were associated with the Bensons. She left London on July 2nd, and went straight to Düsseldorf.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Kreuznach¹), July 16th 59.

.... After all, I found it hard to leave London in the end. There is something attractive for the moment in the scale on which life is lived there; without noticing it, one finds that one has accustomed oneself to measure everything by a larger standard, and in all externals life is more free, though it is unsatisfactory enough in other respects. But Joachim was chief reason why I found it hard to leave, it made me realise how near my heart he is."

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Wildbad, Aug. 5th 59.

.... I like the alterations in the concerto, though on the sudden transition to *D* major after being in *F*[#] minor so long, in the third

1) From Düsseldorf, where she had been greeting her old friends the Bendemanns — he had been made Director of the Academy, and they had just moved there — Clara went to Wildbad with Marie, stopping on the way at Kreuznach, where her second daughter, Elise, was undergoing a cure.

solo is not quite to my mind; but that is a trifle compared with the wonderful beauty of the whole. Everything that I want to say about it and the *Serenade* I have said before, but I cannot conceal from you that once more they have given me hours of such joy as music alone can give. Unfortunately I dare not let myself play too much, and therefore I cannot study the concerto yet, but that does not prevent me from enjoying it. As a matter of fact I play far more than I ought to, but I cannot help it — it makes me happier than anything else. I have just been working at the *Davidsbündler* dances and Op. 17, and enjoy and am happy with both. I am only just realising how wonderful the *Davidsbündler* are, now that I can play them as I like, and am no longer conscious of my fingers but only of the spirit that breathes through them so gently and poetically. Oh! how I love Him again in this work. . . . Have you seen Kirchner's preludes? To my mind, they contain much that is beautiful, but frequently the harmonies are too far-fetched, they do not flow naturally enough, and often the form is too trivial for the idea. Some of them, however, are charming. It is a pity that he does not attempt something on a bigger scale. I have advised him to do so — I cannot stand by and watch so musical a nature lose itself in shadows.

The 6th. I was interrupted yesterday by Hartmann¹⁾, who told me so many interesting things that I wished you could have been there. He knows people and places, and gives very spirited descriptions of them. Thus he spoke of Uhland, whom he knew for a whole year. He confirms what was told me in Stuttgart, that he was very ugly and that he never spoke to anyone, unless he had met him frequently, though he would often thaw at the club in the evenings, when he proved most delightful, at once witty and learned. He was very fond of wine, and said himself that he had not touched a drop of water since his 18th year. How much I should like to have known him! . . . There is not much news to send. The pine-woods are as beautiful as ever, and the sound of the stream by which I sit, is as fresh and cheerful — if only one could be like them, eternally young. One sees very few visitors to the baths, those one does see are almost all cripples,

1) Moritz Hartmann. Clara always enjoyed her acquaintance with Hartmann, and he was especially helpful in advising her concerning the education of her son Ludwig, which presented increasing difficulties.

most of them in bath-chairs. It always makes me sad to see them — involuntarily I slacken my pace as I go by, it seems so heartless to go striding past."

On Aug. 29th, Clara left Wildbad, and from Sept. 1st to 20th she was in Honnef with her two eldest daughters and Frl. Leser. From Sept. 20th to Oct. 15th she stayed at Mehlem with Frau Deichmann (of Cologne), who had a villa there. During this time she removed the two eldest boys from Jena and sent them to Dr Breusing's school at Bonn, a step which gave her fresh cause for anxiety.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Honnef, Sept. 18th 1859.

Your birthday greeting warmed my heart, dearest Johannes. It reached me on the evening of the 13th, as I sat alone at the window, gazing at the setting sun. What a heaven of wonderful harmonies you sent! I did not receive your adagio until the following day, as it was delayed in the custom-house at Königs-winter. But your words were welcome harbingers. My warmest thanks.

And now, what am I to say to you about the adagio? The proverb which says, 'When the heart is full, the mouth runs over', is not always true. I feel as if I could find no words to express the joy that it gives me, and yet you want to hear so much. I shall find it hard to dissect it; I must think of something beautiful so that I may enjoy doing it; it will be like inspecting the separate stamens of some rare and lovely flower. It is exquisitely beautiful. The bass moves so softly and yet with such dignity like a noble figure, the gait of Bach and the 2nd theme begins so sublimely, with such sadness (the mere sound takes hold of one) and then interweaves so marvellously with the other parts. And how magnificent the close of the first part is, with the pedal note coming in, in the middle! And then the *ff* is so fine, and the way it immediately quiets down again, and the whole transition into *A*^b major, the horn, the new theme, the liquid pedal note, the entrance of the viola with the first theme again, and the crescendo! Up to *G* major it is all beautiful, but

from there on it carries one to heaven. But I always play this passage:



pp. It is so indescribably soft and moving, and the finish — when it is so quiet — draws the very soul out of one. I can say no more. The whole thing has a feeling of Church-music, it might well be an *Alleison*. Dear Johannes, you know well that I feel more than I can put into words.

The minuet is very graceful (rather Haydn-ish) and I already enjoy the oboe in the trio, it must sound wonderful as it blends with the fluttering melody, it sets one guessing what is coming. The first movement too, gave me great pleasure, some of the things in it I did not quite like. I mentioned them to you before, and I felt the same again; but these are trifles compared with the beauty of the whole. It grieves me that I must give it back, and I am not sending it to-day with this — you did not mean that, did you? Tell me when you really must have it.

The songs are charming, and must sound quite out of the common. The *Adoramus*¹⁾ seems to me at once severely pure and exquisitely flowing. The end of the second, *Dein köstlich Blut* struck me at once as having a tenderness that just suits the words, before I saw that you yourself had specially marked them for me. If only I could hear it all! Will you have the 2nd *Serenade* also played at Detmold? Please do, as otherwise I shall not hear it for a year and a day. I have waited long enough, already."

From Mehlem, Clara went to Düsseldorf, and during October and November she gave concerts in Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, Bonn, and Bremen, concluding with a concert in

1) Op. 37.

Düsseldorf on Nov. 22nd. The plan of giving a concert in Detmold fell through at the last moment, for pecuniary reasons, much to Clara's sorrow.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Düsseldorf, Nov. 7th 1859.

It is true that I have not heard from you again, dear Johannes, but I cannot wait for that; I must tell you to-day how beautiful I think the things you have sent me. The *Ave Maria*¹⁾, with its wonderfully touching simplicity, must sound exquisite. How delightfully the voices are clothed with tender melodies, and tiny ornaments. The passage in unison, *Sancta Maria*, with the *ff* is magnificent, and then the swell up to *ora pro nobis* until the *p* comes again, and the close, which alas! comes all too quickly. From the first bar one finds oneself in a strangely happy frame of mind, and one is unwilling to be torn from it so soon. The whole feeling reminds me of Bach's magnificent pastorale, which we have sometimes played together.

And now for the psalm! The psalm seems to me as profound and full of meaning as the *Ave Maria* is charming and graceful. I put it higher as regards sheer musical worth, although it is easy in both works to trace the same inspired interpretation of the words. It is extraordinary how in each you have succeeded in expressing in music the exact feeling: in one peace; in the other a conflict which grows in intensity until the final victory is won. It is so difficult to describe each separate beauty in writing, things that can be expressed far more warmly face to face, look so cold on paper, but I cannot stop saying this is so beautiful and that is so beautiful; e. g. at the very beginning of the psalm I always love that third 'Lord' in *D*major, and then it goes on so wonderfully 'consider and hear me'. In 'Lighten mine eyes', the allegro in $\frac{6}{4}$, rises so wonderfully with the words, and then grows softer again at 'My heart shall rejoice that Thou helpest so gladly', 'so gladly' — how beautiful that is! And now comes one of the most beautiful passages, where the parts continually interchange: 'I will sing unto the Lord', up to the full chorus. Ah! if only I could hear it — it and so many other things! I, who know

1) Op. 12.

better than all the rest (Joachim excepted) how to prize it, am the very one who hears nothing. The songs¹⁾ too I like extremely; and among them, *Der Jäger* to begin with, in which I specially like the second part. In the 2nd, the *Ruf zur Maria*, I cannot imagine the general effect so well, but in *Magdalena* the blending of alto with soprano is charming. But the ones I like best are *Der englische Gruss*, and *Maria's Kirchgang*, though I should not care to hear them unless they were unusually well sung. The alto parts in particular, ought to be sung by perfect voices if they are one to be adequately interpreted.

Thank you once more for all the things, even though they are but a greeting from afar.

I think you will have no objection to my showing them to Hiller, to whom I am going on the 9th in order to hear the 9th symphony on Thursday. Will you send him the score of the *Serenade*? Since the theatre was burnt down and the-musicians have so little to do, he has set aside two evenings a week for the study of new works, with which the committee has no concern. He would like to try the *Serenade* then. Should you mind?"

On Dec. 19th, Clara gave a concert in Celle with Joachim, afterwards returning to Berlin, to spend Christmas with her family. Early in January, Joachim and Brahms stayed with her for a short time, but on Jan. 21st she once more set out on a concert tour. This time, she was accompanied by her 2nd daughter, Elise. They went to Hanover, Cassel, Braunschweig, and Düsseldorf, and then on to Holland, where during the first half of February Clara gave concerts in Utrecht, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Amsterdam, Feb. 5th 1860.

.... I wish I had anything interesting to tell you, but you know what my life is, — from without, it may seem a happy one to many people, but within it is often unspeakably sad. I have

1) Op. 22.

enjoyed honours enough here. In Utrecht the students came with a torch-light procession and Bengal fire and serenaded me. I appeared at the window in the half-light and they broke into cheers. They would not stop shouting, and on the one side was enthusiasm and on the other deep emotion — it was nice. Well, in the morning all the torches had burnt themselves out, and so had the emotion — of what use was all this display of feeling?! It was a true picture of life: Here too, there was flourish of trumpets and great enthusiasm — and then, you know it all, 'To-day me, to-morrow ye!' (Only I do not mean you.) To you, I would gladly surrender my position, and much besides.

I was very miserable in Cassel. I could not get poor Agathe, and many other things, out of my head. I kept on seeing the poor lonely girl, and I felt all her grief. Ah! dear Johannes, if only you had not allowed it to go so far!

But I did actually see her in person, i. e. I saw her in the distance at the theatre (in Cassel) where she had come with Frau Grimm, Frä. Wagner, Borgheer etc., for the concert. I admired her strength in being able to do it."

FROM THE DIARY.

Feb. 5th. . . . I have been deeply moved by the news of Schröder-Devrient's death. . . . But I cannot but think her happy in having reached the end, for she had out-lived her powers and yet could not bear to think so. May heaven spare me this sorrow! How unspeakably miserable it would make me if I were no longer able to follow my art in full strength! And therefore, may I never grow old! There was one only for whom I could have wished to grow old; in devotion to Him, to my dearest, I could have given up all public exercise of my art, for his art and his whole personality would have completely filled my heart. But he lives no longer. People so often say to me that I still have my children. That is true: I am sure that I am as conscious as any mother could be of the bond that still binds me to earth, but it will last only until they have grown up, until they can take their places in the world without me, and then they will all go their own ways and I shall stand alone in my old age. I could not bear that, I need the love which beautifies daily life — if that were to disappear, my life would go with it.

On her way back to Berlin, Clara stopped in Hanover for a concert on Feb. 18th, at which she heard the *Eroica* — conducted by Joachim: "I hardly know a greater pleasure than a symphony conducted by Joachim" — and at which Stockhausen sang "as he alone can sing". . . . After a short rest in Berlin, she once more made her way to Vienna, accompanied by Marie.

CLARA TO JOACHIM.

"Vienna, March 3rd 1860.

. . . . My first concert took place the day before yesterday — I had a magnificent reception, it seemed as if the applause would never end and I was really moved, which is saying a great deal, for you know how little I care for the public. I have never before given such good concerts here, as these three, long in advance there was not a good place to be had. That is pleasing, but unfortunately things are very bad from a pecuniary point of view as money has no value here. . . . PS. My second concert is on the 8th — my trio!!! What do you say or think of such courage? It is the first time that I have played it in public, and indeed I am only doing so now because I have been urged to it on all sides. *E* major sonata of Beethoven's etc. The 3rd is on the 15th, and I am going to play the *Davidsbündler*, — and possibly Clementi's *B* minor sonata — etc."

FROM THE DIARY.

March 7th. An unusual treat at Countess Nako's; she played to me with her gypsies for a couple of hours. They were genuine gypsies, and their music was quite primitive. She herself sat at the piano, and for the most part played with them — she comes from Wallachia, and is remarkably musical — and it was too amazing to see how she understood these people, and often guessed what they would do. It has been running in my head all day, and I have been able to think of nothing but the marvel of such a gift.

March 20th. Heard Johannes' *Serenade* at a rehearsal; full of wonderful beauties of sound. Eckert wants to perform it, but we are afraid that whispers may dissuade him.

March 21st. 1st soirée of the 2nd cycle. A great strain. I played some of Johannes' ballades very well, but in spite of this they were a complete failure, which I felt very much. After the concert . . . I was at the Dratschmieds' with Lewinsky¹⁾, who read us the "Fight with the dragon", in the most stirring manner. It is extraordinary what that man can do in spite of his unfortunate voice.

March 23rd. As I feared, Eckert has allowed himself to be persuaded not to give Johannes' *Serenade*, but to postpone the performance till next autumn.

April 9th. Philharmonic concert — Everything went magnificently. I played Robert's concerto, splendidly accompanied. I never heard Mendelssohn's *A minor symphony* given so perfectly.

On April 12th Clara left Vienna, after a visit rich in honours and successes, and on the 13th she gave a concert in Leipsic — "Where Father was very nice to me" — returning to Berlin on the 14th. She had thought of going to England again, but the idea was abandoned for this year. On the 28th she went to Hamburg, and at Brahms's urgent request she decided to stay there for a few weeks. She took rooms for Marie and herself at the Hotel St Petersburg, and on May 1st she returned to Berlin, promising to be back in Hamburg for Brahms's birthday, May 7th. In order to give him a surprise, she returned on the 6th, and concealed herself in the hotel until the next day.

CLARA TO ELISABETH WERNER.

"Hamburg, May 8th 60.

Dear Elisabeth

I am sure that your thoughts were often with me yesterday, and I must tell you at once that my surprise was a complete success. Sunday evening was most uncomfortable, as you can imagine,

1) The actor. Clara had met him on her former visit, and had been equally attracted by the great author and by the cultured, pleasant man.

but the next morning was all the pleasanter. Johannes was delighted, and he seemed to like my present, too. May he always be as nice as he was yesterday! He had arranged his *Serenade* as a duet, all complete in 3 days, and had already had it bound as a surprise for me — I was to find it on the piano when I came in the afternoon, and Herr Avé was to have made the room gay with flowers for me; however, as it was he gave them to me myself. We have charming rooms, and are very well looked after in the hotel. If we end as well as we have begun, I shall not regret having come here."

FROM THE DIARY.

I stayed in Hamburg from May 7th to 24th, and spent the time very pleasantly on the whole. I tried to teach myself to be indifferent to Johannes' fits of ill-humour, and sometimes I succeeded. . . . We had a great deal of music together, the *Serenades* (both of which I like equally), the *Harfenlieder* (several times), and, to my constant joy, the *Marienlieder* and *Volkslieder* given by the Ladies' Choral Society. . . .

There was one delightful evening, when Johannes told us about his childhood. Often as I have heard him speak of it, it always moves me — it is wonderful how genius works its way through all obstacles. . . .

On Sunday, the 20th, a party of us, including some of the Ladies' Choral Society, went for a delightful expedition in the steamer to Blankenese. When we got there, we sought out the most beautiful trees in the garden and sang under them, Johannes sitting on a branch, to conduct.

On the 24th Clara went back to Düsseldorf, accompanied by Brahms and Joachim. An excursion to the *Ahrthal*, with Brahms, Joachim, Bargiel, and Stockhausen, was almost entirely spoiled by bad humour and bad weather. They went on to Bonn, where Clara stayed with Frau Preyer until June 15th, Brahms, Joachim, and Stockhausen being the Kyllmanns' guests. On June 15th she went to Kreuznach with Stockhausen, and here in July, she was at last able to gather all her children

round her once more. Their presence, though it brought Clara much happiness.

JOACHIM TO CLARA.

“[Bonn], July 5th 1860.

.... This morning we had some music I played Schumann's *Phantasie* and Johannes played several fugues from the *Wohltemperiertes Clavier*, and I also played some things of Bach's. Afterwards we went through the accompaniment of the violin-cello sonatas¹⁾ together, of course without any listeners. As I consider it a duty to speak to you with conscientious sincerity I cannot but say, after going through the work again, that I hope you have not definitely promised to allow Schubert to publish it. When I revised it in Hanover, I struck out many things which I wished to alter, in other places I hoped Johannes would think that I had been over-scrupulous — but he, our friend, agrees with all that was in my mind, with his deep feeling for Bach he has even convinced me of the un-Bach-like character of several passages which I should now no longer like to stand. In short — I must earnestly dissuade you from publishing it, hard as I find it to fulfil this duty towards the dear, beloved master, whose works I look up to daily with admiration and gratitude for so much that is glorious. But just because the laurel leaves in the crown of immortality which posterity has woven for him are so thick and fresh we may not add a faded leaf, but rather with watchful love must keep it from the eyes of the musical world. . . .”

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

“[Bonn], Aug. 6th 60.

.... Joachim and I have repeatedly gone through your Robert's *Mass* and *Requiem*. As far as I am concerned, I think you ought to publish them, if you have anyone to take them. I can only state the reasons for and against. There is always the chief point of all: the works are of such a character that in my opinion it would be too great a piece of arrogance, if my judgment and my advice hindered their publication. They do not belong to the latter

1) Schumann's.

years, and Schumann himself intended them to be printed and had fully prepared them, who then has the right to interfere? But on the other hand, it is excusable, and by no means to be considered offensive, if in the case of a man loved and honoured as he is, one should lift perhaps too bold a hand to ensure that his crown of immortels consists only of flowers which can never fade. All that we do is but the work of human hands. The world likes to see the weaknesses of its great men, and sooner or later it is sure to discover them. . . .”

This summer, also gave her much cause for anxiety and care. Julie was about to be confirmed, and as Fräulein Werner was wanted at home and had to leave the Schumanns, there was no-one to take care of her. Clara was relieved of this anxiety, however, by an offer from Frau von Pacher (née List) to take Julie to live with her in Munich. At the same time Elise obtained a situation with Frau Böcking at Gräfenbacher Hütte near Kreuznach, as she wished to make some use of her abilities.

Early in September Clara took the two youngest children — Eugenie and Felix — back to Berlin, much comforted by the fact that Elisabeth Werner had promised to allow them to board with her for the winter. On Sept. 11th she returned to Kreuznach in order to spend her birthday with the three elder girls.

TO ELISABETH WERNER.

“Bingerbrück, Sept. 11th 60.

. . . . I found it harder than you could believe, to say good-bye to the little ones, and I cannot think of my dear little boy in particular, without tender longing. Yesterday and to-day I followed him as he took his first steps along the path of music. Will they be of importance for his future? Will he find a joy spring out of this? How glorious it would be if one of the children were to follow in his father's steps. . . .”

TO BRAHMS.

"Kreuznach, Sept. 16th 1860.

Dearest Johannes

What a magnificent surprise you have given me! What beautiful compositions! How glad I am at last to be able to play the *D* minor variations¹⁾ for myself, and how nice of you to send me such an interesting book about Schiller — I am burning to read it. Heartfelt thanks for it all.

But where shall I begin? How difficult it is to set down everything shortly and clearly in black and white, when one has as little power of expression as I have, words always seem so feeble compared with what I feel. Feeling is so many-sided, and words have but one side. If one is sitting beside anyone, one can point out each note that one likes or dislikes, and how much pleasanter that is.

Once more you have found your way into the depths of art, e. g. in the double canon²⁾, which I contemplate with more amazement than comfort, for here and there it sounds to me stiff, as indeed it can hardly help being, in such a form. The prelude must sound well, but it worries me that the crotchet figure ceases so abruptly, although this certainly makes it all the more effective when it recurs. The entrance of the chorus is extremely beautiful, but the harmony becomes stiff at the words *wie Gott es fñgt*, and again in the second part 'Was willst Du sorgen von Morgen auf Morgen'. Later on it becomes beautiful again. Also in the transition to the first prelude; *c, b, c*, in the bass hurts me however much I try to make it sound by using the pedal. The *Amen* sounds well, but is it not rather long in relation to the whole? No doubt the organ brings out much that sounds dry on the piano. — The choral in *E* is wonderful, it is like Bach, especially the close, *der hat genug für uns getan*. That is a splendid modulation, it sounds so true, it delights me, but the *E* in the tenor at the end, disturbs me, it sounds so thick; why do you not substitute *F#*? I could very well spare the seventh, it sounds rather modern in this place. The fugue is beautiful, so skilful and at the same time so melodious (except in a few places). The choral

1) Printed later, as the 2nd movement of the 1st sextet.

2) Set to a sacred poem by Paul Fleming Op. 30.

which persists throughout each verse being in fugue-form seems to me something quite new; only I am not quite satisfied to have no definite *motif* running throughout the whole work; according to your plan one idea replaces another, so that at the end one hardly knows what the beginning was. I cannot think the second and third bars at letter *c* would sound well, and two bars before *c* there is a progression in the soprano and bass, *c* and *d*, which I cannot endure, it sounds exactly like octaves; the first time I went through the work, this struck me at once, as it did Wolde-mar when I showed it to him. But these are only isolated points, as a whole I like it very much.

I like the *Wechselgesang*, only the very end of all



is not Johannes Brahms. The whole piece, and especially the first part, is so original as well as pleasing, why end with a triviality? Please change it, you can easily do so.

Now for the motet¹⁾, *Schaffe in mir Gott ein rein Herz* which to my mind is the crown of the whole thing. How wonderful the first bit is, with the bass in augmentation, and so is the second. The beautiful, melodious, soft *motif* is exquisite, and the double counterpoint, the stretto, the augmentations, show such art. How singable it all is, how magnificent it must sound! — The andante, I do not quite like — the canon seems to me to make it too dry — but the final chorus is splendid. The last allegro leaves one nothing to wish except that it were longer; the fresh, strong theme, which plunges straight into the heart of the matter, makes one expect something more elaborate. The magnificent crescendo at the end seems only to accentuate the shortness of the piece, and even it closes too abruptly — please, dear Johannes, work it out; everything necessary is there a fresh, vigorous *motif* and many beautiful combinations of sound, for example the passage on the last page but one, where the tenors goes above the altos, which one wants to hear more than once, and other similar places. — On the last

1) Op. 29 No. 2.

page, every note delights me; in short I can only wish that the chorus were 2 or 3 times as long; then the whole work will be a master-piece in every respect. What strikes me so particularly in this piece again, is first its wonderfully sacred tone, and then its vigour, the pure and most beautiful enthusiasm which pervades it. . . .

. . . . But I cannot help laughing at what you say about the 'illogical' and 'unnecessary' things that I write sometimes. How you men wriggle and twist, and turn your backs on all logic, before you will recognise the truth. What I wrote to you referred only to myself. You had been living for two months with Joachim in beautiful surroundings; had I not a right to wish for, and claim one of them at least? That I saw you for only a few days is a fact which cannot be explained away, but it seemed to me quite right that you should go to Hamburg after knocking about for so long, even if there was no denying that if you had wished to see me again you could easily have come over here, and by so doing you would have given me a pleasure. But I mention this only with reference to the logic. . . ."

On Sept. 22nd she finally left Kreuznach. She met Frau v. Pacher at Coblenz and gave Julie into her charge, and then went on to Bonn, spending the end of September and the beginning of October partly with the Preyers and partly with the Wendelstadts at Godesberg.

FROM THE DIARY.

On Sept. 18th Franz Mendelssohn and his wife came to see me. She is a Frenchwoman by birth, but is very musical, sings delightfully, and is not in the least French in her attitude towards art. . . . It is odd that I have never got to know her intimately during the three years that I have been in Berlin, and now, here in Kreuznach we make friends.

TO BRAHMS.

"Godesberg, Oct. 5th 1860.

. . . . You have been tempted to laugh at what I said about the choral motet, have you not? Your answer strikes me as somewhat ironical — 'a little *motif* for a fugue' — how horrid! Only

a mincing little pedant would think of such a thing. You are a regular good-for-nothing; first one is to say all that one thinks, and then if one does, one gets a rap over the knuckles. But I really cannot give in; it is to me as unenjoyable to listen to a choral with pauses like that between the strophes, as it would be to read even the most beautiful of poems in such a way. But of course I am not musical scholar."

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Godesberg, October. . . . I had one pleasure . . . I sold Johannes' *Harfenlieder* to Simrock. Johannes wished it, and to please him I went to Simrock — a thing which I would have done for no-one else, for he and Robert had quarrelled.

Düsseldorf:

It was strange how impossible I found it to conquer my anxiety about the winter — I cried for hours together, because I firmly believed that I was no longer able to play.

Oct. 18th. Departure from Düsseldorf. In Hanover I found Johannes. His sextet was to be played next day, at Joachim's quartet-soirée. It's beauty surpassed my expectations, and they had been high enough.

From Hanover, Clara went to Leipsic and Dresden, where she gave 3 concerts with Joachim. On Nov. 7th they were both present at a performance (not on the stage) of *Manfred* in the court theatre, under Rietz. On Nov. 8th Clara returned to Berlin, where she stayed with Franz Mendelssohn.

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chim's Hungarian concerto roused a genuine *furor*. . . . I was heartily glad, but I was torn between joy and sorrow for my two dearest friends, and my feelings were indescribable, I was somewhat calmed on the morning of the

27th when Johannes' sextet was exquisitely played by Joachim at the Conservatoire, and roused decided enthusiasm.

In the afternoon Johannes and I played the *Serenade* (I really forced him to do it on the pretext that Livia [Frege] had never heard it) in Schleinitz' presence. I knew that it must sound well on the piano, and it did. Schleinitz said that he had never suspected there was so much warmth in the work, the orchestra played it so wretchedly.

On Nov. 30th Johannes and I played the *Serenade* at the Conservatoire, by Schleinitz' express desire, as the students had only heard it once, at rehearsal. It again made a great impression upon everybody. Rudorff was quite delighted with it, which specially pleased me as I had found it so difficult to get him to care for Johannes' things. . . .

Schiller once wrote to his sister-in-law Caroline, speaking of Goethe before he knew him intimately: "Do not expect too much warmth and responsiveness from people who are treated with admiration and awe by everyone who comes near them. Nothing in human-nature is more fragile than modesty and care for others. If I should ever be unlucky, or lucky enough to become very famous you must let your friendship for me slide. Read my works, and let the man go hang." There is certainly a great truth underlying these words, but what a task to lay upon a friend — I should think it almost impossible to perform, or else friendship has not the meaning that I attach to it.

On Dec. 15th Clara went to Düsseldorf, where she and Marie spent Christmas with the Bendemanns.

CLARA TO EMILIE LIST.

"Düsseldorf, Dec. 30th 1860.

Dearest Emilie

I must send you all a few lines of the most heartfelt thanks, though it cannot be more as I am frightfully busy. How much you have given my Julie, and how lovingly you have cared for

her. Ought I not really to scold you for it? You do so much for the child, and now you are loading her with presents. I was glad to see from her letter how sensible she is of your kindness, and that she at least has an earnest desire to show her gratitude. Well, you know how it is with children one has to be satisfied with the intention for if with us grown-ups the deed always lags behind the will, how much more is this the case with young people.

Please dearest Mila, give them all a thousand thanks from me. If only I could have looked on you for a moment! It was a very sad Christmas Eve for me. I am always so glad when this season is over.

I wish you all a very happy New Year, and embrace you in warmest gratitude

Your old Clara.

NB. My plans: on the 6th, concert in Barmen; the 8th, in Cologne; the 11th and 14th in Hamburg; the 16th in Altona; the 20th in Hanover; the 24th in Osnabrück; the 26th and Feb. 3rd concerts in the town and at the court of Detmold. From thence I shall go to Düsseldorf, to make preparations for my journey to Belgium. I start for Belgium on Feb. 10th etc. etc. You see that I have a busy time before me."

FROM THE DIARY.

Hamburg, January. Johannes made my stay very pleasant by his kindness and his often beautiful playing. He played a great deal of Schubert.

Tuesday the 15th. I gave a soirée. Joachim came on purpose to play, and Johannes also played some pieces for 2 pianos with me. Besides these the Ladies' Choral Society sang some of his *Ossian* songs, with harp and horn obligato — They are pearls. How can one help loving such a man?

Jan. 16th. Soirée at Altona. Johannes' songs again, and also Joachim, magnificent — I can well put up with concerts of this kind; *then* it is a joy to have music. . . .

The 22nd. Chamber-music soirée. . . . Johannes and I played a wonderfully beautiful concerto of Bach's in *C* major, for two pianos, which I had never heard with the accompaniment, and also Mozart's *D* major sonata. I enjoyed it very much. . . .

The hour of my departure was drawing nearer and with it my fear of departure, since Johannes has truly cheered and gladdened me by his affection.

— — — — —

How hard it was to leave Hamburg for such little holes as Osnabrück and Detmold!

Jan. 28th. Concert at Osnabrück. What a want of culture I find here. Music seems to be in its childhood.

I went from here to Detmold, in fulfilment of an old promise to Princess Friederike. . . . I stayed five days, and they were certainly full enough — especially of music. . . . By Johannes' advice I went to the state-concert and the Choral Society's concert, in order to become acquainted with Mozart's *G* major and *A* major concertos.

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

“(Hamburg) Wednesday, Jan. 30th 61.

. . . There is a time for everything. Now, alas! for writing letters again. Why am I not Kapellmeister to the court? When I was in Detmold, so often wished you to come. I would have given you quite a holiday from Hamburg. The beautiful forest, and whatever music takes our fancies, just for our own enjoyment. I wish I were there with you. It was very dreary after you left. One could not get back into the old groove at once, and staggered about all over the place. Well, one must settle down. I am beginning lots of new lessons. Whenever I go into a strange house and have to meet new people, I have a presentiment or rather a wish to see some fine specimens of humanity. But everybody looks like everybody else; how seldom is one stirred by the sight of any human being. I sometimes wish to see someone or other — e. g. you — for the first time again, so that I might be able to fall in love with you all over again. But all the same things are well as they are. Do not you feel the same? You can count the people with whom you have fallen in love, whom you consider complete, but don't you wish there were a few more of them about? I suppose you do not know any address in Hamburg where they are to be found?”

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Detmold, Feb. 1st 1861.

My dear Johannes

Thank you for your dear letter of this morning — if you only knew how I wanted it! I found the parting so sad, and for days every word that I have had to say to other people has been an effort. I did write to you last night, directly after my arrival, but my letter was so sad that after your dear lines of to-day, it does not seem worth sending. I spent the morning in paying calls of ceremony at the Palace and going hither and thither, then Princess Friederike had her lesson, then I went for a walk in the forest in glorious sunshine, but I came back sad at heart for I could not help thinking of you all the time and how nice it would be if you were here, and how different a walk in the forest would be then, and many other things. Yes, you are right, it would be very nice if one could more often be edified by fine specimens of humanity, but I would rather care very much for one or two than fall in love with a whole host, and so I by no means wish you to see me again for the first time in order that you may be able 'to fall in love with me' (if indeed that can ever have happened); rather love me dearly, truly, and for ever and ever — that is the best of all.

What lies between the last page and this! — a family tea, and Robert's *D* minor sonata played by the Princess and Bargheer. Oh! that was a trial, as you may fancy! To-morrow is the state-concert so I was able to get away, and now I can talk to you for a little. The state-concert then, and what am I going to begin with? — Mozart's *G* major concerto. Tell me again that I am a woman with whom there is nothing to be done; and what dreadful levity — I have only played it through once to-day! But it is delightful — I will think of you when I play it to-morrow."

TO BRAHMS.

"Detmold, Feb. 5th 1861. Evening.

My dear Johannes

I cannot let Bargheer go to Hamburg without at the same time sending you a few words — ah! if only I could go with him myself! I have little to write, but if I could pour out my whole full heart to you, face to face, you would have long to listen, even if I were

to say nothing but what you yourself know best. I think you guess that I am speaking of the Mozart concertos. I played them both with indescribable delight. My first feeling was, if only I could embrace you by way of thanks for the pleasure you have revealed to me. What music there is in those adagios! I could not refrain from tears as I played them, and the adagio of the *C*major specially moved me — the rapture of heaven breaks over one in it. How splendid the first movements, and in the last movement of the *A*major does it not seem as if sparks flew from all the instruments? — how it all lives and moves. But, enough — I think I could go on for ever about it, and yet this is but a faint reflection of what I feel. I meant to send you back the *G*major concerto, but I feel as if I must keep it. If only I could play it again quite soon! It is distressing that the public has no idea of the magnificence of this music, and sits by unsympathetically while we feel as if we should like to embrace the whole world for sheer delight that such a man existed.

Bargheer can tell you what else has been happening here. Yesterday, they sang to me very nicely, and I have been really pleased with the orchestra, it has accompanied with such discretion and is so ready. My concert in the theatre took place this evening. It was full; the audience was such as it always is in these little towns. All the royalties have been very nice to me, and the young Princess has sometimes been really affectionate, but I have had to be there every evening, only to-day I did refuse. I played your *Serenade* with the Princess yesterday and to-day — in the end it went quite well, though it was rather a trial of patience. But I thought of the dear composer and the thought warmed my heart.

To-morrow I am going to Düsseldorf, and I shall stay there till the 17th. Shall I hear from you soon? I was in the forest again yesterday, with Marie. It was wonderful weather, the sun felt like spring. I picked some fresh leaves for you and I am sending them with many loving thoughts.

With all my heart

Your loving Clara.

Write soon, dear Johannes. My love and Marie's to your family."

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"[Hamburg], Feb. 7th 1861.

Your dear letters have given me great pleasure, best of Claras, and so have your delightful words about the Mozart concertos. Well, I knew that you would rejoice over them and so I was annoyed at the thought that you might leave Detmold without getting to know them.

How I should have liked to be there! There is no greater bliss than when these concertos come to life. Just reading them through is not enough. They seem drawn from the very well-spring of youth. . . ."

TO BRAHMS.

"Düsseldorf, Feb. 13th 1861.

. . . . You think, dear Johannes, that I am giving too many concerts because I occasionally put something by, but only think of the cares of having to support seven children, five of whom are not yet grown up — they will all be at home next winter. You know my views; I will let them enjoy their youth as long as possible, not that I want them to be idle, but I want all the brothers and sisters to be together as much as possible. At present the boys cost more every year, and if they are able to earn their own living before they are 20, it will only be by some happy chance. The little ones will want a great deal yet, music-lessons alone cost so much now, and then am I to have no thought for my own future? For all I know I may still have long to live, and am I to be in a state of constant anxiety about my daily bread, or dependant upon my children? It is true that my health would be better if I exerted myself less, but after all does not every man, who is worthy of the name, give his life for his calling? I do not over-do it, for I feel no poorer in freshness and warmth of heart, on the contrary I feel younger than I did 20 years ago, and I believe that a quieter life would leave too much time for my grief.

Perhaps things will be better, later on; perhaps we shall once more live in the same city, and then I shall need a quieter life — If I lived with a dear friend I believe I could find peace and cheerfulness again, even though my happiness is lost. . . .

.... To-day, Joachim's parents hold their golden wedding — I have been thinking of them a great deal. I am impatiently waiting for news of Joachim's first concert. How the Viennese will delight in him. If only you were there!"

From Düsseldorf, Clara went to see her boys at Bonn, and became convinced of the necessity of removing them from their present school. On the 19th she played in Cologne, and her two sons, who had been longing "to hear mamma play at a concert for once", came over for it. "After the concert they went back to Bonn very sadly." On the 24th Julie was confirmed in Munich.

CLARA TO FRAU VON PACHER.

"Düsseldorf, Feb. 22nd 61.

Dearest Elise

How much I was with you in spirit on the 24th. You, my dear Elise, were doubly a mother to my Julie. If I did not know your noble heart, I might feel some scruples about letting you do so much, and wonder how I could thank you; but you do not love to be thanked, and I can only think of you all with heart-felt gratitude: I wish things were going as well with my boys as they are with Julie and the others, but the poor fellows have no home-life of any sort. I am very worried about it, and am at present seriously thinking of bringing them to Berlin after the autumn, and letting them go to a day-school there. Marie would be at home then, and if they lived with their brother and sisters, they would at least get some impression of family life in the mornings and evenings, and on Sundays, Wednesdays, Saturday afternoons etc. And when I am at home, they would also have me. In short, I feel more and more certain that I ought to take this step. Who knows if it may not influence the entire development of the boys, by adding to their lives that love for me and for their brother and sisters, which at present they can feel only dimly. I believe that you will think me right."

On the Feb. 25th Clara set out on the tour through Belgium, to which she had been instigated by Countess Baillet, and gave

most successful concerts in Antwerp, Liège, Mons, Bruges, and Ghent and particularly in Brussels. She returned to Düsseldorf on April 7th.

FROM THE DIARY.

Düsseldorf, the end of April.

Anxious days on account of the children. The boys cannot stay with Breusing, but where am I to send them? It is an important question. Anxieties of such a kind may well cost me sleepless nights. How conscious one is of one's loneliness in a matter of this sort! How difficult it is for a mother when she has the sole responsibility of deciding her children's fate. . . .

And besides this, dealings with other artists, the business of concert-giving, and my own work to be attended to. I need to concentrate all my thoughts if I am to give concerts. . . . Rosalie (Leser) is always ready to give me her advice, but I must eventually decide, and what a responsibility lies on my shoulders! The life-happiness of my children! I often see my dear, loyal friends, the Bendemanns — "What splendid people!" I always have to exclaim afresh. . . .

April 29th. I went to Berlin and took possession of my pleasant, new rooms¹). Frau Storch and Elisabeth Werner are now on the same floor with me, which makes me much more at ease about the children when they are alone. . . . A great deal to do in the rooms, getting everything into order. . . . Besides this, I ran from one master to another to see about something for the boys, till at last I found the right man in D^r Planer, master of the *Gymnasium* at Joachimsthal who expressed his willingness to receive them. . . .

Monday, May 6th. I went to Johannes, that I might be able to greet him in person on the 7th. . . . We passed the day itself, and those that followed, very happily. We had a great deal of music together, and played the sextet, which Johannes has arranged splendidly as a duet, and we often went to the theatre. Stockhausen was here also, and gave a concert at which he sang all the Müllerlieder.

1) 23 Schöneberger Ufer, 3rd storey.

TO EMILIE LIST.

"Spa, June 15th 1861.

.... I am unable to feel the benefit of what you call 'resting in the country, and taking care of my health'. I cannot long bear being quiet, it throws me into a terrible state of melancholy. I feel this already here, the loneliness is so dreadful that often I can hardly breathe, a load seems to weigh upon me. Dark thoughts crowd upon me, and I think of all the terrible experiences I have known, and live through them once more, and then my longing for Robert becomes so violent that often I hardly know how to control myself. My happiness went with him, and I can never again know what it is to be really light of heart. — I know what you will say — and that is why I do continue to live. The children have kept me alive, but for them all would have been over long ago."

JOACHIM TO CLARA.

"Berlin, June 17th 1861.

Dear good Frau Schumann

I am most comfortable in your rooms, in which I have been since Thursday. Early in the morning I am waked by the prettiest music with an echo of Switzerland in it



That is how Eugenie's favourite piece goes, and she plays it after every rugged Czerny exercise, just as one has to take a sweet after every dose of medicine. I was much amused when the sounds floated up to my bed this morning. The simple, gay melody, so exactly suits the dear, slim, fresh child, who, like Felix, is the picture of health. Lixchen too, played to me. With him things do not look so well: or rather, they look charming, but they are not quite so good to listen to. I should never have guessed whose child he was, from his music, and this must change soon if it is going to change at all. But how it is to be altered

is a harder matter to say, though I will try when I have thought it over. . . .”

On July 3rd, Clara left Spa and went to Kreuznach, where she spent some time.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

“Kreuznach, July 29th 1861.

. . . . I like a great many things in the movement of the *G* minor quartet¹⁾ very much, others not quite so well. The first part seems to me too little in *G* minor and too much in *D* major, and the absence of *G* minor makes it lack clearness. The passage after the 2nd theme, where it grows impassioned



is delightful, with its swaying accompaniment. I do not like

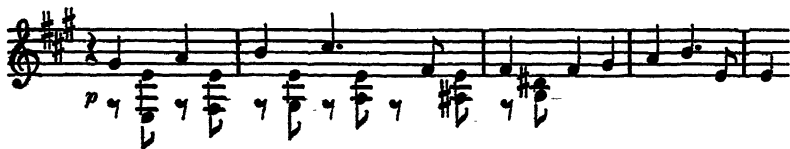


so much, to my mind it is rather too commonplace for Johannes Brahms. The development in the 2nd part is very fine, the crescendo up to *G* major is full of vigour. But where is the repetition of the 2nd theme? Does the theme where the strings come in alone do duty for it? Well, that will do very well. It is so beautiful where the piano comes in, in triplets. I believe I should be very fond of the whole movement if only the first part stayed more quietly in *G* minor, and did not seem rather too long in comparison with the 2nd. As to the Scherzo in *C* minor if you thought of me when you were writing it you must have realised how delighted I should be with it. I should not call it a scherzo indeed, I can only think of it as allegretto, but it is just the piece for me. How warm and tender this mournful passage is



1) Op. 25.

and how magnificently it carries one along with it. . . . I could keep on playing it over and over again. And how well the pedal notes must sound! No doubt you smile at me, and perhaps think that I do not understand the great musical worth of the first movement. Certainly I know it, but in the *C* minor movement I find it so easy to glide into beautiful dreams, my soul seems lulled by the notes. I do not yet know the *A* major scherzo¹⁾ well enough, though I have traced the beautiful intricacies of the theme with great interest — it winds in and out so wonderfully, and one thing continually reveals another. The second theme reminds me very much of a passage in Robert's string-quartet:



not exactly in the melody, but conception and feeling. The trio is very fresh, and the rhythm is unusual; at first the alternating 6 and 7 bars struck me unpleasantly, but one grows accustomed to them. I believe that in this, as in so many of your pieces, one will only really get to love it when one knows it well and has heard it often.

. . . . I did not repent my journey to Aix la Chapelle²⁾, and enjoyed the *Mass*, *Kyrie*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei*, very much. You cannot think how well it sounded. The *Kyrie* is most moving, cast in one mould, and in the *Sanctus* there are single passages of such beauty that they turn one cold. Except for little places here and there, the music is very religious and solemn, far more so than I had thought. Wüllner had studied the things very carefully. Of course I have no longer any hesitation about printing it — If only I could also hear the *Requiem*. —”

She and Marie set out for Switzerland on Aug. 11th. On the Rigi they met Stockhausen, the Bendemanns, Joachim, and others. Later on, Joachim accompanied her into the

1) *A* major quartet Op. 26.

2) For a performance of Schumann's *Mass* on July 22nd.

Bernese Oberland. On Sept. 13th she was by the Rhine again, one of first her acts being to take her eldest son, Ludwig, to Pastor Altgelt's, in Wessen on Sieg.

TO MARIE SCHUMANN¹⁾.

"Hamburg, Nov. 3rd 1861.

Dearest Marie

I am so longing for a word with you that I cannot wait for your answer to Julie's letter²⁾ but must send you a hearty kiss in the mean while. I am often with you in spirit, my dear child, and am often terribly sad although Johannes gives me many hours of glorious pleasure. He does everything he can to please me, but I have had some dark days, when everything has been in deep shadow. I do not know what was the matter with me, but things were bad; they are better now, and I am busy practising.

Johannes has written some wonderfully beautiful things, and some variations³⁾ with which I am quite delighted, full of genius, and with a fugue at the end which combines skill and inspiration in a way which I have seldom seen equalled. They are frightfully difficult, but I have nearly learnt them — they are dedicated 'To a dear friend', and you can fancy what joy it gives me that he should have thought of me when he was writing these magnificent variations.

. . . . You know that Joachim has lately paid us a surprise visit. He brought me fresh proposals from the King⁴⁾, but after long consideration I have to-day written to refuse. I cannot yet accept such a position, I am conscious of too much power and vigour, too much capability for performing in public; and then the position is too dependent — 2 lessons to give to the Princesses every day (at Herrenhausen all through December) and twice a week to play at Court; and when other artists were there, they would invite me too. For this, the King offered me 400 thaler

1) In September Marie had gone to Berlin to take care of the younger children.

2) Clara had set out on her concert tour on Oct. 21st, this time accompanied by her daughter Julie.

3) *Händel-Variationen* Op. 24.

4) Cf. Hanover.

a month, and free lodgings wherever I liked. But I could not very well often ask for leave of absence, etc. etc. In short, I refused, and I enclose my letter to Fräulein v. Gabelenz — I found it hard to decide for Joachim's sake, but I cling to the hope that some kind fate will once more bring him and Johannes and me into one town together. There we should live together and make music together right gloriously. If only such happy thoughts came to me more often! but they always flit away again almost as soon as they have come.

... Being with Johannes has really refreshed my mind, and several times I have had the pleasure of playing to him, and of hearing his frank opinion about many things. His remarks show wonderful perception, and at the end he declared that now I played more beautifully than ever. I believe that he really means it, and it makes me very pleased."

FROM THE DIARY.

Hamburg, Nov. 11th. An interesting conversation with Johannes about form. How the old masters had the freest form, whilst modern compositions move within the stiffest and most narrow limits. He himself emulates the older generation, and Clementi in particular ranks high in his opinion, on account of his great, free form.

Nov. 14th. A rehearsal of Johannes' *G* minor quartet.

Nov. 16th. A soirée of mine. I was frightfully nervous. It may have been anxiety about the quartet, which I had so much at heart. The fiddlers scratched away or slept, although I put my whole heart into it. The last movement took the audience by storm. The quartet only partially satisfies me, there is too little unity in the first movement, and the emotion in the adagio is too forced, without really carrying me away. But I love the allegretto in *G* minor and the last movement.

December 1). I stayed in Hamburg till the 9th, and had a great deal of music in the time. On the 3rd I played Johannes' *D* minor concerto, conducted by him, at the Philharmonic Concert. I was certainly the happiest person in the whole room, for although the

1) From Nov. 17th to 30th she was giving concerts in Bremen, Hanover, and Oldenburg.

exertion was great and the anxiety no less, the joy of the work so overcame me, and the fact that he was conducting, that nothing else, not even the stupidity of the audience, could annoy me — the public understood nothing and felt nothing, otherwise it must at least have shown proper respect, and have given the composer some mark of sympathy, after all he is a child of their city.

On Dec. 7th, I gave another soirée, at which I played Johannes' *Handel-Variations*. I was in agonies of nervousness, but I played them well all the same, and they were much applauded. Johannes, however, hurt me very much by his indifference. He declared that he could no longer bear to hear the variations, it was altogether dreadful to him to listen to anything of his own and to have to sit by and do nothing. Although I can well understand this feeling I cannot help finding it hard when one has devoted all one's powers to a work, and the composer himself has not a kind word for it. . . . Otherwise we had many a happy hour, and Johannes specially delighted me with his *A* major quartet.

On Dec. 9th, Clara left Hamburg and went to Leipsic, where she played Mozart's *C* minor concerto in the *Gewandhaus* on Dec. 12th, and Brahms's *Handel-Variations* at the quartet-party on the 14th.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Leipsic, Dec. 15th 61. Morning.

Dearest Johannes

You may take it as a good omen that my first greeting this morning is to you. I got on splendidly in the variations, I played them well, and the applause was enthusiastic. I had gone down from the platform and left the hall, but I had to come back and express my thanks once more. On the previous day I played them to Rudolf and Livia (they wanted to hear them more than once) and they were quite delighted. . . .

You can fancy how I happy I was all the evening, and I simply had to write to you at once, otherwise my heart would be too full."

On Dec. 20th, she returned to Berlin, and Christmas was passed with her children and Joachim. Brahms joined them

between Christmas and the New Year and stayed till Jan. 3rd, but their pleasure in being together was somewhat marred by his ill-humour.

On Jan. 9th, she went to Düsseldorf, and from thence to Cologne. She and Stockhausen gave a concert in Cologne, and Clara then went on to Bonn and Frankfort. In February, she gave concerts in Karlsruhe, Basle, Guebweiler — where Stockhausen conducted —, Mühlhausen (with Stockhausen), and Zürich (where Stockhausen sang the *Dichterliebe*), returning to Düsseldorf on Feb. 28th.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

“Düsseldorf, Jan. 25th 62.”

.... Although my arm was in a sling, I went to Cologne for the performance of *Faust*, and enjoyed it as I have seldom enjoyed anything in all my life. I am convinced that this work will some day take its place among the greatest in existence. The second part is at least as great as the third there are many things in it of which one has no idea until one hears it, e. g. Ariel at the beginning of Part 2, the sunrise, Faust's death, and a great deal more. I am sending you a notice of Bischoff's send it back to me — it belongs to Fräulein Leser. Stockhausen sang more magnificently than words can say.

.... All the musicians in the neighbourhood were there, even Kirchner and Walther from all that distance. Everybody missed you; people could not understand how you two could be absent when this particular work was being given.”

TO JOACHIM.

“Paris, March 23rd 1862.

Dear Joachim

Even I am still quite surprised to find myself here in Paris, and so you may well be so. I made up my mind only a week before I came here. Some time ago I received an offer of an engagement for 4 soirées here, a certain sum being guaranteed. The guarantee was too little, and so the matter dropped. Mme. Erard, however, wrote to me to come, all lovers of music were

most anxious that I should, and they particularly wished to hear me play Robert's works, which are obtaining such a vogue here. Also, I was to give concerts at my own risk, and she would see to all the business arrangements. Hiller strongly advised me to accept, and the prospect of seeing Paris again enticed me, and on the top of this came a long letter from Spina describing the pecuniary situation in Vienna in such gloomy terms that it would be foolish to go there. And I cannot deny that I find an especial pleasure in playing Robert's things here in Paris, where people have shown such readiness to appreciate them."

FROM THE DIARY.

March 7th. We¹⁾ arrived safely in Paris at 9 o'clock in the evening Mme. Erard sent someone to meet me, and we were taken to very pleasant rooms at the *Hôtel des États unis* rue d'Antin which she had engaged for us. . . .

March 10th. A surprise visit from Stockhausen who has come here for a week. . . . Called on the Szarvady's, who received me very kindly — I like him particularly.

During the next few days I had a great many callers. They were all very nice to me, artists included²⁾.

It is extraordinary, and really splendid, that Stockhausen should have kept himself so free from affectation, in the midst of these French artists, nearly all of whom care for nothing but effect. He spent years at the comic opera here, but he continued to be the noble, truly German singer, in spite of the fact that he is half French by birth.

March 18th. A call from Rossini — a well-bred man. He was very friendly. An invitation to play at a concert at the Conservatoire. That is considered a great honour here. . . .

March 24th. Dined with the Viardots. . . . Pauline's children are all extraordinarily gifted. But I never feel quite comfortable when I am with her, there is always a sense of restlessness. Callers drop in every minute, or she suddenly remembers that she has a note to write, and then one sits there for hours without having

1) Clara and Marie.

2) She was particularly pleased by the fact that all the artists came to call on her first.

got any pleasure from her or from others. A life like that would not suit me. . . .

March 25th. I went to call on Rossini and took Marie with me — it was very uncomfortable. Other callers were there, and we all sat on very high chairs, round an enormous circular table. Rossini kept taking, now a snuff-box and now a box of lozenges out of his pocket, and as he regaled himself he pressed a lozenge into my hand from time to time. . . .

But he is very amusing, and in other respects quite a man of the world. His wife seems to me something of a vixen.

TO BRAHMS.

"Paris, March 21st 1862.

Dear Johannes

Your last letter found me already in Paris. I wanted to get my first concert over before I wrote to you, so that I might have some real news to send you, that is as far as one can call the public and the reception they give one, real. My first soirée was yesterday. It went excellently, enormous enthusiasm being manifested after each movement of the quintet; and so on from piece to piece. My second concert is to be on Saturday, i. e. a week to-morrow, and on April 6th I am playing at the Conservatoire. People have been in a state of excitement over this for the last week, as they say that it is extremely seldom that any artist has such an honour done to him, and then only if he makes application in writing. Well, I am pleased about it, and one may well be pleased to play with such an orchestra. I heard a concert at the Conservatoire the other day; from the point of view of technique it was the most perfect I ever heard, but — cold. Everything is calculated for effect, and often the whole composition is sacrificed for that without compunction. They often play a quite magnificent theme without any light and shade or warmth, and then suddenly they bring out some one point in such a way that the whole audience is electrified. But nowhere else does one hear such *pp* and *ff*, such *cresc.* and *dim.*, for instance, in Beethoven's *B♭* major symphony the transition back to the subject in the first movement makes one quite cold down one's back. I never before heard the last movement taken so fast, — but what perfection! They always take the quick movements too rapidly, at one moment

comes a passage in which the violins have an opportunity for display, and at the next a presto scale for the bassoon, and no-one thinks of the composer's meaning, if only each can shine by himself as a virtuoso. They also played the variations on a *Volkshied*, which Haydn wrote for a quartet, in such a way that the whole orchestra (there must have been quite 80 strings) sounded like four instruments. Just think what could be done with an orchestra like that, if once they caught some enthusiasm! The walls would shake, and men would fall down — and so I suppose this is why it will never happen? But do not tell anybody what I have said, it might chance to be carried back here, and do me harm, for the Conservatoire is sacred and people sit in it lost in awe, as in a temple.

We have already seen a great many things in this huge city. The other day we heard *Alceste* sung by Viardot, and *La Reine de Saba*, a little opera of Grisar's, a ballet etc. The magnificence of the scenery beggars description, it is often like magic, but the opera takes from 4 to 5 hours, it never ends before midnight. The whole manner of life here is dreadful, one goes to a party about 9 -30, and towards 11 the music begins; we are seldom home before 1 o'clock. I could not stand it for long, perhaps not at all if it were not that I am greeted on all sides with a warmth and ready kindness which cannot but make me happy, not to speak of the great appreciation for Robert's works, which are far better known here than I had thought. Almost all his things have been printed here, even the duets."

TO BRAHMS.

"Paris, April 6th 1862.

And now, dear Johannes, I can tell you of the success of my playing at the Conservatoire to-day. The Beethoven *E♭* major concerto went very well, and was received with a storm of applause. It was well accompanied, and all the players were delightful to me — Except in Vienna I have never had such a reception anywhere. You can easily fancy how this has stimulated me. Although at heart we may care little for public opinion, yet such warm appreciation does fire one for the actual moment in which one is sitting there. My 3rd concert is on Tuesday — I do not know it it will be the last, the weather is quite like summer, the stuffiness

of these little halls is unbearable, and when it grows green outside there will be no more enjoyment to be got out of concerts. In any case I mean to stay a little longer, as I am giving lessons every day, and I may still be engaged for a few more soirées, for which I receive 20 louis d'or. I must do some sight-seeing, which I hope to be able to arrange in Holy Week; hitherto it has not been possible, as I have been very much occupied, so much so that often I have hardly been able to find time to lunch. This evening they have left me in peace, and I can once more draw breath. I was asked to go to London, but I have written quite decidedly to refuse; not that I think that my stay here will provide me with enough to last for the whole summer, but for once I mean to be optimistic. Here I am honoured, as only an artist can be; why should I go to London, where they hold me in no higher esteem than any mechanic?

. . . . Let me hear from you again very soon, and tell me at what you are working. — May the beautiful spring, and the night-ingales at your window draw sweet notes from you, and may you at the same time, and above all, think sometimes of me, who in ever faithful loyalty, remains

Your Clara."

SOCIÉTÉ DES CONCERTS DU CONSERVATOIRE DE MUSIQUE.

"Paris le 8 avril 1862.

Madame,

Nous venons au nom de tous nos collègues vous adresser nos remerciements et nos félicitations.

Le succès important que vous avez obtenu Dimanche dernier 6 avril, comptera dans vos annales comme un des plus brillants et des mieux mérités.

Vous avez été digne, en cette circonstance comme toujours Madame, du grand nom artistique que vous portez si bien.

Recevez, Madame, l'expression de notre profond respect et de notre vive sympathie et de notre admiration

pour le comité
le secrétaire
E. Gauthier."

CLARA TO AVÉ.

"Paris Sunday, April 20th 1862.

You will have heard from Johannes that things are going well with me here. On Wednesday I am giving my fourth concert. . . . To-morrow I have invited some musicians to come here to a Brahms séance; they are to hear his *Serenades* and *Handel-Variations*. — But do not tell him, you know things of this sort always make him rather cross. But I am so very anxious to teach at least the musicians here to respect him — apart from my friendship for him I consider it my duty as an artist."

TO JOACHIM.

"Paris, April 27th 1862.

. . . . In obedience to advice from many quarters, I gave a fourth concert this week, which went very well. Stockhausen sang, and Mme Viardot played Robert's variations for 2 pianos with me, charmingly. But what has given me most pleasure here, is that I have taught the musicians, that is the best of them, to respect Johannes. Most of them spoke slightly of him, either they know nothing of his, only what the *Signale* says, or else some sonata or another which they did not understand. You can fancy how this annoyed me, and so I invited some of them to my rooms, in order to play them nothing but Brahms. At first it was rather difficult to awaken their sympathy, but the sextet warmed them up, and eventually, after the *Variations*, they were fire and flame. Szarvady in particular, begged that I would play them again to more of the musicians, and I am having a little soirée to-day, for artists alone, at which I am going to play first Robert's trio in *D* minor, and then Johannes' *Variations*, and afterwards I hope Stockhausen will sing some of Johannes' songs. The German Choral Society is going to get the *Harfenlieder*. I have been happy about this for days passed."

FROM THE DIARY.

On May 30th. I suddenly made up my mind to go and spend a few days with my father in Dresden, and I surprised him at dinner. They all received me very kindly. . . . The 31st. I heard Father's new pupils; he is untireable, a veritable teaching-genius.

We had a pleasant walk to Blasewitz, and on the way back I stopped at the Church-yard, to see the grave of poor Schröder-Devrient. It is very simple, but just what I like. There she lay, her restless soul at rest. Ah! my heart was terribly sad. She will always be one of the noblest memories of my youth . . . however many may come, for me there will never come another Schröder-Devrient.

I am so glad to be with my Father, he is in such good spirits and I am so fond of him that my heart always leaps for joy when I see him, although our character are not at all in harmony.

On June 2nd, Clara once more went to Kreuznach for a cure accompanied by Marie, Julie, Eugenie, and Fräulein Leser. Woldemar Bargiel, who came to see her, writes on Sept. 10th: "It was a pleasure, a real delight to the eyes, to see you in Münster safely encircled by your blooming daughters. It is a pity you could not see it yourself. For you will never know yourself as a mother among your children. If you could, you would have to confess that in spite of many sorrows, you are yet fortunate."

CLARA TO JOACHIM.

"Münster am Stein, July 1st 1862.

. . . . As for myself, all is so far well, but I was very anxious about Julie, when I was in Berlin in May, as indeed, I am still. I shall have to do all I can to make her stronger this summer. I am at the baths here, with her and Marie and Eugenie, and, as you see, this time I am at Münster am Stein, which is charming. You remember the *Ebernburg* and *Rheingrafenstein*? Johannes, Dietrich, and Woldemar came here after the Musical Festival at Cologne. The last-named is going to spend the whole of his holiday (till July 14th) here. Johannes and Dietrich stayed for a fortnight, and lived quite in country style in a house under the *Ebernburg*. They liked it so much that they were sorry to leave. Johannes regretted that he had not brought his work with him, to keep him from simply lounging about, which, as you know, he cannot bear doing for long. They left, the day before yesterday.

Johannes sent me the other day — imagine the surprise! — the first movement of a symphony, with the following bold beginning:



That is rather strong, but I have soon become used to it. The movement is full of wonderful beauties, and the themes are treated with a mastery which is becoming more and more characteristic of him. It is all interwoven in a most interesting fashion, and at the same time it bursts forth absolutely spontaneously; one enjoys it in great draughts, without being reminded of all the work there is in it. In the transition from the 2nd part back into the first he has once more been most successful. Besides this, I have received the *Magelonenlieder*, some of which I like very much, others not so well. You know his variations for 4 hands on Robert's last theme, don't you? They too are admirable. It was a great joy to me that he came and played all these and many other things to me, as well as playing Schubert's *D* minor quartet, *O* major quintet, and octet, with me several times."

FROM THE DIARY.

July 28th. Went to Baden-Baden with Marie and Julie for a few days, as I did not know it at all. Elisabeth Werner was there with her sister, and looked out comfortable rooms for us.

Aug. 1st. By the advice of Elisabeth Werner and Mme Viardot¹⁾, I have been to see a little house which I like so much that I have offered to take it. As I travel about all through the winter, it would be just as well if I had a fixed abode in the summer, and then I could sometimes have the children with me.

Hitherto I have led the most dreadful life. I never know where to go in the summer. . . . I never feel at home anywhere, and I have neither time nor quiet for my own study. Here in Baden, I should have beautiful surroundings and also artistic intercourse, for everybody comes here — I might even have too much.

Aug. 3rd. Ludwig was confirmed at Wissen, naturally he was much in my thoughts.

We left for Basle.

TO BRAHMS.

“Lucerne, Sept. 3rd 1862.

My dear Johannes

I hardly know how to tell you calmly what a joy your quintet²⁾ is to me. I have played it through several times, and my heart is full of it. Your things seem to grow more and more splendid, more and more glorious. What strength, what richness there is in the first movement, and how the first theme takes hold of one at once! How beautifully it is scored for the instruments! I can see them bowing. You ought to send yourself with each of your compositions so that one could discuss every bar properly with you. Then again, it is all so wonderfully interwoven. How bold the transition is at letter *B*, and how full of feeling the second part of the first theme, and the second in *C*[#] minor, and the way it is worked out, and then the transition back to the first, all the instruments blend together so wonderfully there and at the close, that dreamy passage, and then the accelerando and the bold, passionate ending — I cannot tell you how it moves me, and how it has taken hold of me. And what an adagio! How rapturously it sings and rings from beginning to end! I keep on beginning it over again, and wished it would never stop. I like the scherzo

1) Who always spent the summer in Baden.

2) Op. 34.

too, very much, only the trio seems to me a little short, and when s the last movement coming? Yesterday, I played it to Kirchner and Stockhausen — they are as delighted with it as I am — and afterwards we drank your health in champagne. Do not be offended because I did not write to you about it before, I really could not, my heart was too full — how can one write properly when one's whole mind can do nothing but sing? And you must put up with to-day's letter, I feel more than I can say. A thousand thanks, and please send me the finale soon. . . .

There has been great excitement here lately. A magnificent new organ has been built, which is to be used for the first time to-day. Several organists are playing, including Kirchner, and Stockhausen and a very pleasing fiddler called Hegar are to take part, the organ accompanying. It has a new stop which imitates the human voice and delights everyone, only unfortunately it is so weak that one can only pick it out with great difficulty. Stockhausen is going to sing the aria from *Faust*, 'Hier ist die Aussicht frei', Kirchner will then improvise, taking, for instance, that passage in the last part, in *A minor*, for three women's voices, which is most effective."

In the latter part of the month Clara went to Guebweiler. Julie had always been delicate, and had never quite recovered from the effects of an illness in the spring, so that on leaving, Clara gave her into the charge of her hostess, Frau Schlumberger, who had offered to take her with her to Nice for the winter.

Meanwhile the little house in Baden — Lichtenthaler Allée No. 14 — had been bought for 14,000 florins.

Early in November she gave concerts in Frankfort and Hamburg, and in December she went to Leipsic for a performance of *Faust*. "The reception," she writes to Kirchner, "was flat — I am convinced that many of the audience were deeply moved but they could not express their feelings; they did not know what to make of it all. Well; recognition will come. If ever I have felt certain of that, it is in listening to this work." "I was very unhappy in Hamburg," says the same

letter (Dec. 5th 1862). I had never been there before without Brahms, and now I happened to come at a time when a great injustice was being done to him. You know that they have asked Stockhausen to accept the post of conductor of the philharmonic concerts, and he means to accept. It is natural that Brahms should feel hurt, and I sympathise with him over this snub, although it is the way things go now-a-days."

"I have hard work before me — almost more than I can do. To-morrow I have a soirée here [in Leipsic] with Stockhausen; on Monday I play in Dresden; on Thursday, the 11th, I play in the *Gewandhaus* here; on Saturday I am playing in a quartet (Brahms's new one); on Monday, the 15th, I play in Breslau, and I give another concert there on the 19th or 20th; then I go back to Berlin for Christmas."

TO BRAHMS.

"Berlin, Dec. 18th 1862.

Dear Johannes

I arrived here yesterday, after playing in Breslau, and I want to tell you at once how much I was delighted with your quintet. The last movement is excellent, it sums up the whole thing and is full of go. The introduction is very beautiful, the 2nd theme is such an effective contrast to the 1st, and the development once more shows such skilful interweaving of the themes; in fact it is masterly. If only I could hear it, for playing it on the piano is so unsatisfactory."

Clara and her children spent Christmas in Berlin, for the last time. After giving a concert in Dresden on Dec. 28th, she set out for Holland on Jan. 3rd, accompanied by Marie.

FROM THE DIARY.

Jan. 7th 1863. Concert at the Hague, Verhulst conducting. Robert's 3rd symphony went very well, only Dutch orchestras know nothing about pianos. . . .

Jan. 16th. A horrible day [in Amsterdam] I had migraine and constant cramp . . . and yet I rehearsed in the morning, and in the evening played a Mozart concerto in *Felix Meritis*¹), which was miserably accompanied.

Jan. 17th. To Utrecht, in a wretched state. I played there in real agony. Often I thought that I should have to stop, but I pulled myself together again, and in spite of all I played well. . . .

Jan. 20th. We went to Arnheim, where there was the most appalling concert I ever experienced. It was in a great wooden booth, and there was such a storm that one could not enter it without danger. All through the concert the storm raged so that for minutes together one could hear nothing of the music, it sounded as if the roof were being perpetually lifted and dropped again, till I thought the whole place must come down. All the audience were wrapped up in furs, the ladies with foot-warmers under their feet, and there they sat as calmly as if they were used to it. I shall never forget what I suffered that night . . . my neck bare, and the cold air simply pouring down my back; my arms grew stiff as I played, and in addition to all this, the orchestra was wretched. . . .

STOCKHAUSEN TO CLARA.

"Hanover, March 23rd 63.

Dear Frau Schumann

It was as impossible to write yesterday²), as it was to speak to anybody for a quarter of an hour. . . . I do not believe that such a gathering of musicians and lovers of music had ever been seen in Hanover. We wanted to telegraph to you, but where to? Livia Frege says that now we have once more heard real music, and that all the time we were thinking, 'That is how it ought to be'. Joachim was successful in every tempo. . . . If he knew how to lead his forces with a smile, a jesting word, an inspiring glance at chorus and orchestra (as they say Mendelssohn could); he would be our foremost conductor, but his ex-

1) *Translator's note*: A concert society.

2) On March 21st. *Faust* was performed under Joachim's direction.

pression becomes too grave as soon as he seizes the bâton, and he does not allow his real feelings to be reflected on the mirror of the soul. But how the orchestra played in comparison with Leipsic! How conscious one was of the master-hand, and how I, a beginner, opened my eyes! No-one who heard Schumann's work can ever forget it. Everybody was inspired, and above all the chorus. How the girls' eyes sparkled! How the men's faces glowed!"

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CHAPTER V.

NO. 14 LICHTENTHALER ALLEE, BADEN-BADEN.

1863—1873.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

“Baden, May 5th 1863.

Dear Johannes

I received your last letter from Vienna, and as there was nothing I could say in reply, I was silent. But now it is your birthday, which I have never missed, so this year too, my warmest wishes are hastening to you. May you have all that is fairest and happiest, and may your genius soar ever higher and higher. Wishes such as these will follow you for ever and ever — I imagine that you are with your parents now, and I am heartily glad that they should have this pleasure.

I arrived at last, yesterday. The children had already been here for a fortnight, getting things into something like order while I was playing at Trier, Luxemburg, and Saarbrücken. I shall have a frightful amount to do for the next 2 or 3 weeks, before everything is in its proper place but then it will be delightfully cosy. Nature is adorning herself in her fullest splendour, and often I stand in delight at the door of the balcony and look out over the glorious green with the dark pine-woods behind. It is true that in a house of one's own, however small, there must be cares which have hitherto been unknown — everything has its dark side — but here the sunny side far out-weighs the other. The children are very happy here, and except for Julie, who is still in Nice and whose cough makes me very anxious, they are all well. Ferdinand has got his remove into the 3rd form, with 2 distinctions, and I shall keep him in Berlin as he is getting on so well there. Ludwig has also become very industrious, and to

my joy is turning out very different from what anyone except myself expected. I always thought the boy had more in him than met the eye. I mean to study hard this summer, and to bring the girls on in their playing; and there will be no lack of stimulus of other sorts in a place like Baden, where so many people flock together."

TO JOACHIM¹⁾.

"Baden, May 11th 63.

.... We have been hard at work here for nearly a month, but now we look quite nice, and small as the house is I am sure you would like it. The country is heavenly, and we have no need to go out for walks, we can get all we want by looking out of the window. I hope you will come to us in the course of the summer, I think you must want, just a little, to know how I am living now. Taking one thing with another, one might be very happy here, and yet I am not. A grief like mine knows no remedy. . . .

I am eager for news about the Festival at Düsseldorf. Were you not asked to go to it? I was to have played on the 3rd day, but I refused; I felt so strongly that as a good German I must remain loyal to my point of view, and I hope you do not think that I was wrong.

I am sorry to say that I have not had a satisfactory letter from Johannes, he does not feel comfortable in Hamburg with no post, which seems to me very natural."

TO BRAHMS.

"Baden, June 14th 1863.

Lichtenthal No. 14. . . .

.... I have this much good news of myself to send, that my little house is at last in order, and though small is delightfully cosy, and our household is organised just as I would have it. Each of the children (the big ones) has his or her department and

1) Joachim had become engaged to Amalie Weiss, in the spring. Before going to Trier, Clara had spent a couple of days in Hanover in order to make acquaintance with his fiancée, and to hear her sing, under Joachim's direction, in *Orpheus*. During this visit she also made the better acquaintance of Otto Jahn.

everything has to go like clock-work. I have quite got into the way of superintending the household again, though naturally I no longer find the same pleasure in it that I used to find in making Robert comfortable. But I do it that I may make the house pleasant for the children, and that they may do their share with the more enjoyment.

You know this wonderful country, but you will scarcely have noticed my house as it is the smallest of all; outside it looks like a cottage, though not within — I have three grand pianos, so there is room enough. I gave a little party, the other day, and it was very pleasant. Mme. Viardot and I played trios, and then she sang, etc.

What are you thinking of beginning this summer? Have you really settled down at Blankenese? Are you comfortable there? I know it well, we went there once with the *Frauenverein*, and sang in the gardens, and you conducted from the branch of a tree — it was a charming party.

. . . . Julie has been back for a month, and often tells us about the delights of Nice. She is in good spirits, but her cough continues. . . . We shall have to take great care of her, and in particular not allow her to be excited.

Ludwig¹⁾ often comes over, and odd as he is, his industry and his excellent character, which continually shows itself in various little traits, are a great joy to me.

I have been playing most industriously lately, i. e. for the last fortnight, since I finished my various occupations, and the hours I spend at the piano are those I now love best. I am expecting Kirchner soon, for a long visit I hope, and I am much looking forward to it as we shall be able to have plenty of music together."

TO BRAHMS.

"Baden, July 10th 1863.

I have been longer in sending you my thanks, dear Johannes, than I could have wished, for I should have liked to express them at once; but I wanted to get to know the beautiful things first, and then a journey to Kreuznach interrupted me, and after that

1) Since the beginning of the summer, Ludwig had been apprenticed to a bookseller in Karlsruhe.

there was such a whirl with artists flocking here from all sides, that the days simply vanished. My warm thanks for everything. I rejoiced over the Schubert waltzes, and *Lazarus*¹⁾ quite delighted me. It must sound wonderful. You can imagine which passages specially pleased me. I have been playing the *Variations*²⁾ again with Kirchner. I like some of them very much, others not so well, but as a whole it grows on me more and more.

Both Kirchner and I are fascinated by your quartet³⁾. I have played it at two parties at my house, the last time with excellent players, Jean Becker, Jaquart ('cellist), and Koning, an excellent viola-player. Rubinstein heard it on both occasions, but does not yet understand it; however, Lachner, from Mannheim, was very appreciative (which means a good deal for an old Kapellmeister). Then there were Levi⁴⁾ and lastly Kirchner, who did not lose a note even the first time. To my mind it is a wonderful work, except for a few passages which seem to me harsh or dull (e. g. the close of the trio in the scherzo), and we have greatly enjoyed it. I must confess that you were right after all, it is more beautiful than the *G* minor, and finer altogether; the first movement is far more finished.

Life is very full just now, one thing follows another — I am still so unused to seeing so many people in my own house; but it is very pleasant always to be able, for example, to find enough *ensemble* players, though the people themselves change continually. The first time we played your quartet we had worked at it carefully beforehand; the second time there were 3 other players, who played it at sight, and yet it went ever so much better than the first time — you would have enjoyed it if you could have heard it.

I am very glad that you have accepted the post in Vienna — I hope and trust that it will become an ever widening circle of activity, and that you will enjoy it; there is scarcely a city in Germany in which you would so easily find recognition as in Vienna. For your parents and more especially for your good Mother, it is no doubt very hard, but everyone has his burden

1) Schubert's.

2) Op. 23.

3) *A* major.

4) Hermann Levi.

and she will find some pleasure in it too; who knows if your life there may not frame itself more harmoniously than it could ever have done in Hamburg. How much I wish that this may be so."

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Düsseldorf, Oct. 18th 63."

Dear Johannes

You should have had an answer to what you so kindly sent, before now if I had not been so much occupied — too much is really coming upon me at once. The correspondence about concerts is endless, and besides this I have to study hard. I am sorry to say that my conscientiousness is almost morbid, and when I begin to work at a piece I always feel as if I ought to begin from the very beginning. I have been here for 10 days, having shut up my little house, which I did not find easy to do. Julie has gone to Guebwiller for 3 or 4 weeks, and then she is coming to the Bendemanns; Elise is back in Gräfenbach for the winter; and next week my wanderings begin. I go first to Aix-la-Chapelle, then to Frankfort, from Oct. 23rd till the beginning of November, and then I shall make various smaller excursions. I am playing at Hamburg on Nov. 13th, and expect to go there on the 10th or 11th; then comes a soirée, and perhaps another in Lübeck. At the end of November I go to Hanover and Braunschweig, at the beginning of December to Leipsic, etc. etc. Such, roughly speaking, are my plans — heaven grant that they may all be successful, for the strain is great and my strength is not.

I have not yet come to the chief thing, your *Rinaldo*. I must tell you that I read it through with as much enjoyment as I did in Baden — it is splendidly alive, full of extraordinarily dramatic fire interesting from first to last, and always holding one's attention — it must be most effective, granted, that is, that you have very strong tenors; I am a little anxious about this, they often have to go so tremendously high. The final chorus will soon follow, won't it? Joachim looked at it with me in Munich and enjoyed it. He remembered . . . the work very well and pointed out many beautiful passages to me, which however I had already found for myself . . . My special thanks for the *Hexenvariationen*¹⁾ —

1) Op. 35.

I have begun to study them with great zeal, but they do not seem to me suitable for playing in public, the combinations are too surprising and to the lay-mind they would not be pleasing. I think some with more simple harmonies should be inserted, one (that is the listener) would have some rest then. Think this over; the 3rd, 5th, 6th, 10th, 17th, 18th and 19th are my special favourites — many others will become so as soon as I can play them properly."

TO BRAHMS.

"Schwerin, Nov. 25th 63.

.... I was not long in Hamburg this time. Since October I have made full use of my time and have played a great deal. It has to be done, else I do not know how I should get through it all.

How are you getting on with your composing? with the final chorus of *Rinaldo*? And how is the C minor symphony progressing? Will you not send me what else you have of the *Hexen-variations*? Maxen speaks of a fugue and also of some slow variations. And you mentioned a finale intended for concert-playing?

I am coming to Düsseldorf for Christmas, and hope to rest there for a fortnight if possible, and then I could easily look through anything new. I am glad that you thought the Requiem¹⁾ so charming, it always seemed so to me. I played in Münster recently, and was enthusiastically received. The ladies of the chorus had prepared a delightful surprise for me at the end, in a regular rain of flowers which fell over me and almost overwhelmed me. It was just the same here, yesterday, after Robert's concerto, which pleased me very much.

.... I have practically decided to go to Russia towards the end of January. I will not say how much this decision cost me nor how hard I am finding this winter altogether, for I do not feel at all well. But what is the use! I must go through with it."

FROM THE DIARY.

On Jan. 14th we at last set out, on the Russian journey, and going by way of Hanover.

1) Schumann's *Requiem für Mignon*, which Brahms had produced in Vienna.

The 15th was a concert-evening, a red-letter day in the book of my life. Joachim conducted the 9th symphony, as I never heard it before: it was a perfect combination of intellect and technique. Joachim's fine artistic feeling so inspired the whole performance, his eyes shone with such enthusiasm, that it was the most perfect thing imaginable. . . . I forgot everything, never even gave another thought to the fact that I had played myself and had been enthusiastically received. If only I could have done something for Joachim to-day; glorious man!

TO BRAHMS.

"Hamburg, Jan. 20th 1864.

. . . . You were not in earnest, were you, in your last letter when you said that you envied me for being here a second time this winter? Now I come to Hamburg for the sake of my music, and stay here as long as necessary; I used to come for your sake and stay as long as possible. You have not forgotten that, have you?

Musical life here has received a great impetus thanks to Stockhausen's unwearied efforts. He has hard work, especially with the chorus; the men — not the ladies — lack both voices and good will, at least they will not attend the practices. Training of this sort would not be in your line, nor, for the matter of that, would it suit any creative artist — except Mendelssohn. But it was beautiful yesterday, and you would probably have taken some delight in the last scene of *Faust*, for as far as chorus and orchestra were concerned, it was more perfect than I ever heard it before. The solos were taken by amateurs, quite well, considering; Stockhausen sang divinely, every word, every note is so spiritualised that it thrilled me. I thought a great deal of you, and how much I wished you could hear it.

After the concert, Stockhausen, Rudorff — who had got through his first appearance as conductor, very well — Rose, and Friedrich [Wagner] came back with me, and we drank your health in Rhine-wine. Perhaps you were conscious of it!

To-day we are going to study your *A* major quartet — I want the men to hear it properly for once and learn it. To-morrow I leave for Berlin, stay there 2 or 3 days and then go on to Königsberg, Riga, and Mitau, where I am giving concerts. On

Feb. 8th, I hope to be in St Petersburg. I am planning to go to Vienna next winter for 2 or 3 months. I did not want to give up St Petersburg, as if all goes well I may possibly earn a couple of thousand thaler, and then I shall be able to look forward to next summer more quietly. Last summer I was very anxious about ways and means. I had to take 1000 thaler from my capital, though, thanks to the tremendous efforts which I made before Christmas, I have fortunately now been able to replace the whole sum. I have also the future to think of; possibly it may reward me for the efforts which I have made, for indeed the thought of this journey weighs on me, and I am often very down-hearted. I am not afraid of the exertion, but I do dread falling ill and dying in a strange land. . . .”

TO BRAHMS.

“St Petersburg, March 10th 1864. Evening.

Your letter, dear Johannes, greeted me on my arrival here in St Petersburg, and, as you may imagine, gave me great pleasure. You must know that I came here almost a month later than I had intended. — The *Signale* announced me as having arrived, when I was still quietly in Riga. I heard at Königsberg that Easter falls 5 weeks later here than in Germany, and what was the use of my being here so long before Lent, and just spending money? So I gave concerts at my ease in Königsberg, Riga, and Mitau, being received with enthusiasm everywhere. The receipts also, were not bad. The journey here, first from Königsberg to Riga, and then on here, was very tiring, and on the first part of the way I became so unwell that I had to go to bed as soon as I got to Riga, and in fact I have not yet quite got over it. Nevertheless I got through my concerts with remarkable strength and endurance. I scarcely know from whence inspiration always comes to me. It has given me great pleasure to find many warm admirers of Robert's everywhere, and I can truly say that Robert's works are amongst those with which I have the greatest success. Thus a week ago to-day, I played his concerto at the Conservatoire concert, and was received with a storm of applause whose like I have seldom experienced, and it was just the same with the *Études Symphoniques* at my 2nd chamber-music matinée to-day. I find the public altogether far more musical than we, in Ger-

many, think it — the Russians are musical by nature and, what is of great assistance, they are sensitive to much that they do not understand. The day after to-morrow I give my 3rd matinée, then comes the quiet week when people do nothing but pray — after having passed this week in a regular whirl of gaité (all the theatres have two performances a day) — and then the concerts begin, mine being one of the first, as it takes place on Tuesday, March 22nd. It will be a really important day for me, as a great deal depends on this concert from the pecuniary point of view, and it is an enormous risk — fancy, a theatre which holds 3000 people, and in which expenses come to 7- or 800 thaler. But it is understood that every artist shall give his first great concert there. You will have heard from Julie Asten (Fr. Hillebrand) that the Grand Duchess Helene invited me to stay at her palace, and I have been here for 3 days, and am very comfortable although I was sorry to leave the nice people with whom I was living. If only their house had not been so far away, I would not have left them. They were a Dr Stein and his family; he is my sister-in-law's¹⁾ brother. I do not know if you ever saw them in Düsseldorf. — For the rest, you must not imagine life here so bad, the cold is quite bearable, no worse than it was in Germany, though the whole of this huge city is piled with snow, and will be till the end of April. The time when it melts is horrible; walking is almost impossible, and one drives at the risk of one's life, for either one falls into a hole, or one drives about in a lake. All the streets look like waves, and many people become sea-sick. — But the buildings here are the most magnificent imaginable; so large that one palace takes the whole length of a street. And then there is the splendid Neva, though at present it is all ice, and people drive on it as if it were a street. — I do not yet know if I shall go to Moscow, but it is probable, as I have already had letters from people there. Rubinstein²⁾ is being most kind to me, and I like him more and more. He must have a delightful

1) Alwin Wieck's wife.

2) Rubinstein had already written most kindly to Clara, to advise her as to the arrangements for her tour and the best time for her to come. The diary says: "Henselt is the only person of whom I have heard Rubinstein speak bitterly.... Except for this, one never hears him say an unkind word of anybody."

nature, with no trace of jealousy in it, and he is the only person here who is absolutely sincere. — But he has many enemies. People put endless difficulties in the way of his concerts. — All the other artists are more or less false, though luckily I have had no experience of this, and want none.

Unfortunately, I have not yet seen the Grand Duchess Helene, though I am to go to her next week. I say 'unfortunately' because after all I had heard of her I much wished to get to know her a little better than only by playing at one of her soirées. I should think that no prince or princess has done as much for art as she has; whatever good musical institutions exist here, owe their origin to her, for instance she alone supports the Conservatoire, pays all the professors etc. etc. The Czar, who is otherwise very popular, only gives a few instrumental soirées during the winter, and these merely on account of his position, they say.

I am sorry that you do not seem to be as happy in Vienna as I had hoped, but, very likely, the cause lies in yourself, for the strenuous, creative soul seldom finds content of heart. I do not quite understand what you say of your quintet. Did you produce it, and was it a failure? And have you therefore turned it into a duet¹⁾? If this is so, you cannot yourself have been fully satisfied with it in its original form, or rather with the sound of it. Could you not easily have altered it and yet have left it a quintet? There were only occasional passages which did not sound well, but so much was perfectly adapted to the strings. I should like to play it with you, but that cannot be till next winter, when I really think of coming to Vienna."

TO BRAHMS.

"Moscow, 17./29. April 1864.

.... My concert, about which I wrote to you so anxiously the other day, after the expenses (700 roubles) had been paid, brought me in 800 roubles, and my farewell soirée in a smaller hall brought 700 roubles and was so packed that we had to turn numbers of people away. They are trying to persuade me to give another soirée in S^t Petersburg on my way back from here, but I am not likely to do so; it is better to end with such a brilliant

1) Cf. Kalbeck Vol. II p. 104.

finish. That you see me still here has its cheering, but also its gloomy side. The day after my concert in St Petersburg I became really seriously unwell, so that I lost nearly three weeks and was still very poorly when I came here. But I soon recovered here, for climate, water, and air are all better than in St Petersburg, and I have been so well looked after by a nice, half-German family, that nothing would be wanting for my comfort, if only I were not so dreadfully home-sick for Germany. You cannot imagine how I have to fight with my heart, which is often full to bursting. But if I had left before this, I should only have attained half the success that is within my reach. I gave three chamber-concerts, and then came Easter, when for 10 days no concerts can be given — I have to stay through this period in order to give another concert on May 4th (German reckoning) and then I am engaged to play (Robert's concerto) at a subscription concert on May 6th. On the 8th I am playing at the Grand Duchess Helene's — she is expected here next week — and on the 9th I hope to leave for St Petersburg.

A couple of days ago I was surprised by a deputation from the orchestra coming to offer me their assistance gratis at my concert — I was really touched by this. Such a thing never happened to me in Germany. But if you ask me what other artistic pleasures I have had, I must answer, none. I have not made acquaintance with a single artist, artist in body and soul; they are absolutely superficial; good or bad, nothing stirs them deeply, they have no conception of reverence — I have often been distressed by it for days together when some occasion has arisen which brought it to my notice. Of Rubinstein I will tell you by word of mouth; I cannot except even him from what I have just said, he conducts in the same spirit in which he composes. Above all things he lacks sense of awe, and one feels this when he composes, conducts, or plays, but, you are right, he has rare qualities as a man, and if it were not for his continual, really feverish restlessness, one might gain much from him. I have heard the piano-quartet, and I must say that it has interested me more than anything of his I had heard before. There are many beautiful things in it, and one can see, especially in the first movement, that he has taken great pains; but in the last, it once more becomes so confused that it is really dreadful. The scherzo seemed to me charming, but the theme is insignificant throughout.

I am much wondering if you have accepted the post? I think it is always as well to wait for a little, and then things generally improve. Your concert must be over by now. Did it go well? I was surprised to hear you speak of Tausig like that; hitherto I had only heard him spoken of as thumping, and I am growing to dislike thumping more and more, so that now I really cannot bear it — here in Russia I have had to endure it again, from Bülow. He has given two concerts here, and played Liszt to his heart's content. People did not like it, however, and his concerts here and in S^t Petersburg were badly attended. But do not let this go any further, please, I do not want to spread it abroad. To me, he is the most wearisome player, there is no touch of vigour or enthusiasm, everything is calculated. It is true that his technique and memory are remarkable, but what is the use of technique without a spark of the feeling which ought to find expression in it?"

On May 14th, Clara went back to Berlin. The last weeks of May and the first of June she passed in Düsseldorf.

TO BRAHMS.

"Düsseldorf, June 1st 1864.

.... Your letter, with its interesting news of the concert, reached me in the magic city of Moscow, of which I will tell you by word of mouth. Though indeed it is hardly possible to describe the impression made by this city, with its 400 churches and gilded domes, as seen from the Kremlin. . . . We were there for a great festival, and all my life long I shall never forget Easter night in the Kremlin. As far as my own affairs, i. e. my success in Russia, is concerned, in spite of the present financial crisis, I am quite satisfied; I should not have been able to obtain as much in Germany. It is true that the strain was often very great. For example, I had to take a 20 hours' journey from S^t Petersburg to Moscow, I arrived there at 9 o'clock in the morning, had a rehearsal at 11, gave a concert in the evening, and then had 3 concerts, one every other day. After this we came straight from S^t Petersburg to Berlin, a journey of 44 hours. That was bad for my poor back, but I got through it all very well, although

I was almost always unwell in Russia — the climate and the water did not suit me.

I found Nicolas Rubinstein in Moscow — the man has amazing technique, though his fingers are small and thick, but for the most part he plays only drawing-room pieces, thumps in the latest fashion, with a great deal of everlasting pedal and no sentiment but that of the soft pedal. But he is a very pleasant man."

TO BRAHMS.

"Baden-Baden, June 23rd 1864.

I am just beginning to feel at home here. At first, after a life of such constant movement and activity, I find it difficult to settle down quietly, the attempt only adds to my agitation — I daresay it is but natural that I feel my loss more keenly at home than anywhere else. But it is glorious here, and my little house looks so cosy, and offers me so perfectly everything that I can want in the way of external comforts, that I would not exchange it for the finest of the villas here. I came here only a fortnight ago, but there have already been many pleasant events. Rubinstein has long been here; Kirchner came to me for some days; and Stockhausen and his wife suddenly surprised us and stayed for 4 days."

TO BRAHMS.

"Baden-Baden, July 19th 1864.

Many thanks for the duet¹⁾. You are mistaken if you think that I should not take the greatest trouble with it — on the contrary I made myself quite giddy with it for two whole days, for I wanted to play it with Rubinstein and, as there was only one part written out, I had to play it from your first score, which was really not easy. However, I was richly rewarded by the pleasure which I found in playing it, and Rubinstein too, grew quite enthusiastic over it. The first movement specially delighted me, but I like all the movements; only here and there something in the treatment strikes me as a little high-flown, and perhaps hardly comprehensible to the listener unless he knows it well, and in places the technique seems to me very difficult, a fault which could easily

1) Op. 34.

be remedied without lessening the effect in any way, while the alteration would help to make the work popular. Will you not wait to have it printed until we have played it here a few times? And then perhaps one thing or another may occur to you yourself. . . .

I have been studying the Paganini variations very industriously, but the more I work at them, the harder I find them. However, I do not mean to rest until I know them, and I am interested in their clever combinations. They do not seem to me suitable for playing at concerts, for not even a musician could follow all their curious ramifications and piquant turns, how much more would the general public gaze at them as if they were hieroglyphics!

I played your *Variations for 4 hands*¹⁾ with Rubinstein, the other day. — At first he seemed disinclined to attack them. — Afterwards we played almost all of them through again, in reverse order, because he liked them so much.”

TO BRAHMS.

“Baden-Baden, July 22nd 1864.

After the happy hours which I have spent with Levi over your sonata, dear Johannes, I must add something about it which I have very much at heart. The work is on a wonderfully grand scale, its skilful combinations are interesting throughout, it is masterly from every point of view, but — it is not a sonata, but a work whose ideas you might — and must — scatter, as from a horn of plenty, over an entire orchestra. A host of beautiful thoughts are lost on the piano, and are recognisable only by a musician, the public would never enjoy them at all. The very first time I played it, I felt as if it were a work arranged for the piano, but I thought I was prejudiced and so I did not say anything. Levi, however, said the same thing, very decidedly, without my having said a word. If only I could point out all the passages which delight me — One, the change into $\frac{6}{8}$ time, seems to me more striking than words can say. I feel after it, as if I had been reading a great tragedy. But please, dear Johannes, for this once take my advice and re-cast it. If you do not feel

1) Op. 23.

fresh enough to do so now, lay it by for a year and then take it up again — surely the work will come to give you great pleasure.”

In October, Clara decided to give Julie, at her urgent desire, into the charge of Frau Schlumberger of Guebwiller again, for the winter — she had spent the previous winter with the Bendemanns in Düsseldorf. At the same time Elise accepted a pressing invitation from Princess Anna of Hesse, to spend the winter with her. Felix had been with Ferdinand at Dr Planer's school in Berlin since October 1863. Eugenie was at Fr. Hillebrand's school in Rödelheim.

TO BRAHMS.

“Carlsruhe, Nov. 3rd 1864.

I must send you just a word of thanks to-day, that you may know how pleased I was to find your dear letter of welcome here, and also how delighted we are to have the glorious quintet. Levi and David sit copying it out as if they were nailed to their seats, and Levi tells me how wonderful the instrumentation is. Fortunately it so happens that I can stay here for a few days longer, and on Sunday morning we are going to try it through at Levi's — be with us in thought, as we shall be with you.”

TO BRAHMS.

“Mannheim, Nov. 10th 1864.

I should have liked best, my dear Johannes, to have sent you a few lines at once, last Sunday — my heart was full enough — but we wanted first to try the quintet with better performers, or at least with a better first violin. This we succeeded in doing yesterday, and we had a delightful time. The 3 first movements sound quite wonderful (except for one or two quite tiny places); the first movement is beautiful: how effective the development is as it now stands, it is so clear, — what harmonies! You have made it all exquisite. If only I could tell you properly, how delightful it was! But, dearest Johannes, you must alter a few things in the last movement, there are passages which seem cold

and dry to a warm heart. Think of the frame of mind in which one is left by three such movements as one has just lived through! In the last, the 2nd theme has no real swing (that is before the $\frac{2}{3}$ time) though I should not like to do without it altogether, only one ought not to be obliged slow down again after the rather lively 2nd theme? However, Levi will write to you about it in detail, and he can do it far better and more clearly, as he writes with judgement as well as with feeling."

TO BRAHMS.

"Hamburg, Dec. 5th 1864.

.... I had a great pleasure the other day, I played your A major quartet with Rose, Hegar, and Beer, and it went splendidly. You would have enjoyed it. The reception, too, might be called enthusiastic for Hamburg, the adagio met with long continuous applause, and all the other movements were more or less applauded. At the end we were loudly called for. . . ."

From Dec. 8th to 10th Clara was in Kiel, staying for the first time with the Litzmanns. She also made acquaintance with Klaus Groth.

TO BRAHMS.

"Düsseldorf, Dec. 22nd 1864.

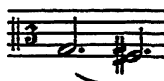
I have been back here since the day before yesterday, and have a horrid cold. From Schwerin to Hanover we had a dreadful journey in very great cold. We had to cross the Elbe at Lauenburg, ploughing through the ice with two engines of 150 horsepower — it was horrible — and then we had another 5 hours of terribly cold travelling. However, we found ample compensation in Hanover. There was a Beethoven Festival on the 17th, a concert for the gods! The *Coriolanus* overture, the violin-concerto which might have been called concerto for violin and orchestra to-day, it was so exquisitely accompanied — I never heard anything like it — and finally the 9th symphony, which was so played that one never thought of the difficulties in it, but gave oneself up to full enjoyment. How much I should have liked you to have had this pleasure, I do not believe that you have ever heard these things so played.

A great gathering of music-lovers was there, Jahn from Bonn, Grimm from Münster (with whom I travelled as far as Hamm), Rudorff from Berlin, and many others. On Sunday morning there were some glorious Beethoven quartets, but unfortunately I was not able to enjoy them undisturbed, as I felt very unwell."

TO BRAHMS.

"[Düsseldorf,] New Year's Day 1865.

And so the New Year has come before I have been able to write and thank you, my dear Johannes. This is my first letter in the year 1865 — shall I take that as a good omen? I should like to. It is hardly necessary for me to say how surprised and delighted I was by what you sent (I received it only 2 days ago, it was so long on the way). To think of a big work like that, and that I had no suspicion of it! — As far as I can judge from reading the score — you know that I do not find this very easy, as I have so very little practice — it seems to me wonderfully beautiful again. The theme



might easily be stolen from you, but what could anyone else do with it, who did not understand, as you do, how to surround it with charming and expressive *motifs* constantly inter-playing and forming themselves into a chain of delightful thoughts. I particularly like the tone of this movement, it is so soft and delicate. The development has once more delighted me — one can always look forward to this with special pleasure in your work. — It is not with you, as it is with others, a medley of skilful combinations by which emotion is driven more or less into the background, with you it seems as if only then did all the *motifs* find their warmest and truest expression, and that is what is so delightful. I also like the scherzo very much, it is fresh and interesting from beginning to end. The first theme in the adagio at once struck me as one familiar in times gone by — in which of your pieces had you it before? The adagio is not yet clear to me, I cannot always judge the sound when I read a piece. I shall be very glad if you will play it to me in Vienna, and then I shall be able

to enjoy it properly, or — may I have it copied out and try it with Joachim? I go to Hanover on Jan. 16th and we should be sure to be able to try it over. . . .

I go to Berlin in three days' time and shall be there from Jan. 6th to 16th, then in Hanover till the 18th, then in Oldenburg — I do not yet know what will come after that. I hope to be able to be in Vienna by the middle of February."

These plans came to nothing. On Jan. 12th Clara went to the *Tiergarten* with Professor Lazarus, and there slipped and fell on her right hand. "At the first moment of my fall, I realised that I was badly shaken, and knew at once that it was serious, but I did not want to frighten poor Herr Lazarus too much, so I went back quietly with him to my Mother's, and where I was dining" (Diary). On Jan. 22nd she returned to Düsseldorf (in consequence of her accident) and it was not until the end of February that she was able to play in public again.

It was just at this time that Brahms lost his mother after only a few days' illness.

TO BRAHMS.

"Cologne, Feb. 8th 1865.

My dear Johannes

And so the moment has actually come in which you must meet the great sorrow which you have so often dreaded. You can imagine how deeply I was troubled by the news. If I could follow the impulse of my heart, I should hasten to you — it is so hard not to be able to be near one's friends and to show one's sympathy at such a time. It grieves me to think that the memory of your dear Mother must be saddened by the thought of these last unhappy days, and yet I hope that Nature, with her usual kindly wisdom, will gradually force this into the background and leave room for the happier recollections of days gone by.

. . . . You will see by the address, that you could not have heard from me before to-day; I came here yesterday, in order at last to satisfy my craving for music. For almost a month (it

is so long since my accident) I had not heard a note. You are right in saying that we ought to thank God when nothing really serious, nothing incurable comes upon us — who knows that better than I? — and I think that from this point of view I have been patient enough, but still it is hard to be forced to remain inactive for weeks and that with an otherwise sound body, and the pecuniary loss has been sufficiently great to make me anxious. . . . Under the most favourable circumstances it will be at least another fortnight before my hand has quite recovered.”

FROM THE DIARY.

March 3rd. We went to the dear Hübners at Dresden, where we always feel ourselves at home. . . . As I was making rather a longer stay this time, I was able to see all my friends, and, above all, my parents, at leisure. . . .

. . . . The Karuses gave a little dinner for artists only. A dispute arose over Gounod's *Faust*, in which I was delighted to find old Karus and Hübner quite of my opinion, while Rietz and Schubert saw a foolish sentimentality in our indignation over the mutilation of Goethe's *Faust*. Father has been very poorly lately, but he bore up wonderfully under this trial. I cannot bear to see him unwell. Return to Leipsic on the 13th.

The 15th. Livia made her Society sing me Robert's *Requiem*, and I was quite surprised by the work, for I had not imagined such a fine effect. . . .

For the first time for many years, I played in Zwickau again . . . quite a nice concert. . . . D^r Uhlmann and D^r Klitzsch had arranged everything excellently. My sister-in-law, Pauline Schumann, came with her daughter Anna, which gave me great pleasure as I had not seen them since Robert's death. . . . She is a good and noble woman, and a real martyr. . . . On the 21st I played¹⁾ to poor Kistner for an hour, which seemed to give him great pleasure. . . .

The 26th Quartet-evening. I played Johannes' A major quartet with great applause, much to my joy — and it went very well, I was inexorable, and David had to hold out until it went per-

1) In Leipsic again.

fectly. The 27th. I spent an interesting hour at the Röntgens, and was once more struck by the enormous talent shown by little Julius¹).

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Vienna, March 6th 1865.

Dearest Clara

— *ff* — *rit.*

I send as big a sigh as that to begin with!

I half expected it²), although I have been spending all these days in getting my room tidy, and trying to make everything nice. I had ordered new coffee-cups, had the plate cleaned, and bought fire-works! preserves! in short had done all that impatience and loving expectation could do. The lateness of the season is the chief thing which makes me say yes to your decision.

I have at once cancelled the engagements and countermanded the rooms, but I cannot so quickly and easily cancell my own hopes.

Above all things, I hope that you will take the matter, as a whole and in detail, not in the spirit befitting a Christian who has to regard all crosses great and small as luxury, but as becomes a human being who (like yourself) has always done her duty, and who has a right to expect something from Providence — and who, after all, did not lay out the *Tiergarten*, and is in no wise responsible for this misfortune.

I know that it is easy to preach, but you must not let your heart be weighed down by the cares of this world — and as to the other you have no need to be anxious. . . .

I should be sincerely glad to hear that you had simply drawn a thick line through this winter in your book of receipts that you do not allow any little blue devils to argue, and that you think of bracing yourself with all sorts of edifying things, such as philosophy. The world is round and it must turn; what God does, is well done; consider the lilies, etc.: or better still, do not think at all, for things cannot be altered, and a wise man repents

1) Now Musikdirektor in Rotterdam.

2) The abandonment of Clara's journey to Vienna.

of nothing. And so the word is simply, 'forward'; keep your head erect and let none but beautiful and happy thoughts find a home in it, as befits a 'splendid specimen of humanity'."

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Dresden, March 12th 1865.

My dear Johannes

I wanted to send you my thanks for your dear letter with my own hand, and consequently I had to wait till to-day, when my 2nd concert would be safely over. My heart was much lighter after it — indeed, I myself often wish that I were more sanguine by nature. I was glad too that you see that it is too late for Vienna — I do not want to take Vienna in a hurry, and I should like to have time for Pressburg and Buda-Pest as well etc. So I shall hope for it in a year's time. . . . There would be a great deal to tell you, but most of it is not very agreeable.

One pleasure I have had — I have read Reuter's *Ut mine Stromtid* — its freshness, feeling, humour, naturalness, have made me quite enthusiastic, I should like to go on reading it for ever. I read it aloud in Düsseldorf and learned to manage it quite well¹⁾. Now, I am reading *Kein Hüsung*, but that is dreadfully sad."

On April 3rd Clara went to Prague for a concert, returning to Düsseldorf on the 13th. On the 19th, she and Marie, and her half-sister Marie Wieck, set out for England.

TO BRAHMS.

"London, May 1st 1865.

. . . . Thank you for your dear letter. Unfortunately it came the day after I had sent your *Variations*²⁾ and the choral work to Spina.

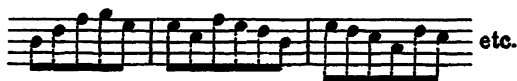
I will willingly tell you exactly what I think of the *Variations*, as you wish it. I have gone through them carefully several times, and, as you may imagine, with the greatest interest. I did not know the first finale before, or some of the variations, and each

1) *Translator's note*: It was in dialect.

2) Op. 35. *Variations on a theme of Paganini's*.

time I came to the conclusion that I should like them to be in one volume, but I should like some of them to be omitted and the finale from the first volume to be used, as that is far more interesting and full of life and bold sweep than the second. I cannot rightly understand the reason for making two volumes; artistically speaking it could be justified only if they were of an entirely different character, and it does not seem to me advisable from the publisher's point of view. Who, except musicians who take a special interest in such things, would buy 2 volumes of variations on one theme? But, if you do keep to it, I would not make the variation in thirds the first of the 2nd volume, for it carries one at once to dizzy heights, and interesting as that would be later it is not pleasant at the beginning when one has hardly had time to find one's bearings. Otherwise I like this particular variation very much, it is so bold — If I were you, I should make only one volume of them, leaving out the 8th in Vol. I, which does not sound at all well, and nos. 4, 11, 12, 7a, and 16 (which runs away in triplets) in Vol. II, and then the one volume would not be too long, and if anyone likes to leave out this or that variation when playing them in public, they can do so. The variations always make me think of the title: *Études en forme de Var*: which would suit them very well. I shall be glad when I am able to study them again.

I like the chorus from the *Requiem* very much, it must sound beautiful. I specially like it up to the figured passage, but not so much the way in which it is worked out afterwards



— but this is a trifle. I hope you will not let the *Requiem* vanish into thin air, indeed you cannot after so good a beginning. Of course I like the beautiful German words better than the Latin — Thank you for them also. . . .

I have played three times in public, with very great success. All the papers (they send them all to one, here) are full of the highest praise, on all sides I am pressed to play Robert's works etc. etc. But engagement are few; it is impossible to get on here without putting oneself into the hands of an agent, that is if one really wants to earn anything. Well, something is sure

to come, and be this as it may, if I hold out till the end of May, I can say that I have not shirked anything, and in any case, this will make the summer easier for me."

FROM THE DIARY.

April 20th. We arrived in London at 6 o'clock. M^r Benson met us and took us to his house, where we are staying until I can find comfortable rooms. . . . 22nd. Public rehearsal at the *New Philharmonic*. Miserable music-making under Wylde, who is quite incompetent as a conductor. 25th. I played at a matinée given by Ella's *Musical Union*. . . . Ella is a curiosity, an absurd figure but his concerts, and Chappell's Popular Concerts attract the most cultured audiences. 26th. After much search, we found rooms at No. 2 Orme Square, close to the Bensons. In the evening I played at the *New Philharmonic* with great applause. . . . 29th. Went to the Crystal Palace, where M^r Grove (secretary of the Crystal Palace committee) a very nice man, and an enthusiastic lover of music, received us very kindly and showed us round. First we had lunch and then there was a concert, the 9th symphony being given under Manns' direction. Manns is a German who has been made director of the Crystal Palace concerts, an active person who lets everything new of any importance have a hearing. . . .

May. . . . I find a marked change, since five years ago, in the attitude towards Robert. To my great surprise I now find a large number of Schumann devotees — one of the most zealous is Grove, whom, apart from that, I like more and more, and with whom I feel quite at home.

May 3rd. I played Beethoven's *E^b* major concerto at the *Musical Society* — I succeeded in playing it wonderfully well, and the applause was enormous¹).

. . . . We see the Joachims every day, which always gives me a sense of being at home I lunch with the Bensons every

1) This was her first complete success in London, and from this time dates the Clara Schumann's popularity with English audiences, a popularity which steadily increased up to the time of her last appearance in London (1888), and expressed itself in more and more enthusiastic ways.

other day, and my feelings towards them both remain unaltered. 13th. Dined with the John Chappells — pleasant people. The Joachims were there too, for we are asked almost everywhere together. . . . 15th. A red-letter evening in my mind, for such a reception must really warm anybody's heart. The manager of the Popular Concerts (Chappell) had arranged a Schumann evening, at which only Robert's works were to be performed. Joachim played the *A* minor quartet, and I played the *C*[♯] minor *Études* and some little things. The reception given to me was warmer than any I have ever known, and I was really moved by it. It was long before I could seat myself at the piano. Ah! if Robert could have lived to see it, he would never have thought that he (for the greater part of the applause was for *Him*¹) could have received such recognition in England. . . .

June. This month began with a very pleasant concert in the (so-called) little hall of the Crystal Palace, which had been arranged by M^r Grove because he so much wished me to play Robert's concerto there, and the regular concerts always take place before the beginning of the London season. I played with Manns conducting and was excellently accompanied. Frau Joachim and Herr Hauser sang, and I also gave an encore; the applause was great, and I was very much wrought up, although it is a dreadful place for music — half the audience (there were about 4000 people) can hardly hear anything, and at the back of the hall one can see visitors to the Crystal Palace continually passing by.

June 4th. Lunched with Jules Benedict. He has a nice daughter and is a pleasant host. . . .

5th. At the Macfarrens in the evening, he is the best musician here after Bennett, but unfortunately he is blind. His wife is quite a capable musician. We spent a pleasant evening. . . . June 13th. *Matinée* at Ella's. I received great applause — I had to repeat Robert's *Nachstück* in *F* major, which I could not understand as in Germany it is generally received very quietly, though everyone likes it. . . . June 20th. I played at Ella's for the last time, and gave Mendelssohn's *C* minor trio with Joachim and Piatti. It went

1) In the interests of historical accuracy it is perhaps necessary to enter a protest, and at least to divide the honours between pianiste and composer. But such a division would little suit the spirit in which Clara practised her art.

magnificently — we were all three inspired (Piatti, at least, produced his most exquisite tone) Ella had quickly had a number of copies of the *Nachstück* printed and distributed among the audience, and I had to repeat it again and again. The man's business capacity is incredible, thus he had my photograph in a frame on the platform, and passed it round among the ladies who were sitting near. He invariably gushes to me in the most tender *billets-doux*. . . .

22nd. At last, at last, the day of departure dawned — For weeks our longing for home had been really dreadful. But we found it hard to say good-bye to Joachim, dear fellow.

TO HERMANN LEVI.

"Baden, July 26th 1865.

We made a delightful excursion to Ebersteinschloss and Gernsbach yesterday, Johannes and Dietrich going with us. We were all in the rosiest mood and under a beautiful rosy sky. And in addition Johannes came with his sextet, which he has arranged for 4 hands. It is quite charming; full of spirit and delicacy. One might well say *Genuß des Glückes* (Happiness enough) if all sorts of prosaic matters such as doctors, schools, and what not, did not continually intrude themselves. . . . You too, may be enjoying yourself for all I know, but what happiness can equal the joy of a fascinating work which one carries about with one all day, and which sings and echoes in one's thoughts!?

But I go on chattering, and perhaps I am detaining you from a charming cousin, or someone else. — Adieu, may all go merrily with you, and accept a warm greeting from

Yours

Cl. Schumann."

TO ELISABETH WERNER.

"Baden-Baden, Sept. 10th 1865.

. . . . You heard from Marie's letter that we were in England, and that I got on extremely well there. If the profits were nothing remarkable, my reception was enthusiastic, and the recognition afforded to my Robert's works gave me, as you may imagine, much pleasure, for I know that although much is a matter of

fashion in England, this enthusiasm for his compositions proceeds from a little group of connoisseurs to whom it was a real joy to play them, and the cordiality of the public was at all events stimulating for the moment. I think of going back there next March, in order to play in the provinces also. It was very pleasant for us to have the Joachims there at the same time as ourselves, and living quite close to us — we met at least once a day. And we made so many agreeable acquaintances besides, that I really look back on it with pleasure.

I am sorry to say that I have no good news to send of our summer¹⁾. It is true that the summer itself was glorious, and that I have been fairly well, but Ludwig has given me such anxiety that I have not been able to enjoy anything. No words can describe what anxiety a boy like that can give one. All other cares are as nothing in comparison with it. Picture to yourself a dreamy boy, who shows no inclination towards anything except dreaming, who is so impractical in every respect that even his teachers say they would not know what to do with him. And I have to decide on his career in life! What sleepless nights this has cost me. I would gladly have given him more education and higher intellectual culture, but it is high time for him to plunge into practical life, otherwise he will never get on. After many pros and cons, he has decided to become a bookseller and on Oct. 1st he is going as apprentice to a bookseller at Karlsruhe, which will at least give me the satisfaction of knowing that he can stay with Wills, where loving and watchful eyes will be upon him. . . .

Elise is really going to Frankfort²⁾ at the end of the month. How much I shall feel it! I shall no longer be able to have her with me when I will. . . . She is a sensible, good girl in every way, dependable, and true as steel. God bless the dear child and give her strength to follow her vocation. . . .”

1) Clara had had all the seven children with her at different times. She found Ferdinand and Felix (from Berlin) developing well, but Ludwig, who had been attending the grammar school at Karlsruhe since October, gave her great anxiety. She was also anxious about Julie who had come back from Guebwiller no stronger than she was before.

2) In the autumn of 1865 Elise settled in Frankfort as a music-teacher.

TO BRAHMS.

“Frankfort, Nov. 1st 65.

.... Our concert¹⁾ yesterday was very brilliant, and everything went wonderfully well. We were tremendously applauded, and had to repeat the Haydn finale, at the end. Instead of the ballades (whose delicacy would have been quite lost in that enormous room) I played the *Andante with Variations*²⁾ and only hope that I may play it as well in Carlsruhe, for it really was beautiful. The whole evening I was in the most exalted frame of mind.

.... Elise did extremely well, though she says she was trembling all over, and played as if she were not in the least nervous. I was doubly so, but did not let her see it. We were both called for. I must confess that during the *Variations*³⁾ I could not keep myself from melting into tenderness as I thought how beautiful it was for Elise to make her début at a concert with Joachim, and by playing a duet of her Father's with me. If he had lived to see it how lovingly he would have watched it!” —

TO BRAHMS.

“Berlin, Dec. 8th 1865.

Your dear letter was a delightful surprise, my dear Johannes, and it came just at the right moment, as I was on the point of going to a concert at Breslau. And, above all, what good news it contained! I was most pleased to hear that things have been going so well with you, and that the public has had its heart in the right place for once. I wish I could have been there to witness it, and most of all to hear you play for a whole evening so truly *con amore*. And I should very much have liked to hear the *Serenades* again. You do not tell me how the audiences in different places received Robert's *Phantasie*? or what they said to your *Hexen-Variationen*?

As for me, I have been in Breslau, although I was so unwell that the doctor did not wish to let me travel at all, but I do not

1) With Joachim. It was also Elise Schumann's début in Frankfort.

2) Op. 21 No. 1. *Variations upon an original theme* by J. Brahms.

3) *Andante mit Variationen* for 2 pianos, by Schumann.

want to leave them in the lurch, I would rather risk something. God be thanked it went off well, and yesterday I came back here safe and sound, though I am not yet quite well and therefore look forward with double dread to the journey to Königsberg. I start to-morrow evening, and arrive at mid-day on Sunday. On Monday I give my first concert there. On Tuesday all my good wishes will be with you.

Let me hear soon for certain where you will be at Christmas, that my thoughts may not go wandering all over the country. My address, till the 16th, will be *Hotel zum Deutschen Haus*, Königsberg, and from the 16th on, c/o Herr Franz Mendelssohn, Berlin."

FROM THE DIARY.

On Christmas Eve we all sat very quietly together¹⁾, I might almost say in deep melancholy, and not until 8 o'clock could we make up our minds to light up the Christmas-tree. But lo! hardly had Marie lighted the tree, when who should come in but Johannes from Detmold, where he had just been giving a concert. It was a most unexpected surprise. I had previously been trying to dissuade him from coming, as it was a journey of 7 hours, but he had undertaken it all the same and I was very pleased and excited.

TO BRAHMS.

"Vienna²⁾, Jan. 24th 66.

So at last I am once again in my beloved Vienna, but you, dear Johannes, are not here; a thought which makes me sad, for Vienna seems to me like a little bit of your home. Everybody here asks me why you do not come. I was talking to Hanslick about it, but he, too, thought it was already rather late. . . .

The financial aspect looks bad here, and yet concerts are well attended — may mine be so! My first is on Saturday, the 27th; the second on Feb. 1st.

. . . . By chance I have come to the same house that I was in 8 years ago, only I am a storey lower, and I take my lunch

1) At Fr. Leser's, in Düsseldorf.

2) Clara arrived in Vienna on Jan. 21st, having spent the first half of the month in giving concerts in Düsseldorf, Coblenz, and Braunschweig, and staying a few days in Dresden.

— as used to do then — with the Dratschmieds, who live below me. This is a very convenient arrangement, and when we sit together at table it does not seem as if 8 years had passed, but feels as if we had parted only yesterday.”

TO BRAHMS.

“Vienna, Feb. 4th 1866.

. . . . I have given two concerts so far, which have gone off most brilliantly in every respect. One could not have wished for a warmer reception than that I met with, and both concerts were full to over-flowing. On Friday, the 9th, I give the third, and on the 17th, the fourth.”

TO BRAHMS.

“Buda-Pest, March 15th 1866.

I see, dear Johannes, that if I wish to hear from you again I must take up my pen, regardless of all necessary caution. I cannot make up my mind to dictate my letters to you, as I now do all others, and so I have been putting off writing from day to day. — But now it is becoming too long since I heard anything of you, though you do not seem to think so, or you would have written. You are leading a comfortable life, whilst I am harassed from morning to night, and in Vienna, which I left the day before yesterday, the only hours which I can call peaceful were those I spent sitting in the *Bergtheater*. Those, however, were glorious hours, which I shall not soon forget.

In other respects I got on splendidly in Vienna. I gave 6 full concerts, and at the last was received by the public with a warmth that really touched me — it is not often that I am touched by any audience. Only one thing depressed me about these concerts — that I could not play any big ensemble work of yours, but the behaviour of the gentlemen made this impossible¹⁾, and I always had to withdraw your *Handel- and Hexen-Variationen*, which

1) “At a rehearsal of a new quartet of Brahms’s, the gentlemen played so abominably that I could not endure it,” Clara writes, and when she declared in consequence that she should prefer the *A* major quartet, which they had already played with Brahms, Hellmesberger finally announced “that he would not play anything of Brahms’s”.

I put down on my programmes several times, because I suffered continual pain in the muscles of my right hand. — Thus my dearest wish, to play a great deal of you in Vienna, came to nothing for this time. I did play two ballades once, and had to repeat the intermezzo, but those are but trifles compared with other things.

We have been here since yesterday, and find the solitude quite oppressive, the change is too abrupt. I know hardly anybody here, Brand is ill, and Joachim's sister is in the country. I gave a concert yesterday. It was packed. I am giving the second on Sunday. Then I shall go to Linz, and I expect to be in Vienna again by the 23rd."

Clara gave concerts in Linz and Pressburg, before returning to Vienna. She left Vienna on April 17th, gave a concert in Salzburg on the 18th, and then paid a 10-days' visit to Frau v. Pacher in Munich. Here she picked up Julie, who had been spending the winter with Frau v. Pacher, and took her back with her to Baden-Baden.

CLARA TO FELIX SCHUMANN.

"Munich, April 26th 1866.

Dearest Felix

I am very sorry that I cannot answer your last letter as gladly as I should like to. Your report makes me very unhappy. What will be the result, if you are not more industrious? You will not keep up with the others, and what a disgrace that would be. I hope that you will take more pains in the future if only for my sake. Think how I exert myself all the winter in order to be able to give you a good education, and therefore how doubly wrong it is if you distress me by your want of industry and make me anxious about you. It lies in your own hands whether you finish your schooling in a longer or shorter time; in short, an industrious man and an idle one are two very different people. Now, I hope the next report will show me that my dear Felix is a good and gallant little boy who can do what he wishes to do. That is not always easy, but these very struggles with yourself will make a man of you. The time when we shall see each other again is drawing nearer, and we are greatly looking forward to July.

We are now settling into the house at Baden, and I am very glad to come back to it. At the end of May we are going to Düsseldorf for a week, for the Musical Festival, but only Julie is going with me, Marie will stay in Baden. Write soon, and let me have good news.

Good-bye, my little Schumann, be industrious, and if you find it difficult, think of your Mamma, who finds many things difficult, but whose love for you always gives her strength.

Many kisses from Your loving

Clara."

FROM THE DIARY.

Baden-Baden. July. This month brought a great deal of life into the house. Ferdinand, Elise, Ludwig, and Eugenie came to spend their holidays with me. Unfortunately, poor Felix could not come, as D^r Planer was afraid he would not be able to get back in time owing to the war, which had broken out a fortnight before. . . . Ferdinand has now left school and . . . is to go into business in the autumn¹). . . . Mother, Caecilie, and Clementine came with Ferdinand from Berlin. . . . It is very nice to see Mother here in this beautiful country and in my little house, only I have so much to do that I had to tell her at the outset that I could be with her only in the evenings. . . . At this time I began a work . . . of some importance, which needs great courage — namely the completion of the diary from the winter of 1861. I have long been debating whether or no to give it up entirely, but the idea was too painful, I felt as if I were forsaking a dear friend — and I could not bring myself to do it. . . .

Jean Becker has come here with his quartet, consisting of Herr Hilpert und two Italians, and they are giving chamber-concerts. They play well, and are very fresh and animated, but it seems to me that Becker is lacking in these finer shades of musical understanding which are so particularly necessary for quartet-playing, if it is to be really satisfactory. It is true that I judge by the standard of view of a Joachim quartet. I know that this is wrong, but I cannot alter it unless I obliterate all memory.

1) Through the influence of Franz Mendelssohn he was given a place in the house of Plauth in Berlin, as early as September.

August. . . . Johannes¹⁾ has played me some magnificent numbers from a German *Requiem*, and also a string quartet in *C* minor. But I am most moved by the *Requiem*; it is full of thoughts at once tender and bold, I have no clear idea of how it will sound, but in my own mind it sounds glorious. . . .

Sept. 13th. We kept my birthday to-day, as cheerfully as was possible amidst the many pressing cares that weigh upon me. The children all gave me charming and useful presents, and Johannes amused us very much, first thing in the morning, by the humorous idea of sticking little coloured caricatures, all over the walls. He had put them up so cleverly the night before, that I had never noticed what he was doing. He was in a delightful humour all day, as he almost always is now. . . .

Sept. 14th. Ella, from London, took us by surprise this morning. . . . and I could not help thinking all the time: "God be thanked, it is only for this once!" But we had a pleasant surprise in a visit from the whole Alfred Benecke family, who are among the acquaintances I like best in London. . . .

Sunday, the 16th. A number of people came — Herr Allgeyer, a pleasant, highly cultured man whose honesty of mind and keenness of perception are manifested in every word he speaks, Levi, Gouvy, Johannes. . . . We spent the afternoon . . . over Johannes' *Requiem*, which is full of wonderful beauties and bold ideas.

22nd. I received the shattering news of Frau Wills's sudden death. I cannot say how it affects me. . . . For three years she occupied a mother's place towards Ludwig, and he wounded her so often and so sorely. If only I could undo all this. It is true that he did not do it from maliciousness, but only from terrible thoughtlessness. . . . but she suffered just the same. . . . I have accepted an engagement from Chappell in London for a month (Jan. 14th to Feb. 10th), actuated by the thought that in this way I can make acquaintances in various towns in England, show myself to the public, and then later return on my own account, which I could hardly do as yet. It was a terribly hard decision to make, and I was induced to take it only by the thought that

1) Brahms had arrived on Aug. 17th, and had made Clara most indignant because he had grown a beard: "It quite spoils the refinement of his face."

Joachim would be travelling with me, and that we should find shelter under the protection of this dear friend.

October. . . . On Oct. 10th. Herr Allgeyer brought the painter Feuerbach to see me. He is living in Rome, and is said to be a genius. Allgeyer thinks great things of him, and during the short time I saw him (they spent the afternoon and evening with us) he made a very pleasant impression on me. There is something childlike about him, which is very attraction, and he is very modest in his manner. I played to them a great deal. I always like to see Allgeyer. . . .

On the 17th came my dear, glorious Joachim. It gives one fresh life to look into his kindly eyes.

On Nov. 7th Clara left Baden-Baden, and during the ensuing weeks she gave concerts in Frankfort, Bremen, and Oldenburg. From Oldenburg she went to Berlin, where she stayed for some time without giving any concerts, and on Dec. 9th she went to Leipsic. Here she played in the *Gewandhaus* and also in a quartet. On the 16th she returned to Düsseldorf, and gave concerts there and in Cologne, Bonn, and Coblenz.

TO BRAHMS.

"Oldenburg, Nov. 24th 1866.

I have only two *specially* pleasant incidents to mention in connection with this tour: the first was the performance of your A major quartet at Frankfort, which I had worked up well at two excellent rehearsals, and which had a reception of unheard of enthusiasm for Frankfort (where they still pride themselves on their conservatism). My joy was great that it went so well, I was in one of my most inspired moods and enjoyed the glorious music with all my heart. If I did not know how much the composer dislikes hearing his works played by others, I should have wished him to be there. The second pleasure was less unmixed, it was of quite a different kind: it was the reception (of Robert's concerto) given by the Bremen orchestra, which was so enthusiastic that I was really moved. It makes me so happy when musicians, who are forced to make a trade of music, become enthusiastic. It is a satisfaction which no audience can give one. . . .

His suicidal ideas are not at all dangerous¹). A man who talks so much about is, does not mean it seriously. But you are right in saying that one cannot think of him without real sorrow; his is a fine nature ruined by outward and inward circumstances."

TO BRAHMS.

"Coblenz, Dec. 22nd 1866.

.... I had meant to write to you from Leipsic the day after the quartet-evening at which I played your horn trio, but I left for Cologne the next morning, and all those last days were one wild rush. We had studied your trio (I had begged it from Simrock) very well, and the horn-player was excellent. I do not think he spluttered once, and that says a great deal, though it is true that he played on a *Ventil-horn* he would not be induced to try a *Wald-horn*. The scherzo was applauded most energetically, and next to that the last movement, which went as if fired from a pistol, and we were re-called. . . .

To-day, Bruch, who sends you many thanks for your greeting, has been playing me several new things, some of which I liked very much. A ballade (*Schön Ellen*) for soprano, baritone, and chorus, struck me tremendously, as did many things in his violin concerto. They seem to me to show a marked advance. I was also much interested in a triumphal chorus after the battle of Salamis. . . ."

Clara spent Christmas in Düsseldorf again, with Fräulein Leser. The close of the year was saddened by bad news of Ludwig, who would not settle down as he should. "Ah! dear Levi," Clara writes, on Dec. 30th, to the friend who had taken charge of Ludwig in the most unselfish and noble manner, "only remain by him, be his guardian angel. That is the only thing which makes me at all at ease about Ludwig."

TO BRAHMS.

"Düsseldorf, Jan. 11th 1867.

Here, dearest Johannes, comes what is really my last word from Germany, for to-morrow evening we actually set forth. I

1) This refers to Kirchner.

cannot tell you how much I feel it. — If only I come back to my dear little house again!

There is little news to send, but I must tell you that my mind is quite full of your *Requiem*; it is a really powerful work, and takes hold of one as few other things do. The way in which deep seriousness is combined with all the charm of poetry is extraordinarily effective, at once striking and moving. As you know, I can never put things into so many words, but I am conscious from the bottom of my heart of the rich treasure to be found in this work, and the inspiration which lights up every number, moves me so profoundly that I cannot help speaking of it. — I went through it with Bruch and Rudorff the other day, twice on end, and they felt as I do, they were tremendously impressed. One thing had already struck me several times, and they noticed it too; that the 5th number is rather too drawn out towards the end, the wonderful climax is repeated, and the second time it loses its effect. — I hope you will contrive to have the work performed — the only very difficult thing in it is the fugue with the pedal note. Ah! what would I not give to hear it."

MARIE SCHUMANN TO ROSALIE LESER.

"Manchester, Jan. 19th 1867.

Dear Fräulein Leser

I have many pleasant but also some unpleasant things to tell you, which have befallen us during the few days since we left you. I personally have nothing to complain of, but Mamma cannot reconcile herself to our present life, and is frequently depressed, though she exercises great self-control. I keep hoping that things will improve, as it always makes me dreadfully unhappy when Mamma has to do anything so entirely against the grain. She . . . no longer has the elasticity necessary for a tour of this sort, in order to feel at home everywhere and to take things as they come. Joachim, to whom she speaks most freely, usually says she is wrong, because he does not feel as she does, and this makes her still more unhappy. Our travelling companions are Joachim, Piatti, two Miss Pynes, Ries (2nd violin), Zerbini (viola) and a M^r Saunders who makes all the arrangements for us. — They are all very nice, pleasant people; the Miss Pynes are most agreeable and simple, Piattti is thoroughly at his ease, almost lazy, but amusing

at times, and Zerbini and M^r Saunders are generally dumb. We share everything; joy and sorrow, sitting-rooms and meals.

For the longer journeys we had a saloon, comfortably furnished with arm-chairs and sofas, and attached to it a compartment for the gentlemen communicating with ours by a door. The first long journey to Edinburgh was very comfortable, we had foot-warmers, so that we were not a bit cold, at mid-day we stopped somewhere for about 20 minutes, and in the evening we found a wonderful supper awaiting us in the hotel. M^r Saunders orders and pays for everything, so there is no need for us to trouble about anything.

The concerts in Edinburgh and Glasgow were splendidly attended, and there was a very warm reception. Mamma was received with tempestuous applause in Edinburgh and had to give an encore, so had Joachim. Piatti, too, is always tremendously liked. Miss Pyne, who sings very well, and 20 years ago was the most popular singer in England, has unfortunately but little voice left, but there is something very sympathetic about her voice, and her rendering is simple and pleasant. . . .

Mamma and I were quite delighted with Edinburgh. It is a glorious town, wonderfully situated. . . .”

CLARA TO ELISE JUNGE¹).

“London, Feb. 26th 1867.

. . . . I over-exerted myself at the Crystal Palace concert the other day. We went there by train at 11 o'clock, and then we had to spend a quarter of an hour climbing up the steps to the Palace. At 1 o'clock I rehearsed Beethoven's *E^b* major concerto, immediately after this we had lunch, then I changed, and at 3 o'clock the concert began. I had to be there from beginning to end, as they began with Robert's 4th symphony, in my honour (which they played magnificently) and ended with the *Hebrides-Overture*, which also went wonderfully well. The Beethoven concerto too, was magnificently accompanied, and later, after the Mendelssohn *Capriccio* I had to take an encore, as I usually do when I play a solo in England. You cannot think how warmly the public is disposed towards me, and what a reception they al-

1) A friend of Fr^l. Leser's, who lived with her.

ways give me. And yet, with all this, I feel the want of such artistic stimulus as I always find, for instance, in Vienna. Here music is made a business of — between ourselves". . . .

TO BRAHMS.

"London, Feb. 2nd 1867.

How glad I am to have a quiet hour in the evening to give to you, dearest Johannes, and doubly glad to-day when I can tell you that your sextet was produced at the Popular Concert here yesterday, with great success. Joachim had of course, prepared it well and played magnificently, and the reception, especially of the first 3 movements, was enthusiastic. They wanted to have the scherzo all over again, but Joachim wished to keep the audience fresh for the last movement, and would not repeat it. I greatly enjoyed it — if only I too could have played the first violin! I had particularly wanted to play the 4 major quartet, but Joachim insisted on the sextet, which he thought would have a more favourable reception here as a first work — I gave in, but very unwillingly. However it has turned out very well, and that is the chief thing — I did play it with them, in spirit.

Before telling you anything else, I must let you know that I have received your letter safely. To tell the truth, it has not given me unmixed pleasure; so depressed, almost bitter, a feeling breathed through it, that it gave me pain, and my only comfort lay in the reflection that this attitude of mind was probably only momentary. The worries of life cannot surely make you forget how much good you have experienced, and continue to experience; and if it is true that nothing can take the place of your Father and Mother, yet you have faithful friends who have stood beside you for years, and will always so stand. I think that with a few friends like these, and a wealth of talent such as you possess, a man cannot well be lonely unless he shuts himself up in him self. . . .

I must tell you something, or rather give it as a message from Joachim: a great enthusiast for music, an Englishman¹), whom he met in France, and to whom he mentioned your *Requiem*, asked him if you would accept it if he contributed 1000 francs towards the cost of producing it, as I cannot think that this can in any way hurt your feelings. It is a fact that artists in Germany —

1; A Mr Behrens from Glasgow, of German origin.

not to speak of composers — are not in a position to bear the cost of such productions themselves. What do you say to it?

I have so far good news of myself to send, that I can say that I have met with a really enthusiastic reception here, and it is repeated every time I appear. I got on equally well in the provinces, and the journeys themselves, tiring as they often were, were made as comfortable as possible. Chappell is behaving as generously as one can expect from a true man of business. The Concerts themselves were always just what we wished; there were only good things, though it is true that the same programme was sometimes repeated 2 or 3 times, an arrangement which again was dictated by reasons of business.

We have seen many beautiful places on this tour, and above all Edinburgh and Torquay, each of which is magnificent in its own way. Unfortunately we were so short a time at both places that we could see nothing of the beautiful country round. However, I am going to Edinburgh for 2 days next week, and then I will make up for it. I am giving a recital there, at which I am to play by myself for 1½ hours. We did see Holyrood, Mary Stuart's Castle, and the wonderful Shakespeare¹⁾ memorial, towards which the whole country subscribed. — Thank God, I have finished a good part of my engagements. The strain has often been great, as it was usually arranged in such a way that for 3 days running we were playing in a different city every day and so travelled 4 or 5 or even 6 hours daily. Joachim has accepted a longer engagement; he often plays five times in a week, besides going to endless parties. How he can stand it, I cannot imagine. . . . I keep resolutely to the rule that I will not fritter away my strength on uninteresting social intercourse. On concert-days I spare myself as much as possible, and so alone can I get through it all and keep fresh. . . . I am strongly advised to stay here for the season but I have said quite decidedly that I will not. It is not easy to remain firm, as I should be able to make a great deal of money during the season, but I should injure myself in body and mind, and I must cling to what little sense I have."

On April 20th Clara returned to Düsseldorf, from whence she visited Julie in Mannheim. Julie had been passing the

1) *Translator's note:* Scott?

winter with Frau Feidel, an aunt of Hermann Levi's, and her health now gave fresh cause for anxiety. Clara hoped to be able to take her with her to Carlsbad, but to her great distress the doctor forbade this quite decidedly. Ludwig, who came over from Carlsruhe, also gave her great anxiety, as he did not wish to continue in the bookselling trade, which he had learned, and had told his employer that he was leaving. He wished to find a place in a music-business, and Clara now had the responsibility of looking for a suitable post for him, without any hope — should such a post be found — that he would be fit for it.

CLARA TO FELIX SCHUMANN.

“Carlsbad, May 11th 1867.

.... I must write to you to-day, about something which is very much on my mind. Your grandmother and Ferdinand tell me that you are full of the idea of becoming a fiddler. That would be a great step to take, harder than you think. If you were not to become a really great fiddler, however good you might be you would find yourself, as the son of Robert Schumann, in a wretched position. As I have said, you can only do justice to your name if you develop a really striking genius for music, and in addition to this apply yourself to it with tremendous industry. But while I quite believe that your talent will enable you to give pleasure to yourself and to others (though for this too, industry is needed), I feel equally certain that you do not possess the gift which is requisite for the higher interpretation of art. Think this over carefully therefore, my dear Felix. You have fine intellectual gifts of other kinds, many other paths in life lies open to you; you might possibly become distinguished in whatever profession you chose, though not in any without severe application. You would thus win yourself a more honourable position in the world than you could ever gain as an artist. People such as Herr de Ahna, say easily enough, ‘Be a musician’ — I know from nearly 40 years experience what it means, and therefore I have always repressed my desire to educate one of you for the profession. . . . But for your own satisfaction and mine, I will let

Herr Joachim test you, and when you come to Baden, I will ask him if you may go to him for 2 days. He will be the best and most impartial judge. What do you think of this plan? Write and tell me."

FROM THE DIARY.

Carlsbad, May 27th. I had a funny meeting with Preller, the painter from Weimar. He came, rather shabbily dressed, saying that he had a letter for me from D^r Härtel. I offered him a chair, and he sat down, but as I had not caught his name and he, after hunting through all his pockets, could not find the letter (he handed me one for a Clara — in Breslau — which I returned to him), we became more and more convinced that the letter was only a pretext and that the man had some object in view — I grew stiffer and stiffer. After a very laboured conversation, he went. An hour later I received the letter, and realised my mistake. I was much upset and went to him at once, but I missed him and then he missed me and so a week went by before we were able to meet, and then it was the last day in Carlsbad. . . .

An acquaintance which interested me greatly was that of Kestner; 94 years old, but his mind is still quite fresh. He told us a great deal about Lotte (his mother) and Goethe. . . .

Clara returned from Carlsbad to Dresden [by way of Berlin, in order to see Ferdinand and Felix. She returned to Baden on June 17th, and, with short intervals for concert tours to Kreuznach and Wiesbaden, stayed there until Oct. 12th.

FROM THE DIARY.

Baden-Baden, July. . . . I have such a longing for Julie's dear loving glance she has a way of always showing her affection for me, and that is such a comfort to me. Love is as necessary to me as air — it is the sunshine of my life. . . .

August. . . . It makes one wretched to see Julie, she looks so miserably ill. . . .

September. . . . I have decided to play at my own house every Wednesday. It will enable me to repay many social obligations, which I cannot do by inviting people in return — too many people are coming here. . . .

Sept. 28th. I have had a belated birthday present from Johannes — Venetian glass — He sent a very nice letter with it, and a beautiful song¹⁾ which I like very much.

TO BRAHMS.

“Baden-Baden, Oct. 3rd 1867.

.... My plans have suddenly settled themselves. Stockhausen wrote to me very nicely to ask if we could not give concerts together again, and I was the less inclined to refuse him as it is a real artistic pleasure for me. I go to Hamburg on the 12th therefore, and stay there a month in order to give concerts in the city itself and in the neighbouring towns of Kiel, Lübeck, Schwerin etc. In the middle of November we go to Dresden, Leipsic etc.

.... I have some interesting musical news to send you from here. Frau Viardot has written 3 little operettas, two of which she had produced with the aid of her children and her pupils. I have heard each of them three times, and always with equal pleasure. It is all so cleverly written, so dainty, so light, so finished, and with all that so full of humour — it really is wonderful. The libretti are by Turgueniev, who is also taking part. And she has not yet copied is out properly; she just plays from loose sheets. And how she has taught them! The children are fascinating and the boy really has a genius for comedy. Throughout the accompaniments one divines the instrumentation — in short, I found fresh confirmation of what I have always said, that she is the most gifted woman whom I have ever known. When I saw her sitting at the piano and managing everything with such perfect ease, my heart melted within me and I could have clasped her in my arms.”

TO BRAHMS.

“Hamburg, Nov. 13th 1867.

This is my last day in Hamburg and after waiting for a month in the hope of finding a quiet moment in which to write to you, I say to myself, better little than nothing. But believe me, though my thanks come late they rise as warmly from my heart as on

1) Op. 49 No. 5 *Abenddämmerung*.

the day when I received your letter and the exquisite songs which seem to me — especially the one in *F# minor*¹⁾ — so original. I prefer it to the one in *E major*²⁾; though the first half of the latter is wonderful, the melody on the second half, in *A major*, seems to me to have less warmth. Thanks, and a warm pressure of the hand, for sending them. To have them, and especially to have them here, has given me much pleasure, though I have never succeeded in getting through the song in *F# minor* without bursting into tears — but you will say it does not take much to make me do that. I cannot but believe that the feeling it expresses was yours only while you were actually writing it — it would pain me deeply to be obliged to think that you often felt like this. No, dear Johannes, you, a man so gifted, in the flower of your age, with life still before you, must not allow such gloomy thoughts to find a place.”

Between Christmas and the New Year such bad news of Julie came from Divonne, that Marie decided to go there at once. During these days of sorrow and anxiety the one bright spot was the journey to Karlsruhe for the performance of *Genoveva* on Jan. 3rd: “My dear Robert never heard his opera rendered like this!” On Jan. 6th Marie returned alone, Julie not being well enough to travel. On the 7th Clara set out on a concert tour through Belgium where she had great success and spent a pleasant time with the Kufferaths. On the 24th she left Brussels for England, to undertake a tour similar to that of last year, only this time without Joachim. Her visit was less happy this year, partly owing to difficulties connected with her rooms, and partly to the bad news she received from home. Felix was showing the first signs of weakness of the lungs, and Ludwig had once more lost his post by his unpunctuality. There was, however, a brighter side. Thanks to Raimund Härtel a new place was found for Ludwig with Rieter-Biedermann in Leipsic, and Clara herself

1) Op. 48 No. 7 *Herbstgefühl*.

2) *Abenddämmerung*.

was no less successful than she had been before. The most agreeable incident was her meeting with the Burnands — “Two people who have made the pleasantest impression on me” — who afterwards became her close friends.

TO BRAHMS.

“London, March 19th 1868.

186 Piccadilly.

Dear Johannes

I have been long in finding time to answer your letter, and how much joy and sorrow I have known in the mean time! It has been a period of great anxiety, as you will already have heard in Berlin. I must not begin to tell you about it, or I should never stop. I have good hopes that Felix may quite recover if he spends this summer with us, but I cannot think what is to become of Ludwig. It is true that he has just got another post in Leipsic, but how long will it last? How different they are! One makes me anxious by his idleness, and because he will not work, and the other by over-working. It was fortunate that I insisted that Felix must see a proper doctor, as I had been struck by his looks in the autumn, and consequently the matter was at once taken seriously. — Julie has been in Frankfort for the last 3 weeks, and seems much better than she was last summer. Thus things ever go up and down, and the poor mother's heart is never at peace. It was doubly hard that these anxieties should come upon me here, but the struggle increases one's power of resistance, as I have once more found in my own experience. But I have begun by writing about us and I wanted to talk to you about yourself. . . . And so you are really going to settle down in Vienna? I do not think it is such a bad thing. I too, should like to live there, if I could find what I wanted. . . . You seem to imagine that I have made enough money and that I am now travelling for my own amusement. But one does not exert oneself to such an extent for pleasure. Besides, the present moment, when my powers are at their greatest and when I am most successful, is hardly the time at which, as you advise, to withdraw into private life. During the past year I have been received everywhere with such warmth . . . and, with few exceptions, I have played so well,

that I cannot quite see why I should stop just at this moment.... But I will think the matter over. I cannot weigh it properly until I know what reasons have moved you to say all that to me, and why you did it at a time when it might have made an impression on me which would have paralysed all my powers it was inconsiderate of you — to say the least of it."

FROM THE DIARY.

. . . . I was to have gone to the performance of Johannes' *Requiem* at Bremen, but I was too depressed to make up my mind to it. However, Rosalie and Marie urged me so strongly that on April 9th I really did go to Bremen. I travelled to Wunstorf with Rudorff, and there I met Joachim and his wife who were also on their way to Bremen. We arrived just in time for the rehearsal — Johannes was already standing at the conductor's desk. The *Requiem* quite overpowered me. . . . Johannes showed himself an excellent conductor. The work had been wonderfully studied by Reinthaler. In the evening, after the rehearsal, we all met together — a regular congress of artists.

Friday, Good-Friday, the 10th. Performance of the *Requiem*, and in addition to this Frau Joachim sang an aria from the *Messiah*, as I never heard her sing before, exquisitely accompanied by her husband on the violin.

The *Requiem* has taken hold of me as no sacred music ever did before. . . . As I saw Johannes standing there, bâton in hand, I could not help thinking of my dear Robert's prophecy, "Let him but once grasp the magic wand and work with orchestra and chorus", which is fulfilled to-day. The bâton was really a magic wand and its spell was upon all present, even upon his bitterest enemies. It was a joy such as I have not felt for a long time. After the performance there was a supper in the *Rathskeller*, at which everyone was jubilant — it was like a musical festival. A crowd of friends were together, among them Stockhausen. . . . Bruch, the Dietrichs, Grimm, Rieter. . . . but curiously enough, except for some ladies who had been singing in the chorus, there was no-one from Hamburg except Johannes' father.

Reinthaler made a speech about Johannes which so moved me that (unfortunately!!!) I burst into tears. I thought of Robert,

and what joy it would have been to him if he could have lived to see it. . . . Johannes pressed me to stay in Bremen for another day I wish I had not given way to him. . . .

The day after her return from Bremen, Clara went to Hanover for the christening of Joachim's little daughter Marie, whose godmother she was. On April 21st she went to Frankfort, where she found Julie looking more ill than ever. From thence she went with Felix — who had been spending some weeks with his grandfather in Dresden — and Marie to Karlsbad, for a cure. On May 30th, as she was returning to Leipsic, she received the disastrous news that Ludwig had not been able to keep his post there. For the first time, Raimund Härtel told her plainly, that Ludwig's mind was obviously affected, — a fact of which she was assured on all sides during the weeks that followed, though she could not bring herself to believe it. In the mean time Ludwig was sent to his grandfather Wieck.

On June 9th Clara returned to Baden-Baden, where she stayed till the 30th, when she and Elise went to St Moritz for a cure.

TO MARIE SCHUMANN.

“Chur, July 2nd 1868.

. . . . I used to enjoy everything in Switzerland so much, but now I feel no pleasure, only amazement and admiration. My heart seems to have grown gray, and that makes me doubly sad. The time through which I have just been living weighs on my soul and keeps it from using its wings. I long so dreadfully for you all and for the little house, that if I could, I would turn round at once and run home. My dear, dear Marie, you do not know how dear you are to me, and how my whole soul is bound up in you.”

From the diary we learn that Clara was suffering more than ever from the inconsiderateness and roughness shown by Brahms at this time. He had been out of humour and had spared neither herself nor her children.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Baden-Baden, Oct. 15th 1868.

Dear Johannes

.... You wished for no answer, but you are still labouring under a mistake. . . . Your letter¹⁾ is not the wall that stands between us. . . . But indeed there is no question of any wall to be torn down, all that is needed is a little friendliness and a little more self-control. . . . these would more than suffice to make our meetings far happier than ever. . . . It lies in your hands alone dear Johannes, whether the clouds shall roll away or whether a wall is really to rise between us, which would fill me with the deepest sorrow. As to your letter, I had long ago dismissed it from my mind — It is you who remind me of it. . . . Your conception of a concert tour seems to me remarkable! You look upon it merely as a means of earning money: I do not. I feel myself called upon to reproduce beautiful works, Robert's above all, so long as I have the strength, and even if it were not absolutely necessary I should still go on tour, though not in the exhausting fashion in which I am often compelled to at present. The practice of my art is a great part of me myself, it is the air in which I breathe. On the other hand, I would rather starve than play in public with only half my powers."

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Hamburg, Oct. 68.

I wanted a very quiet hour, dearest Clara, in which to put into words my heart-felt thanks for your letter. As I have not been able to find one, they shall at least come flying at my usual letter tempo. There is so much that is true in your letter — if not all — I must confess that with remorse and regret; but with pleasure and satisfaction I realise how kind it is — only an angel like you could have written so kindly. A thousand thanks; shall I believe, or dare I only hope, that your goodness will never again have cause to turn into forbearance?

Life is a wild polyphony, but a good woman like you, can often bring about some exquisite resolution of its discords.

1) That of Feb. 2nd, in which he advised her to give up her professional career.

Have you found the *Variations for two pianos*¹⁾, and could we not play them in Vienna? I have to go there and November will suit me perfectly."

FROM THE DIARY.

Friday, Oct. 30th. Concert at Oldenburg. I played very well — the letter which Johannes sent me to England, spurred me on to fresh efforts. We ended with some waltzes of Johannes for 4 hands, which he played with me — He is as nice to me as ever he can be.

Sunday, the 1st. At present we can think of nothing but our Julchen²⁾ and my mind continually conjures up all the difficulties that she will have to encounter. I am sorry that the man is an Italian, with whom I shall never be able to hold any real conversation. . . . This evening there was a party at Herr von Bolieu [Beaulieux?] at which Johannes and I played some wonderful Hungarian dances and were fêted with laurels and toasts.

Tuesday, the 3rd. Concert in Bremen. I played Beethoven's C minor concerto for the first time (which seems hardly credible), with real delight. I made a cadenza for it, which I really do not think is bad. This concerto was very hackneyed at one time, and that is why I did not study it; now, one seldom hears it.

Wednesday, the 4th. Departure of Johannes, who has been charming from beginning to end, and journey to Berlin. We picked up Eugenie at Wolfenbüttel, the brothers and sisters ought to see each other again. Arrived at Berlin in the evening — Ferdinand and Felix, dear boys, met us. . . .

Nov. 9th. Marie and I went to Breslau. Rubinstein gave a concert that night and I went to it; but I was furious for he no

1) By Schumann.

2) On the previous day she had heard from Divonne that Julie had made acquaintance with a certain Count Victor Radicati di Marmorito, and that he had asked her to be his wife. Clara was chiefly anxious on account of the difference of position and creed. Pecuniary considerations came second. "I have told her all my fears, though mainly for my own satisfaction, since love is not to be frightened, as I know from my own experience. Seldom can anyone have had greater obstacles to overcome than my Robert and I" (Diary).

longer plays, either there is a perfectly wild noise or else a whispering with the soft pedal down — and a would-be cultured audience puts up with a performance like this!

Nov. 17th. We arrived in Vienna at 8 p. m. Frau Streicher and young Oser met us. The latter took us to his family, who received us with the greatest friendliness. . . .

20th Johannes arrived to-day.

21st. First concert . . . I was very excited for two days before it, but I played very successfully and was enthusiastically applauded. . . .

23rd. The King of Hanover sent for me to Hietzing in the evening, and I spent quite two hours alone with him. . . . We had such a lively conversation that I found the time pass very quickly, only I kept thinking of poor Johannes who was waiting for me in the restaurant over the way. He had accompanied me, so that I need not go alone. . . .

28th. Second concert . . . I played Robert's *Variations for 2 pianos* with Johannes, in its original form with two 'cellos and a horn, which has a charming effect. . . . The audience did not receive the variations as enthusiastically as Johannes seems to have expected . . . but one must not look for too much appreciation from the public for anything so new and original. . . . If we give it again next year, things will be very different.

Dec. 4th. I do not feel at all well. I have never before been so nervous, and I find it difficult to concentrate my thoughts on my music while so much weighs upon my heart and mind. Made acquaintance with Professor Billroth and his wife.

On Dec. 20th Clara gave her last concert in Vienna. Early in January she went on a tour through Holland, and on the 20th she crossed to England, where she played in the provinces, as she had done the year before (only this time with Joachim) and also gave concerts in London. She stayed at first with the Burnands, and the pleasant days which she spent with the brother and sister greatly contributed to her comfort. Afterwards, when in February, she took private rooms for herself, the thoughtful sympathy of these friends showed itself in a thousand little attentions at every turn.

"I could never have believed that I should grow so fond of any foreigners" wrote Clara, on the day of her departure from England.

CLARA TO ROSALIE LESER.

"London, Feb. 3rd 1869.

My dear Rosalie

I am making use of a chance half-hour to write to you myself, which I have long been wanting to do. As you know, I have been frightfully busy — in the first week I played five times, and at the same time I was so unwell that I hardly know how I got through it. It was very uninspiring in the provinces, there was absolutely no understanding, but it is all the more delightful here. On Saturday I had the first afternoon concert, and on Monday the first evening Popular Concert. I only wish you could have heard my reception on both occasions, there was a genuine outburst of enthusiasm, friendly faces smiled at me on all sides, and one gentleman in the front row was very funny to see, he seized hold of a wooden foot-stool and kept on beating it on the floor. It was always a long time before I could begin, and I did not get through without encores, either time. But just think! in spite of this reception I was so nervous that something went wrong in every piece, though other things went all the better. On Monday we played Haydn's *G* major trio at the end — I wish you could have heard it — Joachim and I rivalled each other in high spirits. The public was electrified. I will tell you my programme for February: to-morrow, Thursday, I am playing for Leslie (subscription-concert) Mendelssohn's 2nd concerto and Beethoven's choral fantasia. On Saturday the 6th, there is the Popular Concert (in the afternoon), — *D* minor sonata, *B \flat* major trio. Monday, the 8th, Mendelssohn's *Var. serieuses*, and Beethoven's *F* major sonata with Joachim. Then I have a few free days before a recital at Bath on the 13th; on the 15th recital at Clifton; on the 17th an orchestral concert at Brighton; on the 20th, Crystal Palace; the 22nd, Popular Concert; the 23rd, Manchester (that will be a heavy day); the 27th, Popular Concert. So now you know all, and can always send me your good wishes when I am playing. God grant that I may get through it all successfully."

Among the pleasant incidents of this visit must be reckoned, in addition to the friendship of the Burnands and the great success of her concerts, Clara's meetings — all too few as she felt them to be — with Mrs Macfarren, "the most distinguished and gifted of women-musicians", intercourse with whom she always felt to be a source of intellectual stimulus.

Clara left London on April 10th.

TO BRAHMS.

"Frankfort, April 28th 1869.

.... As you see, I am back in my beloved Germany, though I left London with a sad heart, for I have made dear friends there (with whom I stayed for some weeks at the beginning of my visit) and my audiences too are almost like friends. I have never appeared without receiving the warmest sympathy from the public, and that is extraordinarily pleasant for an artist. It was not easy to fix on a moment for departure, but I keep to my conviction that a life such as artists lead in London cannot in the long run fail to be harmful to both body and mind and so I always set myself a definite limit."

On returning to Germany Clara went to stay with friends in Düsseldorf, Cologne, and Coblenz, and on April 23rd she paid her long promised visit to the Princess Wied, which she enjoyed very much — "My reception was most kind". — On May 3rd she was once more back in her little house in Baden.

FROM THE DIARY.

Baden-Baden, May 8th Julie arrived with Ludwig¹⁾, whom I had sent for from Dresden.... He looked very ill and jaded.

1) During the previous summer he had been occupying himself in Dresden with music, and seemed to find great satisfaction in it although he had absolutely no talent for it. "His music is something dreadful," complains his mother. "I give him a 2 hours' lesson every day, and he is most eager about it but he has no ear and no sense of

Julie was as merry and dear as ever, there is a charm about her which is irresistible and at the same time she has depth of feeling which draws one to her.

May 9th. Johannes brought Allgeyer over, and was very nice.

12th. We all went to a performance of the *Requiem* at Karlsruhe. Johannes conducted very well and Levi had studied the work with all possible love and care, but one missed the effect, which was so splendid in Bremen. . . .

13th. In the evening Johannes, Levi, and Allgeyer came. Johannes is going to stay in Baden. He has taken his old rooms at Frau Becker's.

June 10th. Becker was with us this evening. We had Robert's *D* minor trio, and Johannes' *A* major quartet, which he played himself and which gave me great pleasure, although my old fears that it will never be genuinely popular, returned. There are some such beautiful things in it.

To-day, Johannes brought me two exquisite movements for a quartet, the 1st and the last; the last was quite masterly, full of fire and inspiration. I should like some things altered in the first — perhaps he will alter it, as he himself does not seem quite satisfied with it. . . .

I am fallen on evil days, with anxiety on the one hand and on the other continuous ill-health and gloomy thoughts. I am sorry for the poor children's sake that I cannot be cheerful. Julie bears the uncertainty of her fate with extraordinary patience, she is always sweet and attentive to me — she has such a charming way of looking after me. . . .

At last, on Saturday, the 10th, came Marmorito's formal proposal for Julie, and on Sunday I wrote him my consent — But God knows my heart bled as I wrote.

In the evening Elise took us by surprise. She had come with Felix, and brought champagne, and so we celebrated Julie's betrothal day among ourselves.

rhythm. . . . His compositions are terrible, they are just a mass of Lobi's rules strung together, and yet he works so hard at them that I am quite anxious about him."

On Sunday, the 11th, we told our acquaintances of Julie's engagement. Of course I told Johannes first of all; he seemed not to have expected anything of the sort, and to be quite upset.

FROM THE DIARY.

July 16th. Johannes is quite altered, he seldom comes to the house and speaks only in monosyllables when he does come. And he treats even Julie in the same manner, though he always used to be so specially nice to her. Did he really love her? But he has never thought of marrying, and Julie has never had any inclination towards him. . . .

At the beginning of this month Johannes brought me some charming waltzes for 4 hands and 4 voices, sometimes two and two, sometimes all four together, with very pretty words, chiefly of the folk-song type. . . . They are extraordinarily attractive (charming even without the voices) and I very much enjoy playing them. . . .

Aug. 19th. I have seriously made up my mind to try and banish my gloomy thoughts, so that I may no longer cast a shadow over the lives of the children — I hope I may succeed. . . .

20th. Joachim came back. In the evening I went to see Mme. Viardot, and once more I could not help admiring, and to some extent envying, her high spirits; such people enjoy life in quite a different fashion from mine. In her house everything is as merry as if there were no sorrow in the world. . . .

24th. I went to Carlsruhe to hear Johannes' waltzes with the vocal parts sung by Fr. Murrjahn and Hausers, and Herr Stolzenberg. It was a very great treat. They are delightfully dainty and charming, of really remarkable musical form and melody. . . . They were delightfully rendered especially by Fr. Murrjahn, who is a most attractive singer. To see Levi when music like that is being performed, is a pleasure in itself. . . .

26th. A great surprise — the Burnands came from London to see us. . . . We were very much pleased, only we were sorry that they should have come just now when our heads and hearts are so full that we cannot enjoy their visit properly. . . .

27th. The dear Burnands spent the evening with us. One never feels ill at ease with them, they are so absolutely good and kind.

29th. This morning came Kapellmeister Schmitt (from Schwerin) with his little pupil, Emma Brandes, a girl of remarkable talent, who already plays with excellent technique she is 15¹/₂ I wish I could take the child to live with me. But we have too much to think about at present it is not possible¹).

Sept. 4th. A delightful letter from Felix, extraordinary for his age. After long hesitation he has quite decided on a musical career, but I have begged him to postpone his decision for a little while longer. . . . If only I could have the boy, and indeed all the children, always with me, what a difference it would make to me and to them. I should like them to carry the memory of a happy home-life into the world with them, and it is just this which is impossible. I am thinking much of Berlin for the future, it is now becoming the meeting-place of all the most distinguished artists. — If only the air there had a warmer and more inspiring influence upon the heart!

6th. The Burnands left to-day. . . . One seldom meets such loyal friends.

Sept. 14th. Marmorito came at last. I am glad that poor Julie's weary time of waiting is over. . . .

21st. We spent a very pleasant evening with the lovers; Frau Schlumberger, Levi, and Brahms were there, and we managed to be quite merry. We played Haydn's *Kinder-Symphonie*, and I played some Hungarian dances with Johannes, and afterwards some Strauss waltzes, and we drank *Ananasbowle*²). Levi, Brahms, and Allgeyer have given Julie lovely presents. I liked best a large picture of myself, for which Julie had been wishing, and a daguerreotype, also of me, which Johannes gave to Julie. . . . We were very pleased with two letters from Joachim to me and Julie, with which he sent, with his usual delicate thoughtfulness, Schwind's *Sieben Raben*, in memory of the sitting-room at home. . . .

22nd. The wedding took place in the Lichtenthaler Catholic Church. . . . After the Service we had a breakfast at our house, and then the happy pair went away. I succeeded in being strong

1) Just at this time of agitation, when the preparations were being made for Julie's wedding and they were also anxious about Count Marmorito's grand-father, who was dying, Clara received news of the death of her half-sister Clementine Bargiel, after only 3 days' illness.

2) *Translator's note*: Pineapple-cup.

while the others were present — their happiness threw a softening ray of light upon my poor, bleeding heart. . . .

End of September. Johannes brought me a wonderful piece, a few days ago, the words from Goethe's *Harzreise*, for alto, male chorus, and orchestra. He called it his bridal song. It is long since I remember being so moved by a depth of pain in words and music. . . . This piece seems to me neither more nor less than the expression of his own heart's anguish. If only he would for once speak as tenderly!

During the first half of the winter Clara was condemned to take a holiday, as shortly before she left Baden-Baden she injured her right hand. In consequence of this she spent October in visiting her friends in Düsseldorf, Coblenz, and Bonn. On Nov. 10th she moved to Berlin, that she might at least be near her children there. —

On Nov. 28th she played again in public, for the first time since her accident. On Dec. 7th she gave a second concert with Joachim, and on the 8th she set out for Vienna, where she stayed till Jan. 21st, giving a number of highly successful concerts. She spent two days in Dresden on her return journey, in order to see Ludwig: "I was horrified at his appearance, he looked so white." At the end of January and the beginning of February, Clara played in Cologne and Düsseldorf, and on Feb. 10th she set out for London.

TO BRAHMS.

"London, March 6th 1870.

I am making use of a free hour on Sunday to send you my best thanks for your letter, though the continuation does not follow as you promised at the end of your letter, and I should like to put in a good word for it. So you have nice rooms, have you? I cannot tell you how glad I am of that. I did not like to say so before, but your old rooms seemed to me very gloomy, and I never liked to think of you in them. Now you can take to yourself a nice young wife with a little money — and then it will be really home-like. I know what you think about all this, but I

so long for you to have a 'home', that I cannot help coming back to it — we women are like that, we keep on beginning all over again when our hearts are at stake. I hope you will remain in these rooms, and that I shall see you in them next winter — but before that, in Baden. Cannot you have a little stove put in? It would certainly be worth your while, for sometimes it is cold enough. We feel it less than we did, however, as the Burnands make us as comfortable as possible. They will not let us go, and we are only too ready to stay. In other respects things are going extraordinarily well — I am received with more enthusiasm than ever, and in spite of all nervousness I have been playing well, though I am dreadfully troubled by symptoms which appear in my arms and fingers. Almost every day brings me a fresh fright, which comes upon me from the void, and I try to spare myself as much as possible between one concert and the next, though it is very awkward to have to do so. So far, however, I have always been able to play, except that I had to telegraph from Calais to put off the first two concerts, as we sat there for three days, unable to cross, as no ship went out, on account of the terrible storm. It was a dreadful time; there was not a soul to speak to, not a book; we had nothing with us, and had to buy everything; a piano was not to be got, and finally we had no money left. I was punished enough for saying that two hours at sea are no longer than two hours on land. . . . Write and tell me about the *Meistersinger*, but not as if you were writing to an anti-Wagnerite."

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"[Vienna,] March 28th 70.

. . . . The *Meistersinger* has to be set up and knocked down five times. But the repetitions meet with just as many obstacles. This in itself naturally prevents the audience from becoming enthusiastic, as it takes a certain amount of go to arouse enthusiasm. I find them less sympathetic than I expected. I am not enthusiastic myself — either about this work or about Wagner in general. But I listen to it as attentively as possible, and as often — as I can stand it. It certainly is a subject that lends itself to discussion. All the same I am glad I have not got to say all I think, quite clearly and loudly etc. etc. One thing I know: in all else that I try my hand at, I tread on the heels of my pre-

decessors, whom I feel in my way — but I could write an opera with the greatest pleasure without feeling Wagner in the least in my way. . . .”

TO BRAHMS.

“Brussels, May 5th 1870.

. . . . We left London two days ago. — It was hard to say good-bye to our dear and excellent hosts, with whom we had become so much at home that they thought we could not possibly leave them. But the old German heart beats too strongly to hold out in a foreign land longer than duty requires; besides Germany holds all that is dear to me. But I do not wish to be ungrateful to the English who have — one and all — received me so kindly again. I gave some nice concerts at the end. At two of them we (Fr. Zimmermann and I) played your Hungarian dances, several of which were encored. I also played them with Marie at a private matinée, and we have played them here and there as opportunity offered.

I cannot tell you how I long for home, and yet who knows what trouble the summer may bring! Ludwig has been very ill and was in danger for 3 or 4 weeks, but he is better now. They kept it from me, which was a good thing as I should not have known what to do. . . . You can imagine the state of my feelings. I have begged Hübner to call in some doctors and to act for me — in a case like this a man is needed. In the end I shall be obliged to place Ludwig in an institute, for he cannot continue to live alone like this, and he will obey no-one. It is cruel of fate to lay such a burden upon me twice, but I am firmly resolved to bear it as calmly as a mother may. I know well that I have to live for the others, and after all the happiness that is left to me on earth, out-weighs the suffering — much good still remains.”

FROM THE DIARY.

June 1870.

. . . . I have not felt such pain as this since Robert's tragedy. . . . But I determined to master my sorrow, it is my sacred duty to live for the other children. . . . I began to play industriously, wrote a great deal, and in short, distracted my mind as best I could. But the nights were often bad: I used to see the poor

boy before me for hours together, looking at me with his good, honest eyes which I never knew how to resist. . . .

TO BRAHMS.

“Baden, June 19th 1870.

. . . . It is nice that you are coming, dearest Johannes. If only I really were the beautiful being that you paint so vividly! I have striven for this harmony of character all my life long, but it is difficult to attain, especially when life strikes such heavy blows. But I am becoming conscious of the fact that many things are won through continuous struggle and warfare, and am acquiring the tranquillity which I need for all our sakes.”

TO BRAHMS.

“Baden, June 28th 1870.

Dear Johannes

I should like to begin by abusing this Viennese business¹⁾ which comes just at the wrong moment and takes you away from me, but I am too fond of you not to set my own wish in the back-ground. You see, I have every desire to persuade you to it. You have so long been wanting a post of this sort, and now one offers itself which will give you a grand opportunity in one of the largest cities in Germany (you would find it terribly hampering if you were tied to a small town with mediocre capabilities; you would never stand it), with a good salary, and with not too much expected of you; — vacation for the whole summer (which is not bad for Baden, for instance) — and you think of refusing? You have really nothing to fear; you have several times shown how brilliantly you can conduct, and no one has your power of seizing a thing at first sight. . . .”

FROM THE DIARY.

June 1870. I received an invitation from Herbeck asking me in the name of the Beethoven-Committee in Vienna to take part

1) As soon as Brahms heard the sad news about Ludwig he offered to come to Clara at Baden, but at the last minute he had to give up the journey as he was offered Herbeck's post as conductor of the *Gesellschaftskonzerte*, and so could not leave Vienna.

in the Beethoven Festival on October 26th, but as I heard that Wagner and Liszt are to conduct, I could not accept any more than Joachim could. . . .

But then I heard from Johannes that it is not quite settled about Wagner and Liszt . . . so I wrote to Herbeck that it would give me the greatest pleasure to take part in this Festival, but that I could not give a definite answer until he told me who would be conducting. . . .

Many people never learn to treat children, according to their age¹⁾. But parents have to learn this lesson. . . . Children stand in a friendly relation to their parents when they are grown up, and a beautiful relationship it is. This is the case with Marie and me, and I find my highest happiness as a mother in it. Later on, I hope to find such another friend in Eugenie. At present she is too young but . . . she gives me great joy, she has improved so much during the last year.

July. Emma Brandes came [at the end of June] and spent a week with us — I very much enjoyed having her, and grew fonder of her every day. But it was an agitating time for me, I once more lived through my early youth again in her and in the delight of at length finding a talent after my own heart to train, and above all an interpreter of Robert, but often the sad thought came across me that soon there will be no further need of me — this girl will take my place. Her playing will perhaps never have the passion and fire of mine, but it is not necessary that it should, no two personalities are quite the same, everyone has his rights. I was amazed and delighted at each fresh piece she played me. When she seats herself at the piano an awestruck gravity comes over her, she is completely dominated by the music, and I have never seen this in any of the numerous girls who appear and disappear one after the other. . . . Emma Brandes is a simple child of nature, and who knows if when once love comes to warm her heart, her playing will not gain that fire and depth of feeling which springs from the joys and sorrows of life. . . .

1) She was very worried about Felix at this time. He was not getting on very well with Dr Planer, the master who had been educating him for so many years and who — possibly because he still looked upon Felix as a boy — was inclined to draw the reins too tight at times, and so to aggravate the difficulties of the situation.

July 8th. Lewinsky took us by surprise to-day. He gave us a very interesting account of the Oberammergau Passion Play, about which he is quite enthusiastic. He also described the performances of *Rheingold* and *Walküre* in Munich, but it was only the scenic effect which had really interested him.

On July 14th Clara gave a concert in Kreuznach, with Marianne Brandt. She returned to Baden by way of Frankfurt and Heidelberg, and found everywhere preparations being made for war.

TO ROSALIE LESER.

“Baden, July 17th 1870.

Dearest Rosalie

How glad I was to get your news when I came back from Kreuznach yesterday evening — I hope it will be confirmed to-morrow. Dear Elise will hardly be able to read my writing to-day, but I am terribly agitated at the thought of all that we have to go through. The confusion at the stations yesterday was indescribable; the whole nation seems to be fleeing, and everybody is going to their own home.

I was very glad when I found myself back here. If it were not for the house I should go away, but we shall have to stay here and protect it as well as we can. Only if the Algerian troops come, we shall leave everything to take care of itself, for they are said to be like wild beasts. Just think! my poor boy's turn has come, he will be drilled for 4 or 5 weeks from to-morrow, and then if it is really serious he will have to go. But at a time like this, when Germany herself is anxious about her sons, one must not think of one's own child.”

FROM THE DIARY.

July 21st. Johannes writes to-day, to say that he will come here to take care of us, much to our joy. No-one is allowed to use the railway any more . . . if anyone wishes to leave they must go by the military roads, and travelling is very slow. 24th. I have hidden all my valuables, and even some of the wine

in the cellar — People talk much of the *Turcos*¹⁾, and are very frightened of them. It is like a city of the dead here, all strangers have left, most of them having gone by way of Wildbad. . . . It is lucky that the children continue to be in good spirits, for though it contrasts with my own feelings, it has its good side and helps me to forget myself at times. We have been expecting Johannes hourly, but always in vain.

On the 28th came a letter from Brahms to say that since all communication by rail had broken down, he did not know how he could get to them.

TO BRAHMS.

“Baden-Baden, July 28th 1870.

Dear Johannes

You can fancy what a disappointment your letter, which I have just received, was. Ever since I got your last letter, a week ago, we have been expecting you daily, and that is why I did not write to Munich. . . . All those who have houses here themselves (Rosenhayns, Viardots, Guaitas) advised me to stay here quietly, as if there are not sufficient quarters for the soldiers those houses which are shut up are very likely to be opened and used, and then all one's things would be ruined. So I stayed, but in a state of continual nervousness as we have no man to protect us. Your promise to come seemed to me most kind, and at the same time was a great comfort, and I thought that if we should have to leave at a moment's notice, you would perhaps go with us to Switzerland. I have taken rooms in S^t Moritz, and it would do me a great deal of good to go there, but as I say, I dare not leave. We discuss the matter daily. If only one knew where the war will break out, but everything is so quiet, one can learn nothing. . . .”

FROM THE DIARY.

On Aug. 15th I suddenly decided to go to Axenstein, near Brunnen, for a fortnight. The Schmitts . . . (from Frankfort) are there, and one would find dear friends there. We packed on the

1) *Translator's note:* An Algerian regiment.

16th, and then, just when everything was almost ready, came a paper which said that the Swiss favour the French and that they had insulted the Germans in various ways. This made me feel very uncomfortable, and I unpacked everything again.... Aug. 18th we went to Iburg, from whence we saw various fires in the neighbourhood of Strassburg. Aug. 19th. News of a great victory at Metz.... the King of Prussia directed the whole battle he was on the field for the whole ten hours.... The telegram signed with his name came here at 10 o'clock at night, and all the bells in the town were set ringing at once, and the orchestra was called together. The people could not rest and wanted a flourish of trumpets.

We got a flag as we too wanted to decorate our house. The Emperor left Metz before the battle began.... He is hardly looked upon as Emperor any more in France, and has already undergone frightful humiliations. He deserves it, but I cannot help pitying him, and still more the poor French soldiers who are giving their all for their country just as ours are doing.

.... If only we had someone here who was more intimately connected with us, at a time like this one has a double need of someone to talk to.

TO ROSALIE LESER.

"Baden, Aug. 25th 1870.

At 8 o'clock last night, they opened fire on Strassburg, and the firing went on all night. We heard it, and yet we had to go to bed while out there the slaughter was beginning anew. Each fresh victory brings so much grief mingled with its joy that one is nearer to weeping than rejoicing. But how magnificently the King of Prussia is behaving! What a splendid feeling it is when one can honour a prince for his personal manly qualities! A man of over 70 behaves like a hero — it is wonderful; and at the same time every word he utters shows the nobility of his nature.... I wish I could glance into the halls of the *Frauenverein*¹⁾ in Berlin. The way in which everything is organised must be wonderful, and indeed one cannot help admiring the way in which every detail down to the very smallest, has been thought of in Prussia, so

1) *Translator's note*: Women's Association.

that it all seems to go by clock-work. What men they are who stand at the head, and what deeds of individual heroism one hears of! Think of their climbing the Spicherer Berg without firing a shot, while all the time they were being fired on from above. And what have they done in Strassburg? They turned the river out of its course under the walls of the fortress, so that no water could flow in the trenches, and then two men with bags of powder on their backs crawled to the sluices and succeeded in placing them there; they were seen but they were not hit. Then they sent a well-directed shot into the bags of powder and destroyed what they wanted to destroy. I call that courage.

The poor Parisians are being continually deceived; it is pitiful. What a disillusionment they will have!

I go on for ever. Burn this chaotic letter, dearest Elise."

TO ROSALIE LESER.

"Baden, Aug. 30th 1870.

Dearest Rosalie

Just a line to tell you that Ferdinand writes to say that he was sent to Metz last night. You can imagine how terrified I am, and what a struggle goes on in my heart. I will try with all my might to control the wild beating of my heart. May heaven protect both him and us.

.... For two days we have been making woollen bandages. Frau Kann's daughter is sending 500 into the camp at Mundolsheim to-night.

The firing on Strassburg still continues, they say it is to be stormed to-day. How terrible a slaughter there will be again!"

TO ROSALIE LESER.

"Baden, Sept. 1st 1860.

.... A little countling arrived in Turin at 9 o'clock yesterday evening. Both mother and child are doing very well. . . .

Ferdinand hoped to see you, he is spending two days in Cologne on his way through. We telegraphed to him to-day, to take woollen shirts, tea, and chocolate with him. Young Böcking wrote to his mother from Metz, to say that these things were great comforts to the soldiers."

FROM THE DIARY.

Sept. 3rd. The firing on Strassburg is terrible to-day, the whole air rumbles with it, even as far as this. . . .

Great news [Sedan] There are great rejoicings in the town, all houses are decked with flags, and the guns thunder incessantly. There is a general hope that the war will end.

I would have given I don't know what, to have seen the two potentates greet each other.

Sept. 7th. For 2 days the firing on Strassburg has been incessant, it goes through and through one.

Sept. 18th. I have quite decided to pass the next few months in Berlin, and not to go to Vienna. I would rather be in the centre of Germany, where one can talk to those who think like oneself."

TO JOACHIM.

"Baden, Sept. 14th 1870.

. . . . I have suffered greatly all through this time, and my heart is still filled with the thought of all the grief that this terrible war is bringing to so many, and especially of the poor defeated soldiers of whom one's heart bleeds to think. It will not be possible to rejoice and glory in the heroic courage shown by the Germans, and to feel exalted by it as one should, until the recollection of all the horror has faded to some extent. . . ."

TO FELIX SCHUMANN.

"Baden, Sept. 16th 1870.

Dearly beloved Lix

I have already embraced you many times in spirit for the dear letters with which you have given me so much pleasure, but I could not tell you about it as I have had an enormous amount of correspondence, much of it sorely against my will. As to my ordinary large, friendly correspondence, about which you ask, you must consider how many people I get to know and to like on my journeys, how they constantly shower love and kindness upon me, and that I can give them nothing in return except my affection, and indeed this strength of affection is one of the foundations of my character. To drop out of intercourse with those

who have been near to me, gives me pain, and since there are now many such, if I wish to keep up any relations with them my correspondence must be large. But above all, my chief desire is naturally to keep up as regular intercourse as possible with you all, you who are my dearest possessions upon earth. Parted though we are, one heart-beat must unite us, we must share each others' interests and experiences, and since unfortunately we have to be separated so often, this is only possible if we constantly exchange news; when this is not the case there can, in my opinion, be no true intimate understanding. You are still very young, but I believe you have sufficient intelligence and perception to understand this."

TO BRAHMS.

"Berlin, Nov. 20th 1870.

Dear Johannes

I must not delay to tell you what is pleasing us all very much, and what you too cannot but be glad to hear, and that is that your *B♭* major sextet, which was magnificently played by Joachim at the last quartet-concert, had a brilliant success. Every movement was received with enthusiasm, and the scherzo was encored. I never heard it so well played, and enjoyed it enormously. What a pity that you were not there! The days fly by here almost as fast as they do in London, as the distances are tremendous, and in spite of the war and all the other misery, concert-correspondence is in full swing. . . .

So far we have had good news from Ferdinand, though the misery which he has to endure is very great, and the best we have to hope for is that he should return to us unhurt."

LETTER OF THANKS FROM THE "SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE FAMILIES OF THOSE CALLED TO SERVE THE FLAG" TO CLARA.

"Berlin, Dec. 7th 1870.

Honoured Madam

It is our pleasant duty to express to you the warmest and most sincere thanks of our Society for the performances in aid of the needy families of men called from Berlin to serve the Flag, in which you were good enough to take part on the 1st of this

month. In the repeated expressions of enthusiastic admiration which your performance called forth from all members of the large audience without exception, you will have found the best and most satisfactory proof that your art, and the fame which you had already won for yourself, enabled you to lend real aid to the brave defenders of the Fatherland in their pressing need.

Hoping that such noble use of artistic power may ever be rewarded with all success, and with the deepest respect

The Committee
for the Berlin Society for the support of the families of those called
to serve the Flag

Countess Wrangel
née v. Below

Countess Bismarck
née v. Puttkamer

Crannt."

CLARA TO ROSALIE LESER.

"Berlin, Dec. 23rd 1870.

God knows how Christmas Eve weighs on my heart this year. I would far rather have no Christmas tree, but Felix and Eugenie are still too young to be asked to give themselves up entirely, as we do, to the terrible seriousness of the time. So for their sakes I shall sacrifice myself and keep the festival. But it is impossible to think of it with any happiness, our hearts are out there with our dear ones who are freezing to-night, God knows where, as they have frozen so often. Ferdinand tells us that he has been through terrible experiences but, God be thanked, he is well. Unfortunately the last transport, with all its loving gifts from here (chiefly warm things), did not meet them till they were at Kehl; there were 8 wagons full of boxes."

FROM THE DIARY.

Dec. 31st 1870. A sad year is coming to an end. What will the next one bring? A united Germany? One hopes so—Many of those whose sons have fallen find their comfort in this hope. Poor parents!

On Jan. 2nd Clara went to Breslau, where she gave a concert. She returned to Berlin on the 4th, and on the 6th

she set out on a lengthy concert tour through West Germany, Holland, and England.

FROM THE DIARY.

Düsseldorf, Jan. 14th. I went to see Frau Wichmann¹⁾, the woman who has been so sorely tried. Her only son fell at Spicherer Berg. She bears her sorrow admirably — and her art is a comfort to her as mine was, and is, to me.

Jan. 15th. Another pleasant Sunday with the Bendemanns. If I could see more of these dear, worthy people what a gain it would be, and how it would strengthen my heart! They have 4 sons at the war — God be thanked there is good news from all of them. . . . Their son Felix²⁾ was in a sea-fight between the *Meteor* and a French vessel off Havannah, when two of his comrades fell beside him, and he remained unhurt. Afterwards he had a severe illness and recovered. How glad one is to hear of such good fortune.

Jan. 16th. We went to Cologne for a *Gürzenich* concert and stayed with dear Julie Deichmann, who always receives us most affectionately. Marie and Eugenie were with me — Eugenie travelled with us from Berlin — she shall stay with me now.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

“London, Feb. 5th 1871.

14 Hyde Park Gate, Kensington.

. . . . So we are back in England again, this time after a somewhat longer crossing which was not exactly pleasant as we had a violent snow-storm and could hardly land at Dover. However we reached our good friends³⁾ at last . . . and they greeted us most warmly. We have no conception of such hospitality in Germany. . . . So it all goes on, and yet — I dare breathe it to my most trusted friends — there is scarcely an hour in which I

1) An artist.

2) Afterwards Admiral Felix von Bendemann, who was commander of the North Sea station when he retired. One of the few naval officer who won the Iron Cross in 1870/71.

3) Mr Burnand and his sister.

do not give vent to some secret sighs for Germany¹⁾, though I hardly like to confess it to myself, as it seems so ungrateful. But I feel all the time, how every thread of my heart binds me to Germany. And this time there comes in addition the anti-German feeling of the English who sympathise (as in itself it is a nice thing to do) with the weaker side, and therefore with the French. At first I thought it was jealousy on their part because we Germans had shown ourselves great for once, but the Germans who live here assure me that it is not this, but compassion. But one has to listen to many things which it is difficult to swallow quietly, though silence is best — especially for women in questions of politics.

10th. A long, involuntary pause, as you see; and how much has happened during these 5 days! God knows how I shall ever succeed in mastering the nervousness which so often comes over me. And yet, as a rule I play as well as ever though often I am more miserable than I can say between one piece and the next. — Again, I cannot make up my mind to play from note, I always feel as if I were cramped and could not spread the wings which still possess some power of soaring — though in art rather than in life, for the latter never ceases to present me with fresh trials. My hearing²⁾ varies, sometimes it is better and sometimes worse. God be thanked, we are somewhat less anxious about Ferdinand — we know that at least he is no longer in continual danger. All the young people feel a really diabolical longing to go to Paris, where anything might happen to them.

It is to be hoped that they will not enter.

I was very glad to hear of your success at the philh. concert. You will produce your whole *Requiem* next, will you not? When? Are you going to Bremen again on Good Friday? We expect Joachim to-morrow, he is playing on Monday for the first time. I am very glad that he is coming for I find it difficult to play with anyone else, it all seems so insipid — I have had an extraordinary reception here again — they really greet me as if

1) The diary for Jan. 27th runs: "Capitulation of Paris. If only we could have been in Germany to-day. But we meet with no sympathy here."

2) *Translator's note*: For some time Clara had been troubled with slight deafness.

they loved me. How stupid it is not even there to be able to get rid of my nervousness. . . . Marie and Eugenie send their best love. Eugenie is seeing London in quite the proper style, and the people here like her. Marie finds it a great pleasure and comfort to have her with her, as she must often find it difficult when she is alone with me."

FROM THE DIARY.

Feb. 3rd. I saw Mme. Erard and the Schöffers to-day. I am so sorry for them — they had to leave la Muette eight months ago, and what ravages it has suffered since then, especially under the Commune! What excellent people they are! They have brought with them some German work-men who had to flee from Paris, and are supporting them though they have no work to give them. . . .

Feb. 22nd. A very pleasant evening at the Victor Beneckes'. Jenny Lind sang some of Mendelssohn's songs and one of Schumann's, gloriously. . . . What feelings stole over me as I once more listened to her, and how it revived the intense rapture, which I felt when first I heard her. Her voice has almost gone, but many of her notes, still have that veiled sound, a charm, a power of moving the heart, that is indescribable. . . .

Feb. 26th. . . . A nice evening with the Burnands. We gave them a surprise by playing Haydn's *Kindersymphonie*. Frau Benary and her companion, the Joachims, Horsley (the painter) and Strauss all took part in it. Miss Burnand very much enjoyed it, and was in fits of laughter over the expressions on the faces of the performers. . . .

March 25th. Played at the Popular Concert. Very nervous over the scherzino from *Faschingsschwank* which I had just learnt, and played by heart. I succeeded in playing it very well, and had to repeat it. I played it by M^r Burnand's advice, as he liked it so much when I played it to him at his own house. He is generally as good as a thermometer to show what the public will feel — he knows nothing of music, but is very fond of it and listens with an absolutely unprejudiced mind. People like that are very useful to gauge the opinion of the public, and I have often played him things before putting them on my programme, in order to see what effect they will have. Of course he often gets to like a thing

better when he had heard it several times, and in the same way many things have to be played in public several times, but one must be careful to choose the right moment for the first performance, while the audience is still fresh. . . .

April 15th. I went to *Sonnambula* this evening, to hear Patti. . . .

Monday, April 17th. Was a noteworthy day in the history of my life, and one which there is no need to mark with red. While we were dinning at the Townsends (the Burnands being at home) all my jewellery was stolen during the 20 minutes while the Burnands were at dinner. The thieves climbed in at the window, bolted the doors inside, lighted the candles, and broke open everything in my room, though after turning out everything, even to the pockets of my dresses, they took nothing but jewellery and money throwing all the other things about in the room and leaving them there. Some things which they could not open in their haste — such as a music-portfolio, and a photograph album containing pictures of the children and of various friends, which I specially valued — they carried off with them. . . . There were fortunate as well as unfortunate circumstances in the case, but the unfortunate predominated. M^r Burnand brought back the diamond brooch that I have worn for so many years, that same afternoon, from the jeweller's and as I was not at home, he laid it on my toilet-table. . . . Then, as I was leaving the house I had taken off my watch and chain, and being in a hurry I had put on no ornaments except a couple of pins which I once gave Robert, of which I am very fond, and which (by another lucky chance) I was wearing. . . . I was naturally very much upset, but my feelings were for the time quite put in the shade by the despair of the Burnands. . . . Of course my first care was to set their minds at rest I have received on all sides a sympathy which really warms my heart.

JENNY LIND TO CLARA.

“[London,] April 18th 1871.

Dear Mme Schumann

It is horrible, it is shameful, that you should be robbed of your keepsakes. It cuts one to the heart. There must certainly be a hell in store for the wicked, wicked men. At least they must be far from God — and that is hell enough. I cannot re-

frain, dear friend, from begging you to accept the accompanying little brooch with my love, and to wear it on Thursday. The old Queen of Sweden gave it me, years ago, and as I have a bracelet and several other things as well from her, you need feel no qualms, and it would give me real and great pleasure to know that you had something of mine. One has received so much from you and your husband that it is pardonable to nourish a wish to give you some tiny outward token of love and respect, and to buy anything to give you would not be in accordance with my feelings. I have often worn the brooch. Oh! how sorry I am that you should have been robbed!

In warm love

Your

Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt."

FROM THE DIARY.

Coblenz, May 10th. An interesting afternoon. We drove to the great square where the barracks stand in which the French prisoners are confined, visited them, saw part of the hospital, and then went to call on the superintendent of the whole place, drank *Maitrank*¹⁾ with him, and had a very pleasant concert of French military music. Their instruments had been fetched from Metz, and they even play in the theatre at Coblenz. They played very well under a really good conductor — nothing but light French music of course, but it was quite nice to listen to. They looked cheerful, but many a one may have had a heart full of sorrow and anger. . . .

On the 11th I took my leave in spite of pressing invitations to stay longer. I was longing for home. That evening I was once more with the dear children; Johannes, who has been here for some weeks, came round in the evening, and we celebrated our re-union by making a May-bowl. My heart was indeed, thankful and happy. . . .

This month brought sorrow and joy. The greatest sorrow was the very sad news from Elise who went to see Ludwig in Dresden and found him in a hopeless state. . . . His condition is becoming worse and worse. . . . I often feel stunned when I think of

1) *Translator's note:* A sort of hock-cup, very popular in Germany: May-bowl is the same.

him — I, an old woman, enjoy life yet, and a poor young fellow like that is condemned to pass it in darkness of mind. . . . Johannes gave me great pleasure with a new composition, Hölderlin's *Schicksalslied* a beautiful work for chorus and orchestra. I played but little myself, though I gave lessons to little Natalie Janotha, who has great virtuoso-talent. . . .

June. This month brought a noteworthy day, the 16th, when the troops entered Berlin. . . . Ferdinand made the entry with them — I was unspeakably glad when I heard from him that he had got through the day successfully, for the exertion in the tremendous heat must have been indescribable. . . . Our thoughts and hearts were there on this day; we should have been so glad to have seen Ferdinand amongst those who were returning to their homes, I should much have liked to give him this pleasure, but it would have been unwise under the circumstances."

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"St Moritz, July 15th 1871.

. . . . The Bernese Oberland is grand but not restful. There is no sign of that fresh, flowering vegetation which makes glad the heart of man, nothing but desolate, naked rocks covered with snow, and here and there some wretched-looking pine-trees which seem to find no pleasure in living. Certainly the lakes have wonderful blues and greens, but they seem dead — one feels as if there could not be the tiniest of fish in them. However, we must hold out, for the air is magnificent and prevents one from ever feeling the sun too hot. Unfortunately I have not been able to walk much since I came here. . . . Have you ever been from Zürich to Chur? I think it is the most beautiful train-journey I know. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more beautiful or inspiring combination of grandeur and charm. At Ragatz I let Marie, Eugenie and Felix get out and look at Pfeffers. Elise and I drove towards beautiful Chur. From thence we came on here in a posting-carriage. I thought it would be delightful, but it was dreadful, one of the most horrible journeys I ever experienced. All day long the burning sun beat down on our heads, no sunshade proving any protection, and we were enveloped in a cloud of dust from start to finish. I felt so wretched when I arrived here, that I was really afraid that I was in for an illness; but

a night's rest put everything right. In this respect I am like a child, a night's rest usually enables me to get over an attack of that sort. What do you think! Whilst I write, Marie and Felix are roaming about Milan, and this evening I hope they will be with Julie. The decision was made very suddenly — I never thought of it before. Marie who as a rule never has a wish for herself, or rather never expresses one if it entails my spending money, dreamed day and night of the Lake of Como (the scenery here impressed her with the same sense of desolation that I feel in it) and said continually how glorious it would be to make an excursion there — in short, I allowed her to go with Felix."

On Aug. 14th Clara returned to Baden-Baden, where to her great distress she found their faithful old cook, Josephine, very ill: "The doctor insisted that we must send her to the hospital . . . and when the good faithful girl was taken away, next morning, I was so miserable that I sat down and cried as if she had been one of the family. . . . Alas! she had been at the hospital barely 3 days when she died" (Diary).

On the 22nd Clara's second grandchild, Robert, was born.

FROM THE DIARY.

Bremen, Nov. 8th. The concert went off very well. I was specially delighted with Brahms's *Rhapsodie*, which Frau Joachim sings wonderfully, and which Reinthaler had worked up very carefully. What a marvellous thing it is! It grips one's very heart, and the place where the men's voices come in is really heavenly. . . . The public finds it hard to understand, it is grave and profound from the first note to the last.

Munster, Nov. 23rd. There was an eventful concert on the 2nd day. Just as the 3rd number began (Frau Joachim's song, *Orpheus*) an alarm of fire broke out, but the audience stayed in their seats as it was said to be nothing. . . . It was very funny when first the disturbance began, and the music gradually faded away. . . . At last, after this had been going on for a quarter of an hour, an architect stepped on to the platform and gave us his word that there was nothing to fear. . . . people grew calm again and the concert continued. Before long the audience was once more in

its previous condition, and there was real enthusiasm. Frau Joachim was recalled and so were I and Schulz. Frau Joachim sang *Frühlingsnacht* as an encore and I accompanied her. A veritable storm of applause ensued. . . . There was to have been a chorus from the *Messiah* at the end, but Grimm saw that the audience was too excited to quiet down into a suitable frame of mind, so he stepped forward and said he believed that after listening to so many beautiful things the public would allow him to leave out the final chorus. This was greeted with loud cheers, and everybody stood up. That is what I call a sensible way of having music. . . .

Berlin. End of November Joachim has been speaking to me about the *Hoch-Schule*¹⁾. He wants me to become music-teacher there this very next spring. But it is quite out of the question. I promised to consider the matter and to write to him about it before the New Year.

On Dec. 6th Clara went to Frankfort, but, owing to a violent attack of rheumatism in her arm, she was not able to play until the 16th. On the 20th she played in Düsseldorf, and she spent Christmas there with Rosalie Leser.

TO BRAHMS.

“Cassel, Jan. 1st 1872.

My first letter in the New Year, with the first German Empire post-mark, is to you, dear Johannes. You should have received my greeting to-day (You know that I like to observe certain days) but I have been having an anxious time during these days before the New Year, and my thoughts have been so occupied that I could not collect them. It has to do with the *Hoch-Schule*, which up to two days before the New Year I thought I had finished with, as I had long ago made up my mind. I had to write to Joachim (he had fixed on New Year's Eve as the last date on which I must answer) and now on all sides, and above all by Marie, representations were made to me that I ought not unconditionally to throw away a certainty like this, and that at least I might propose conditions which would suit me, so that I might

1) *Translator's note:* The Berlin Conservatoire.

have nothing to reproach myself with, later. The Bendemanns in particular, were very much in favour of it, especially on account of the children who would then have a home once more, Ferdinand would be able to live with us, Felix could pass his holidays with us, and there were many other advantages. I wrote therefore, to say that I would not give a flat refusal, but that I must make certain conditions¹). . . . In all my life I have seldom found anything so difficult as sending off this letter. Everybody thinks that these conditions will not be accepted — I do not want to be reckless, but I must confess that I hope they will not. If only I had been able to discuss it with you for a few minutes! Do you not think that I have done right to act thus for the sake of the children?"

In January, after giving concerts in Cassel, Frankfort, and Barmen, Clara once more crossed to England and became the guest of the Burnands. Felix, who had just passed his examination with distinction, was her fellow-guest for three weeks, much to her delight.

TO BRAHMS.

"London, Feb. 21st 1872.

. . . . As to myself, I have this much good news to send, my reception has been enthusiastic, and people say that I never played so well, etc. etc. Unfortunately I am suffering frightfully from rheumatism in the muscles of my arms and fingers, so that I am filled with anxiety from one engagement to the next. Although I practise everything p.p. I am tired out at the end of an hour — and of course the rheumatism settles most in the limbs which are most used.

Yesterday I was given a shock by something Joachim said. He wrote that I must be in Berlin from Oct. 1st onwards, and

- 1) 1. A salary of 4000 thaler a-year for life, with leave of absence for the 5 months, February, March, July, August, and September.
2. The work not to be taken up until Oct. 1st 1872.
3. A free choice as to the pupils who compose my class.
4. Perfect freedom as to performing in public myself . . . and as to the acceptance of pupils outside the High School. (From the letter to Joachim Dec. 28th 1871.)

therefore I must make no plans for this period (I had just been doing so, as hearing no more of the matter I thought it was all over). I did not sleep all night — If I accept it, I believe I shall be miserable. All night long I debated whether I would write to him and tell him to say no more about it, as I felt that I could not do it. But I do not want to be guilty of over-hastiness."

TO BRAHMS.

"London, Feb. 27th 1872.

Dear Johannes

Though I do not know where you are, I cannot wait to hear from you, for I should like to be, the first to tell you that we played your *A* major quartet at the Popular Concert yesterday. That in itself is not much, but the reception was enough to rejoice any heart. You know that hitherto I have never been able to bring about a performance of it, but this time I made it a condition, and so I am doubly pleased that — Davison¹⁾ notwithstanding — matters fell out as they did. Every movement was loudly applauded; after the adagio the clapping seemed as if it would never end, and after the finale we were recalled. There is no need for me to tell you with what love we played it. I send you the programme.

I have just begged your Hungarian dances from Simrock — shall I be able to master some of them? The Berlin affair is off my mind now. It is true that Joachim says that he does not consider the matter ended and perhaps I shall make up my mind to it next year, etc. But I stuck to it that I feel it impossible. How glad I was when I had spoken out!"

FROM THE DIARY.

London, Feb. 1872. We saw Stockhausen several times. . . . He came here on the chance, and has not had many engagements. The English do not understand him; they cannot, since they do not understand German and therefore cannot appreciate his peculiar gift, which is the interpretation of German songs. But their judgment of singing is altogether different from ours; they

1) Musical critic of the *Times*.

demand voice, training and *aplomb* and they also like warmth; but in Germany . . . with all that we require interpretation, such as Stockhausen gives. If one is incapable of appreciating the way in which by tone and enunciation he gives each word its full meaning one is incapable of appreciating him. But much as the English love music, this depth of feeling, this perfect, profound respect for the sacredness of art, is incomprehensible to them, a fact probably due to their early training. . . .

I had tremendous success with the Glück gavotte, arranged by Johannes. I gave it as an encore one evening at a Popular, and the audience was beside itself. One lady — on Englishwoman of course — sent for Herr Benedict after the concert and told him she wished him to give her daughter a lesson on this gavotte. I managed to sell it to Novello for £ 20, which pleased me very much for Johannes' sake.

London, April 1872. I gave my annual farewell matinée at the Burnands' on the 20th. . . . However I had to remain for some days longer as the Queen invited me to play at Buckingham Palace. . . . Mme. Neruda, and Frl. Regan, and some gentlemen also took part in it. It was a good room for music, though not large — 700 people were invited (it took place from 5 to 7) and about 100 were in the hall, the greater number standing behind empty seats. With the Queen sat the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Louise....

FROM THE DIARY.

Baden-Baden, May 1872. . . . Wagner has been much in my thoughts again, the papers are full of his name, and everybody talks about him. The foundation-stone of the Bayreuth Theatre has just been laid, and all artists of note were collected there, with the exception of Johannes and Joachim. . . .

This enthusiasm for Wagner seems to me a kind of disease which sweeps across a country and carries away the very best people. . . .

June. This month opened with a great musical treat. The Philharmonic Society in Carlsruhe had asked Levi (who is going to Munich) to conduct a farewell concert, and to give a performance of Johannes' *Triumphlied*. Stockhausen and I had also promised to take part, and under these conditions the concert was held in the theatre at Carlsruhe on the 5th. . . . The *Triumph-*

lied was of course the climax — it was just like a musical festival; people had come from all parts even from Vienna. . . . Johannes' *Triumphlied* is certainly the deepest and grandest piece of Church music since Bach. Though the chorus was too small to be powerful enough the work as a whole made a profound impression upon the musicians and connoisseurs. — The general public at least treated it with respect. Levi had everything that could possibly be done with the little chorus and orchestra. . . . Johannes was called on to the platform at the end. The audience waited until he made his way out from the 2nd row, which took some time, and that means a good deal at the end of a concert. I was so glad. . . . I got on very well, and Stockhausen sang beautifully, he was in splendid form. — Altogether it was a most successful concert and left us all in the most exalted frame of mind. There was a banquet after it . . . we were . . . very merry — Of course I took Marie and Eugenie with me, and I sent for Felix from Heidelberg¹). . . .

FROM THE DIARY.

Baden-Baden, July 1872.

The Lazaruses came on the 7th, and pressed me to go Inter-laken with them for a week, so as to get a breath of fresh air. Marie and Eugenie . . . should follow later, and we would go to Scheideck. I decided to do so We set out on the 13th — I felt it a real struggle to leave the children We spent the next 9 days very pleasantly together [in *Pension Ober* at Inter-laken] Herr Lazarus often read aloud to us, and in the evenings we always sat on their balcony. . . . I usually spent the mornings in the wood at little Rugen, where there are solitary benches from which one gets a view over the lakes. I used to write letters there, and I felt really refreshed by Nature, I steeped myself in her so that the impression will long remain with me.

August 16th. I never remember feeling so unwell as I did on the first day I got back. It must have been the strain of the journey and the excitement that followed, and particularly the

1) He had been studying there since the beginning of the summer session.

shock which the sight of Julie gave me¹). She looked to me as if she were just recovering from a severe illness. . . .

. . . . Our dear one stayed with us until Sept. 27th. We saw her growing worse and worse day by day, and could do nothing. No doctor could help her; she had worn out her delicate frame in all the cares of household and children. . . . I knew indeed that this loss must come, but I little guessed how soon the blow was to fall. How I had been looking forward to providing little distractions for her by asking people in, taking her to concerts etc. but all intellectual enjoyments were mingled with physical suffering. . . . The latter days of September were dreadful — my heart bled continually. Julie pressed on to Paris, to Frau Schlumberger, who had promised to go South with her — there she hoped to find alleviation or cure. . . . We often asked her if she would not stay quietly in our house for the winter, and await her confinement there, but her thoughts always turned towards the South, and she fixed her hopes on it — poor doomed child.

TO LEVI.

“Heidelberg, Nov. 12th 1872.

. . . . I have to tell you the sad news that our dear Julie passed away quietly on the evening of the 10th. You can imagine what grief it is to us, but I am calm, for since the first day that I saw the dear child again in Baden, I felt convinced that she had not long to live. Her first kiss struck me to the heart — I have never lost this feeling of anxiety for a moment, and from this springs my calmness now, from this and from the fact that I suffered so terribly in the loss of my dear child three years ago — it seemed to me then that she was gone from me for ever.”

On Nov. 13th Clara left Heidelberg, and after a short visit to the Pachters in Munich, went on to Vienna where she was giving some concerts with Frau Joachim. She and Eugenie stayed with Brahms's friends, the Ebners, while Marie went to the Osers. Here Clara was surprised and delighted by a visit from Ferdinand, who could not rest without coming to see his mother after his sister's death.

1) Julie and her eldest child met Clara at Baden on her return.

CLARA TO LEVI.

"Vienna, Dec. 10th 1872.

.... I must tell you that the *Triumphlied* went magnificently on Sunday. The effect of orchestra, chorus, and organ was grand. It was as well received as we could expect at the first time of hearing. Marie is collecting some notices for you. . . . I think of leaving Vienna on Monday. Our concerts were brilliant; the last was full to over-flowing, and it was just the same in Pesth. Unfortunately the hall was not to be had again before Christmas, so that we could not give a 4th concert. I will make up for it next autumn D.V. Heaven knows what we shall do later on! I think and think to which city I shall bend my steps. Berlin would be best, in spite of everything, but it is too frightfully dear and uncomfortable. . . ."

CLARA TO WOLDEMAR BARGIEL.

"Vienna, Dec. 11th 1873.

Dear Woldemar

I have been very anxious to write and thank you for your words of sympathy, but my hand is so still painful that I really ought not to write at all, only I should find it difficult to dictate a letter to you, and it would be quite impossible if I am to speak, of our dearly loved Julie. Ah! what a loss for all of us! She was everything, daughter, sister, wife, and mother in the truest sense of the words. You have known nothing of her since her marriage — How magnificently her character had developed! What a treasure she was to her husband, of whom my heart bleeds to think — I feel as if I had no right to complain, when I think of him.

You will have heard from Cécilie that I am carrying on my artistic work. It was difficult, but art has always been my most faithful comrade, and is so still; it finds a vent for the soul's anguish and gives balm to the heart. And if I look round me and see what rich treasures are left to me in my other children, I cannot but cast my eyes towards heaven with a grateful heart, and find strength and courage to endure everything."

On Dec. 16th Clara left Vienna and went to Berlin, where she stayed with the Simrocks until Jan. 13th, giving concerts with Frau Joachim on Dec. 28th and Jan. 5th. On Jan. 13th

she went to Leipsic for a concert in the *Gewandhaus*, and stayed there with the Freges until the 20th, when she went to the Bendemanns at Düsseldorf. On the 25th she left for London.

FROM THE DIARY, 1873.

January. Leipsic.

. . . . I played Robert's *Concertstück* in *G* major (*E* minor) in the *Gewandhaus* on the 16th. — The audience may scarcely have understood it, but I enjoyed it all the more myself — a wonderful work! Romanticism in full flower, exquisitely scored and with most interesting development, rather in Bach's manner, in short a magnificent thing. My solos were loudly clapped, and I had to yield to the applause though it means practically nothing except that it is the present fashion, and that people want to hear something more, whether they happen to have liked the solos or not My old friend Voigt had a surprise in store for me. After Robert's death he was left with a sum of money in hand which friends had subscribed for the expenses of the illness. This he invested, without my having any idea of its existence, and now he handed me over papers to the value of 3500 thaler I was deeply moved. I call that real friendship.

London. February, March 1873.

. . . . I had to begin by playing at a Popular Concert on Feb. 10th, then at Liverpool on the 11th, and on the 12th and 15th in London again. . . . My reception at the first "Pop." was tremendous, it was a long time before I could seat myself at the piano for the applause would not cease In Liverpool I played Brahms's quartet in *A* which was very warmly received, much to my surprise as the public here is far less receptive than that in London. . . .

Joachim came to see me with reference to the Festival at Bonn in Robert's honour, and to the erection of a memorial at the grave. He is to conduct at the Festival and he asked me if I would play. All my feelings as a woman rose against the idea, but as an artist I considered that I ought not to be absent So I consented, and the glad thought that Joachim was to conduct contributed not a little to make the idea of the Festival more and more agreeable to me

On the 28th I played at the Institute for the Blind. At first I was struggling with my tears while I was playing, the sight of all these poor blind people made me so sad. . . .

On March 10th Fräulein X. had her last lesson, thank God. Never have I come across an amateur who played at once so well and with such appalling dreariness My arm was giving me great pain all this time, I humoured it between one concert and the next, but I could practise very little and had to reduce rehearsals to the minimum, which made me very anxious about the future. . . . The 12th, 2nd recital. Huge enthusiasm I played Schubert's *B♭* major sonata, I think for the first time in public. . . . 17th I played Bach's *E* minor organ prelude and fugue for the first time. I could never have believed they would make such an impression on the public — but I was inspired as I seldom am by Bach when I play him in public, he puts such a tremendous strain upon every faculty

. . . . At the 4th recital I played my trio for the first time in public. It was very kindly received, and I had to repeat the scherzo. Joachim and Piatti played it very sympathetically and I could not have wished for a better performance

TO BRAHMS.

"London, April 12th 1873.

I have taken the flat in Berlin¹⁾, but I have not yet made up my mind whether to sell my house at once (i. e. in the autumn) and take all my furniture with me, or to keep the house and try the winter in Berlin by way of experiment. There is something to be said on each side. The whole business has given me many bad quarters of an hour — I am so fond of Baden itself, even though I miss the intercourse with this or that family. Above all things, there is my seat on the balcony, which I love. You know what it is like, it is the most beautiful little spot in the world. . . ."

1) After long deliberation Clara had decided to move to Berlin, partly because she had the chance of taking some very nice rooms which acquaintances happened to be leaving, but chiefly so that she might make a home for Ferdinand and Felix. Hence the news of Ferdinand's engagement removed one of the main reasons which had led her to settle in Berlin.

TO WOLDEMAR BARGIEL.

"Baden-Baden, May 18th 1873.

.... We mean to go to Berlin (at first for a year only) in the autumn, in the first place because I do not want to travel quite so often (it tires me too much), and then because I wish Felix to have a few more years of home-life with us, which will be better for him in every way than living alone while he is so young. Besides, Berlin is the most suitable place for me, it lies in the centre of Germany, and all the towns I want to reach are within easy distance. All the same, I cannot tell you how hard I find it to leave this place I am leaving a piece of my life behind. . . .

You are coming to the Bonn Festival, are n't you? I think it will be good. . . .

.... You will have heard of the kind testimonial that a Schumann-Committee, which had formed itself in secret, offered me as a mark of respect. With this capital and what I have saved I can look forward more calmly to the future; it is true I shall have to go on working, I should always want to do that, but I need not make such tremendous exertions as I have done hitherto. . . . I was particularly pleased by the tact and delicacy with which it was done. They tell me that they were most readily received by everyone whom they approached, and a large number of people offered to subscribe without waiting to be asked. — Of course I do not know who they are, I only know that the idea originated with Bendemann, Wendelstadt and (I believe) Heimendal."

FROM THE DIARY.

May 1873. I have come to terms with Flaxeland concerning 30 songs of Robert's which I am to arrange for the piano, for Durand and Schönewerk in Paris. At first I could not make up my mind to do it, but afterwards I considered that if I did not somebody else would, who might possibly do it less well.

Very sad days followed — I was haunted by gloomy thoughts, and could not shake off my depression. Dear Julie and poor Ludwig, who is as good as buried alive, were constantly before my eyes. And what shall I have to go through with Felix?¹⁾ .

1) On her return from England she had found Felix very unwell, "so asthmatic that he cannot walk up-stairs". He had been ill and had

.... Ferdinand writes very happily. He has a sterling character, honourable to the core....

I have had a great many pupils all this summer, but except for Janotha and Fräulein Jadowsky, who has real feeling for music, not one whom it has been a pleasure to teach....

I began arranging the songs for Flaxeland, which was no easy matter. I started with the idea of making them as playable as possible (though it will always take a good amateur to play them) and yet at the same time keeping as closely as I could to the intention of the composer, especially as regard their colour. This was frightfully difficult at times. I could easily spend days thinking over a single bar. When Brahms came at the end of the summer, I showed him the 24 which I had finished. But he took quite a different point of view.... he thought they ought to be treated simply as piano-pieces. But why was it necessary to turn songs of Robert Schumann's into piano-pieces when he left the world such a wealth of original works of every kind? Levi agreed with me (that they ought to be made as simple as possible), so I had same support. Later on, he pointed out several things to me, of which I was very glad. This work has tired me as no work ever did before. For whole nights together I heard passages from the songs which I had been thinking over specially and trying. I could not get away from them, which made me quite desperate.

July. We had a most pleasant visit from Betty Oser.... We had many cosy hours with her and we were very sorry when she went. We should have been very glad to take her to the Schumann Festival, but she was so unwell that she dared not risk the exertion.

I copied out some symphonic studies which were left among Robert's papers, for Simrock, as he wished to print them as a supplement to the others. I was very much against it from the first, but I was so urged to do it that at last I agreed....

Aug. 14th. Marie, Felix, and I went to Bonn for the Festival. Eugenie met us at Coblenz, on her way from Ems. At Bonn we were met by the Joachims and Rudorff, and we found comfortable

not taken care of himself, and by the doctor's advice Clara let him spend a month at home.

rooms reserved for us at the *Stern*. Elise came the next day with Frau Berna¹⁾).

Aug. 15. The first place I visited in the morning, was his grave. I found it beautifully decked with flowers, and covered with laurel wreathes. I cannot describe my feelings — they were a mixture of pain, joy, and thankfulness that I and the children were permitted to see a festival like this and that I was able to take part in it. . . . The peace of the cemetery gave me new life — there he lay, he at whose feet all this love and admiration were being laid, and we were allowed to gather them up. What pain it is to think that he cannot reap this harvest himself, and yet, what happiness can be greater than that which must have been his while he was creating such works!

The first rehearsal took place this morning. What a crowd of artists had already assembled! What a splendid conductor Joachim proved himself! Johannes was there too, but not in the best of tempers, which distressed me as he was so much to my Robert. . . .

17th. The first day. . . . Joachim began with the 4th symphony — he was celebrating a triumph. The *Peri* followed. Wasielewski had studied it carefully, but it was too amateurish and there were many weak places in it particularly with regard to the tempi. Frau Joachim sang well, and Stockhausen sang the little part of the sinner wonderfully, as he alone can sing — no heart can have been untouched by it. I prefer to cast a veil over Frau Wild as the *peri* — she has the best will in the world, but this was of little use when she lacked every other requisite. What sympathy was shown me on all sides. A hundred hands pressed mine, all eyes turned to me, joy shone on every face. They may have felt what was passing in my heart as I was overwhelmed with marks of affection. Unfortunately the Bendemanns could not come. . . . To my surprise I found myself the centre of the Festival. . . . It was lucky that I did not know this beforehand, I should have gone to the Festival feeling so nervous. But now there was nothing to be done. I was there and I had to pull myself together. The joy was so great that it carried me through all the pain. . . .

1) Later Countess Oriola, a friend of Elise's, with whom she had been living for some time.

On the 2nd day I was greeted with a flourish of trumpets as I entered the hall for the rehearsal — the enthusiasm after Robert's concerto in the evening was indescribable. Stockhausen sang Faust magnificently; he sang alone, and afterwards came the *Nachtlied* which Joachim had studied with great care. — He received the warmest recognition in his character of conductor. — As soon as he took up his position at the conductor's desk he raised the whole feeling and gave it something sacred. Indeed, there was something in the tone of this Festival different from that of any other. There were none of those people who come just to amuse themselves — every individual member of the audience had his heart in it.

19th. 3rd day. Matinée: quintet¹); duet²) with Rudorff (who played excellently) A major quartet³) with Joachim. Everything went well down to the smallest detail. . . .

Joachim showed himself a true friend to me through all these days — a noble heart. — All through the Festival one felt that he was dominated by his artistic feeling. . . . 4000 thaler remained over for the memorial, and Donndorf has been commissioned to set to work on it.

Of my more intimate artist friends Herr Goldschmidt and his wife, the Freges, Dietrich, the Rheinthalers, Hiller, Grimm and others were there. The dear Townsends were there too. Unfortunately I missed Frau Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) when she called, and when I went to see her she had gone. On the 2nd day she stood up as I appeared setting the example to the whole audience, who at once rose to their feet. . . .

And so this Festival passed — a blissful memory which will accompany the children and me through life. . . .

On the 20th Ferdinand and his wife⁴) left us. On the next day I tried over with Johannes the new variations on a theme of Haydn's, for two pianos. They are quite wonderful, and were a most happy ending to the Festival. Johannes promised to come

1) Played by Clara, Joachim, v. Königslow, Strauss, and Müller.

2) *Andante and Variations* for two pianos.

3) Joachim, v. Königslow, Strauss, and Lindner.

4) Ferdinand Schumann had married Antonie Deutsch on Aug. 18th, and they came to Bonn on their honeymoon.

to Baden — we had had talked over many things as much as it is possible to do with him. . . .

21st. We returned.

EUGENIE SCHUMANN TO ROSALIE LESER.

“Bonn, Aug. 19th 1873.

Dear Fräulein Leser

It is my turn to-day to tell you what happened yesterday, and I have chosen the best of all. The rehearsal for the concert took up the whole morning, and Felix and I sat in the hall from 8-30 till 1-15. Joachim has thrown his whole heart into the Festival, and one cannot look at him without feeling moved. Under his direction the orchestra has developed amazing powers, and everybody agrees that the works have never gone better or been rendered more perfectly. Mama was received with great enthusiasm at the rehearsal; everybody stood up to look at her, and there was no end to the applause. Mama has more vigour than ever; she finds nothing too much for her; she enjoys herself to the full, and allows no discords. She lies down every afternoon as usual, but she does not get any rest. We are all too excited. The concert began with the *Manfred* overture, which is certainly wonderfully beautiful. I think I like it best of all Papa's works.

Then came Mama. I cannot find any words in which to describe this moment. The whole audience stood up, clapped, and shouted, there was a flourish of trumpets, and then all at once Joachim stood up on his desk and waved his handkerchief. His face was radiant with enthusiasm, and he looked extraordinarily childlike and beautiful. You can easily imagine that every pocket-handkerchief in the audience now made its appearance. At last Mama was allowed to seat herself at the piano. She looked so beautiful — like a young girl, a bride, a child. Her dress was lovely, and the effect was heightened by a rose in her hair. She was not at all nervous, and Brahms himself said that he had never heard the concerto so well played. When it was over a tremendous storm of applause broke out again, there was a flourish of trumpets, and Mama was overwhelmed with flowers, at least 150 bouquets must have come flying towards her. It was lovely, Fräulein Leser, and I cannot tell you how much we enjoyed it.”

TO BRAHMS.

"Baden, Sept. 17th 1873.

. . . . Felix had written a little play which they were to have performed for my birthday, but as things fell out¹⁾ of course it could not be done. I will send you his poems with the copies of the songs (before the end of the month) and I should be very glad if you would read them through and mark anything that you may happen to like. Some of them are really very pretty, he often shows genuine thought and humour. We are dreadfully busy just now, and that is why I am sending you the whole lot, otherwise I would have copied out the best ones for you. Tell me frankly what you think of them — do not imagine that, like a weak mother, I fancy him a genius, on the contrary I am so afraid of over-prizing the talent of his children that I daresay I often demand too much of them. . . ."

FROM THE DIARY.

October. This month brought me a great sorrow. Father was taken ill and died after a few days' illness, on Oct. 6th. His end was peaceful. . . . He was 88 and up to the last he was able to enjoy both nature and art, and his feelings were as fresh as those of a young man. I felt it very much — with him disappeared the last link with my youth. I had loved him dearly and often had I been conscious of it, but now my feeling quite over-powered me. If only I could have had one more look from him. Although we disagreed on many points, this could never affect my love for him, a love which all my life long has been heightened by gratitude. How many years he dedicated to me, to the exclusion of all else, what an excellent influence he had over me in making me understand the beauty of a practical, active life, how many wise rules of conduct he gave me, and not only that, but he took care that I followed them. He was on a grand scale, there was nothing petty about him; if he could be of use he was always ready to help, and more than that, he sought for opportunities of service. He always took the most lively interest in any signs of talent, and

1) On Sept. 3rd Felix had been attacked by inflammation of the lungs. He was in bed for weeks, and his mother was very anxious about him as he made but a slow recovery.

never asked if he would receive praise or thanks Thus in him a man of rare character passed away — I cannot express the depth of my grief — in my childhood he had been everything to me, and now death had put an end to all.

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

“Vienna, Oct. 15th 73.

Dear Clara

Do not think that I have taken no pains because I am returning the songs so speedily. I sat down at the piano to them as soon as I found myself stopping to think every instant in reading them. Then I realised that they lie very well under one's hand; some of them are really delightful to play, others kick against being turned into piano solos. I have not put *Schöne Fremde* and *Schöne Wiege* on the list. (Besides these you have two more to cut.) In *Schöne Wiege* I think you must keep to the original type of accompaniment, which has a peculiar charm for the pianist. The left hand must not have quavers. (The middle part of it is very good.) You will find all sorts of little comments here and there.

But now I should not show them to another soul, but should send them to be printed. Perhaps you will let me (possibly first of all) see the proofs. All sorts of things can be altered in proof — and you do not seem to have a keen eye for slips.”

CHAPTER VI.

No. 11, IN DEN ZELTEN, BERLIN.

1873—1878.

TO BRAHMS.

“Hamburg, Nov. 24th 1873.

.... I had a very pleasant time in Munich and enjoyed myself greatly. I shall live upon it through the winter for everything is commonplace in Berlin, except what comes from Joachim. I even heard good quartet-playing in Munich — your two quartets. You can fancy with what interest I listened to them and enjoyed them. *Manfred*¹⁾ too, was quiet wonderful.

I could not wait for *Genoveva*, as I was too sorely needed by Marie in Berlin. I cannot tell you how much I felt giving this up, and the children hardly suspect what a proof of love it was. Only an artist can sympathize wholeheartedly with the delight which people like ourselves take in a great artistic production...”

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

“Berlin, Dec. 12th 1873.

.... To think that I was not able to be at a concert like that! How it would have uplifted me, and how pleased I should have been to see you at the conductor's desk looking so well satisfied! Here there is nothing to hear except Joachim's quartet!!! The theatre is only so-so, the *Singacademie* is conventional, the symphony concerts are incredibly dull etc. etc. But I have had two happy — I might say blissful — hours, thanks to your concerto.

1) *Translator's note:* A performance of *Manfred* had been given in Munich under Levi's direction in October.

It is too beautiful, and it went very well when I played it in Leipsic. The orchestra was good, but was not quite at home; indeed one could hardly expect that of them in a work so difficult and so new to them. Reinecke had taken great trouble — I had nothing to complain of in him — the audience behaved at least respectfully, they called for me, and the musicians and connoisseurs — who were there in great numbers — all came and thanked me for producing this magnificent work, which pleased me very much. I ought to play it every year for 3 or 4 years, and then the public too would become intimate with it. Who knows if I shall ever be able to play it again, for the pain in my arm is very bad — at present I cannot play at all, and really ought not to write. . . . My only hope is in Teplitz in May, but I do not know what will happen about London. I had already cut my engagements down to 5 weeks, playing only twice a week; but if I cannot get rid of the pain, I shall have to give it up altogether.

I was in Dresden for a couple of days before I went to Leipsic — they were unspeakably sad days for me. I found my Mother alone in another house, and the old one is half pulled down (a new one is being built there). Ah! how cruel death is when it seizes one by the heart like this! I was so conscious of the love I bore my Father (and I cannot but love my Mother in him), and of the gratitude I owed him. If only I could have seen him once more, have given him one more kiss! Just think! he who lived so simply himself, and asked for so few comforts, who, up to the very end, was always busy for others, has left quite a nice fortune behind him (nearly 60,000 thaler) and has remembered me more kindly than I ever thought he would. Can you understand how this very fact makes my grief the deeper? I do not know how it is, but I cannot think of it without a fresh outburst of sorrow. I hated having to open all his boxes and touch the shares which he had collected for us, I take no pleasure in all the pretty things I have and he had not, I can think of nothing but his simplicity, and it seems wrong for me and my children to enjoy all sorts of things which he never thought of having. Forgive me for saying so much about it — I feel that I am speaking to the truest of friends, and I cannot resist the impulse of my heart."

[In the margin:] "My people were very nice and friendly."

TO BRAHMS.

"Berlin, Jan. 1st 1874.

Dearest Johannes

I cannot help writing again to thank you and to congratulate you on new honours — it is impossible keep silence when such things are happening. So you are knight of the Order of Maximilian! You are a little pleased with it after all, aren't you? Only one thing I do not like, but I will say nothing of that!!!

The song¹⁾ was a delightful surprise, especially for Felix whom we had told nothing about it. When Joachim came in, in the evening, I showed it to him and we began to play it. Felix came over and asked what the words were and when he saw that they were his own he turned quite pale. How beautiful the song is, and the coda — I could go on playing that over and over again — the G# leading back again to the beginning is so wonderful!... And so another year is over, with all its joy and sorrow — To you may be it has brought more joy than to me, yet I too have known some happiness, and one great one in that magnificent Festival of which I always think with a full heart. And what followed was very cheering too, and still lives in my memory. May this New Year bring you much happiness."

TO BRAHMS.

"Berlin, Ap. 5th 1874.

I keep on thinking of all that I should have heard in Vienna this winter, if only I had been there. You are mistaken if you think that I hear of everything that goes on there — from whom should I hear it? Betty writes seldom and always very briefly.... I did hear about *Manfred*, and I believe there was a very nice notice by Hanslick in the paper, but I have not been able to get hold of it. How much I should have liked to hear you conduct it all!

I will get *Die Hosen des Herrn von Bredow*, and am looking forward to it. Do you know a new book, *Sind Götter?*, by Felix Dahn? It interested me though I do not quite know what to make of it. — I had a great pleasure the other day — Elise was

1) *Translator's note:* A setting of Felix Schumann's *Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch*.

here for a week, and I worked with her at your variations for 2 pianos till they went beautifully and then played them at a party to which we invited some musicians who had just heard them very indifferently rendered at Taubert's (at a Symphony Soirée) and now for the first time were able to get some real idea of them. How beautifully suited they are to the piano, even when one has not heard them with the orchestra. A wonderful work — how magnificently it works up to the final climax!"

In May Clara was reluctantly compelled to give up the idea of going to the Musical Festival at Cologne, and to go to Teplitz instead, on account of her arm which was still painful. She was there from May 21st to June 30th when she and Marie went by way of Büdesheim (Elise's home) to Baden-Baden. They reached Baden-Baden on July 6th.

FROM THE DIARY.

July 1874 in Baden-Baden. I received an offer from America of engagements for 100 concerts — I have of course refused it, as I should have done even if I had been able to play. God be thanked, I have no need to accept — my future is assured, humanly speaking; why should I try to earn more than I need? The Ladenburgs called one evening — how hard it seemed not to be able to play to them. The pain has been excessive — I did not tell the children how bad it often was.

Johannes sent me a setting of one of Felix's songs, as a pleasant surprise from Rüschklikon.

CLARA TO JOACHIM.

"Baden, July 12th 1874.

Will you be so kind as to write to the committee and say that I have no thought of insisting that the stone which I set up should remain there, if it will in any way detract from the artistic effect of the whole. The stone was suited to my circumstances at the time, I should put up something very different now, not anything ostentations, but something more artistic. I am very pleased that the choice has fallen on Donndorf, though I do not agree with the committee as to the design; I am of Donndorf's

opinion, that it ought to be something symbolic, something which will give an artistic presentation of my husband's character. If the memorial is beautiful, as I hope it will be, it will matter nothing to posterity whether I set it up, or whether it was the German nation. Anyone who knows me will know how gladly I would have erected the most beautiful memorial possible to my husband, but posterity will know nothing and care nothing about me. Besides there cannot be two stones over one grave. I will write direct to Donndorf."

In September, Clara spent a few days with Count Marmorito, by the Lake of Geneva, but except for this she stayed in Baden until the beginning of October, when she once more returned to Berlin. Domestic cares, her own ill-health, and the death of Elise Junge, made it a sad time for all of them. The one ray of light was a performance of Handel's *Hercules* under Joachim's conductorship.

FROM THE DIARY.

Dec. 24th, Christmas Eve, Ferdinand and his wife, and Marie Fillunger¹⁾ who often came to see us and whom we liked.

New Year's Eve 1874. A sad New Year's Eve — how much sorrow this year has brought me, how hardly I have been tried! I have no longer been able to practise my art, my one consolation. How hard it has been!

January, February, March 1875.

Jan. 16th. I went to Düsseldorf by myself, to stay with the Bendemanns. Went to Rosalie — her grief²⁾ is heart-rending her fate the most terrible one can imagine, every word of comfort dies on one's lips. I was with her as much as possible, and in order to avoid missing a single day with her, I did not go to Cologne this time

1) Miss Fillunger, the well known singer first came to know the Schumanns during this year, and a friendship sprang up between her and Eugenie Schumann which has lasted throughout their lives.

2) The loss of Elise Junge, her friend and nurse for the last 36 years.

Jan. 25th. Went to Hamburg . . . I stopped at the Hotel Petersburg where Marie joined me an hour later, coming from Berlin.

26th . . . In the afternoon we went to Kiel . . . We stayed at the Baaschs' nursing home. We were immediately attracted by the personality of both of them, and felt quite at home. I went to Esmarch at once; he seemed hopeful, and next day made me begin a cure consisting in massage — which was very painful at first, but ceased to hurt after a few weeks — and douches . . . From the very first I had to play the piano for an hour a day, in spite of the pain, Esmarch insisted on that, though all the other doctors had recommended absolute rest, and though it made the pain worse for the moment it did not increase it in the long run. From this time on, I practised every day . . . As I could not have a piano in the nursing home I used to play at the Litzmanns', who gradually became my dear friends. They are two excellent people, and their friendship seems to me a newly gained treasure. Esmarch and his wife (the Princess of Schleswig-Holstein) are very pleasant people. He came every morning, and never went away without leaving me in better spirits than he found me . . . I went go on with the cure till March 24th . . . The pain in my arm is slightly, if not essentially, better, though at times it is still as bad as ever. It hurts me to play, but I do play all the same, now that I have found courage to begin — it was a sort of moral cure. Esmarch declared that I should have to continue the cure for a year, but I could not stay here for so long. On the whole I felt better here than I did before . . . It was most fortunate that we had such pleasant meetings with the Litzmanns, the Groths, and Professor Seeligs' wife.

I was strongly advised to give a concert. At first I refused with horror . . . but Esmarch soon brought the matter to a head; he said he had a prescription to write for me. "Give a concert", he must see how playing in public suited me. So at last, after many discussions, it was fixed for March 18th, and I asked Marie Fillunger to come for it . . .

March 18th. My first concert, after an interval of nearly eighteen months. It went well from beginning to end, the greatest sympathy was shown me on all sides and much to my delight Marie Fillunger was also very well received. After the concert we spent

a cosy evening with the Litzmanns, whose eyes glistened and whose faces were radiant with sympathy Among many other magnificent flowers I received an anonymous bouquet from Berlin, with the words:

Play without smart
Wish from their heart
Your Berlin admirers.

Later, I learnt that the bouquet came from Franz Mendelssohn, which gave me double pleasure since he is such a true friend.

24th I left Kiel — it was hard to go. We had felt very happy among the people here and at the Baaschs'

Berlin, March 30th. A telegram from Leipsic asking me to come to *Genoveva*. I quickly made up my mind, and set off with Marie and Eugenie on the 31st. We were very well satisfied with the really careful performance It was the 6th performance to a full house. I was struck by some weak points in it, and at the same time I realised clearly what alteration would have to be made in order to make the end more effective

April 15th I had a letter from Ludwig just like his old ones, quite as sensible and quaint. He said in it that he should so much like to see me, and I at once decided to pay him a visit. Natalie began her lessons again — she played excellently, and she can always soften my heart with her music

April 26th. A pleasant evening with Frau Alexander Mendelssohn, who is now 76 years old — It was a joy to play in that beautiful music-room.

27th. Went to call on the Spittas, who are a great acquisition to the musical world of Berlin. He is an extremely cultivated, intelligent musical scholar.

May. This month opened very badly for me. On the 4th I was seized with a terrible attack of neuralgia in my arm, which lasted for 3 weeks; never in my life have I felt such pain

Whitsunday and Monday were very sad; I cried like a child all day. I had so been looking forward to the Musical Festival at Düsseldorf, with Joachim conducting Later, I heard that it had not been as satisfactory as had been expected; the choirs from the various towns had not studied their parts properly and both the Beethoven *Mass* and Brahms's *Schicksalslied* were uncer-

tain, Johannes himself told me that he never wanted to hear it so wretchedly performed again

May 30th. Joachim came, and once more spoke to me about the post at the *Hoch Schule*. I should have to give 6 lessons a week for a salary of 1000 thaler — I could not think of accepting I have discussed the matter further with Schöne, and have agreed to bind myself for the winter for 1500 thaler.

I have made up my mind to go and see Ludwig before returning to Kiel to continue the treatment.

June 8th. To Kiel, where I went for the moment to the Litzmanns, to wait for Eugenie. She came from Berlin on the 9th and we at once set out to look for rooms. We found some very pleasant ones on *Marienhöhe* in Düsterbrook, though they are a long way from all our acquaintances We saw little of our friends, except the Litzmanns whom I saw every morning on my way from Baasch's

20th. An invitation to Panker from the Landgräfin von Hessen — We drove there on the 21st. At an hour's distance from Panker the Landgräfin met us with a landau with four horses — I had to get in beside her and go with her for the rest of the way We spent a very pleasant day there, the Landgräfin could not have been more attentive if I had been a queen, she never once let me go to my room without accompanying me She has known a great deal of trouble and was even more gracious than she used to be, so simple, so sympathetic, so interested in everything so confidently communicative.

June 24th. Joachim arrived for the rehearsals for the Musical Festival¹⁾.

27th. (First day) *Samson* — went excellently, a great delight to Joachim. He had enormous difficulties to contend with, which made one all the more glad that he succeeded so well in bringing all the various performers together and making the whole so effective. The 2nd day also went well — *Walpurgisnacht* was delightful, though the *C* minor symphony was less successful, the performers were probably tired. On the evening of the first day we had supper with the Litzmanns, and we stayed with them during the next few days for convenience sake. The Schmitts from Schwerin, Hiller, the Rheinthalers, Grädener, Avé, young

1) The 1st Schleswig-Holstein Musical Festival.

David, and of course Joachim, were there. There were numerous toasts, and at last, when midnight struck, I said a few words wishing Joachim many happy returns. It was nice that his birthday happened to fall on the 2nd day of the Festival. He had a splendid reception at the rehearsal next morning, and was overwhelmed with flowers Levi came to the Festival, which specially pleased me. He said so many kind things to me about my playing that he made me quite happy.

On July 15th Clara left Kiel to visit Brahms who was enjoying a summer holiday at Ziegelhausen, "in a green shade, quiet and most countrified". From Ziegelhausen she went on to Klosters, where Felix was already awaiting her.

TO BRAHMS.

" . . . With heartfelt content I look back on our pleasant afternoon with you, and your music has been a real refreshment to me — I ought to have pleasures of this sort frequently, as I realise only too well.

I have been thinking about the quartet¹⁾ a great deal, and the last three movements have quite taken hold of me, but — if I may say so — the first does not seem to me on the same level, it has not the same freshness — though there is freshness in the first theme. I should have liked to hear it once more, that I might be quite clear why it did not make me enthusiastic. Could not you — who often carry a movement in your head for ever so long — manage to alter it, or to write a new movement? You have already proved many a time how easily you can slip into the same train of thought again, and to what splendid effect. Forgive me, perhaps all this is quite stupid.

We had rain all through our tour in the Black Forest (which is glorious), though it did not become a deluge as it must have done with you. We arrived here in good weather, but had 3 days of nothing but rain, directly after. All the same we have already found out all the beautiful, lonely places in the Forest, where we hope to enjoy the sunshine as soon as Heaven favours us again. We like it here more and more, far better than Engelberg.

1) Piano quartet in *C* minor.

In the first place there are innumerable walks in the Forest, and then everything is simpler and quieter. We are staying in an annex and can go out of the house without seeing anyone. So we mean to stay here — the air is wonderful, it alone is worth staying for."

FROM THE DIARY.

Klosters, August 1875. I had a telegram from Marmorito on the 20th, saying that he wanted to come for a week with Duaddo (Clara's grandson) and his two daughters (by his first marriage) They were sad days for me. The boy is a fascinating, graceful little creature, so intelligent, bright, sensible; I think I never saw such a child Marmorito is delightful with him, but no father understands the thousand tiny cares with which a mother's love surrounds her child. . . . The little fellow is very like his mother. . . . What a feverish imagination he has, what thoughtfulness — in mind too, he is her image. . . . Heaven guard this tender blossom. . . . They left on the 30th. My last glance was for the dear little boy and it contained more of sorrow than of joy. It is too hard when children who are so closely bound to one, are yet so far removed by distance, a foreign tongue, and another faith. . . .

September 1875. Arrived in München on the 6th. Levi was at the station and took us to the "*Goldenen Bär*" The 7th. *Manfred*; an excellent performance, though Fräulein Bland as Astarte was dreadful, the part does not suit her voice. It ought to sound so plaintive that every heart is touched. The ghosts were too near in the invocation scene, which worried me very much. Possart was extraordinary, he also thrilled me more to-day than he did the first time. After *Manfred* a number of acquaintances came to the *Bär* — it was rather trying; we were so little in the mood for it.

8th. We went to *Tristan und Isolde* this evening. It is the most repulsive thing I ever saw or heard in my life. To have to sit through a whole evening watching and listening to such love-lunacy till every feeling of decency was outraged, and to see not only the audience but the musicians delighted with it was — I may well say — the saddest experience of my whole artistic career. I held out till the end, as I wished to have heard it all. Neither of them does anything but sleep and sing during the 2nd act, and the whole of act 3 — quite 40 minutes — Tristan occupies in

dying — and they call that dramatic!!! Levi says Wagner is a better musician than Glück! Are they all fools or am I a fool? The subject seems to me so wretched; a love-madness brought about by a potion — how is it possible to take the slightest interest in the lovers? It is not emotion, it is a disease, and they tear their hearts out of their bodies, while the music expresses it all in the most repulsive manner. I could go on lamenting over it for ever, and exclaiming against it

11th. Matinée, suddenly put on for the orchestra — it was originally Levi's wish, that Joachim might play a quartet to the orchestra, and then Robert's *D* minor sonata was added, played by Joachim and me, Henschel sang some songs, and a couple of *Kreisleriana* followed. It was very animated, and Levi was much pleased

12th. My wedding-day. We set out at 6 o'clock, Felix going to Meran, and we to Baden.

TO BRAHMS.

"Berlin, Oct. 23rd 1875.

The plan about the *Hoch Schule* has come to nothing, though it was not until the end of last month that I heard about it. At heart I am very glad — now I am here realise it all the more for as you say, a position of that sort brings many disagreeables with it. Joachim, however, wrote to tell me that for all that they had not given up all thought of me

I am very delighted at Spitta's being here — I find intercourse with him very pleasant and stimulating. I wish I could see a great deal of him only I am always afraid that I have so little to offer him."

"Berlin, Nov. 19th 1875.

Everything has gone very well, I must tell you; everybody was genuinely enthusiastic, and people said it was better than ever. I too feel that so long as I do not put too great a strain upon myself I can master anything, I am more inspired than ever before, and it often seems to me as if the concertos, for example, had never appeared so beautiful. It really is the business of a concert tour, which tires me far more than the actual playing Yesterday we had the *Christmas Oratorio*, that is, three parts of it. A great deal of it delighted me, but I should have suggested

a combination of the finest numbers out of all six parts, rather than the 3 parts from beginning to end, with all those long arias, only 2 or 3 of which are really beautiful. I thought the choruses particularly fine, and they went magnificently. I should much have liked to have more of them If you were a good friend you would pay Berlin a little visit! What treasures you have given us in your new things! I am much looking forward to playing the *C* minor quartet with Joachim in December. If only I could hear the *Liebeslieder*! I very much enjoyed hearing your *Serenade* in Leipsic the other day, and was delighted to see how carefully it had been studied, and how people's attitude had changed since the days when you had to contend against the ill-will of the musicians. I did not think the piece was quite in its right place, as far as its effect on the audience was concerned — it should be performed at a concert. But all the same I revelled in it, and in the last movement I was quite jubilant."

TO BRAHMS.

"Berlin, Dec. 9th 1875.

We had already heard of the evening with the Billroths, and had thought of it with longing. If only we were in Vienna we should have so much to enjoy, whereas here — we have almost nothing. Between you and me, we do not mean to stay here; whatever happens we shall once more make a move. Why should I not make the most of the few years that are left to me, both as regards art and as regards intercourse with a few dear friends? Marie agrees with me, she too is longing to leave this place. If only Vienna were not so far away, I should soon make up my mind, but it is such a distance from the centre of Germany. But of course if I went I should stay quietly there and give lessons to a few pupils of real talent I am not saying anything about it to anyone here, so do not mention it yourself, but think it over. I wish there were someone to say to me, 'You must go there'. Another thing which helps to decide us is that Felix, though much better, will never be able to live here."

FROM THE DIARY.

New Year's Eve 1875. So another year is gone, and I cannot but confess with gratitude that it has brought me more good than

evil, above all it has cured my arm, which is a great comfort and helps me through many a trouble. Often and often I have felt how blessed a thing it is that every year I feel more vigorous in the practice of my art, that I become more and more master of the works I study, my fingers have really more power — although I have to be careful . . . Marie and Eugenie loyally support me. — So amidst all my great sorrow I enjoy great happiness. If only I could see the children as happy as I wish and as they so well deserve!”

In January and February Clara gave concerts in Chemnitz and Dresden, and on March 4th she and Marie set out for London, stopping on the way at Düsseldorf and Utrecht where she played in public. In England, they stayed with the Burnands, but the pleasure of their visit was marred by Miss Burnand's severe illness.

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

“Vienna, March 19th 76.

. . . . I find it unspeakably difficult to express in a few words how deeply I sympathise with you, and how anxious I am about you. Since I saw Felix last, I think of you continually with the utmost melancholy. I feel your anxiety and pain far too deeply to try and put it into words. My own pain too, I am accustomed to suffer in myself, and by myself.

For you I feel far more keenly, far more warmly; not a thought flies to you which does not embrace you and all your anxieties. But I can do nothing but wait in silence and see how severe this new trial is to be. God grant that no great sorrow is in store for you, you have borne enough for one life-time.

I cannot attempt to comfort you; you will long ago have said to yourself all that I can say. Whatever is appointed you, may you triumph over it now as ever. How many people send you their love! Let this sincere love bring you some comfort — I love you better than myself or than anyone or anything in the world. But, alas!, one can but sympathise with your grief, one cannot relieve you of one particle of it”

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"London, April 4th 1876.

.... I have not written to you for a long time — I could not write on account of my arm — but to-day I cannot rest till I have told you what a pleasure I had yesterday. We played your *F* minor quintet, and it had a tremendous success; the enthusiasm increased after each movement, and at the end we were recalled amidst universal cheers. As you can fancy, we played with no little enthusiasm ourselves. Although I know that you do not care to hear other people play your things, I could not help thinking that you would have felt just a little satisfied

I have engagements for another week and then I shall have finished. I have played only nine times altogether. Everything has gone very well, but I have to be frightfully careful However, I do not regret having come for I have never been more warmly received in my life than I have been here, this year; and as I always played little at a time and only after long intervals, I have hardly ever felt so fresh and enthusiastic."

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Berlin, May 5th 1876.

.... Just fancy! on my way back I heard Liszt again after many years, and was quite carried away by some things of Schubert's which he played exquisitely, but not by his own works — a duet for two pianos on B. A. C. H. was horrible, and the only enjoyable thing was when he tore up and down over the whole piano. He masters the instrument as no-one else does — it is a pity that one can get so little calm enjoyment out of it, it is always a demoniac force which sweeps one along. I have observed him a great deal, his delicate coquetry, his distinguished affability etc. etc."

FROM THE DIARY.

Berlin, May 23rd. Such a surprise, yesterday! — a new quartet by Brahms (string quartet in *B* major) which Joachim played to me. He and his quartet had come to play it through, as well as some other new works. I had told him of the quartet's existence, and he sent for it secretly. That was Joachim all over!

TO BRAHMS.

"Berlin, May 23rd 1876.

Dearest Johannes

I must send you a word of thanks, to-day, after the happy hours we spent over your wonderful quartet, yesterday and the day before. Joachim set to work at it at once, so that grew into a exquisite clearness — it is not easy either to understand or to play. The 3rd and 4th movements are my special favourites, and I really do not know which I delight in most, the sweet tones of the viola in the 3rd, or that charming theme and the way it is interwoven. The theme is too fascinating for words with its delightful, mocking conclusion. I hope Joachim will play it again this week."

FROM THE DIARY.

Berlin, May and June 1876.

27th. A wonderful evening at the Astens'. Stockhausen sang the arias from *Figaro* quite magnificently, as he used to sing in his best days. . . . I shall long remember with delight Stockhausen's singing this evening. . . .

28th. At Stockhausen's. Brahms had sent him two wonderful, new songs with the request that he would sing them to the best of all listeners (me). . . .

June 4th. Matinée at Joachim's. Brahms's *F* minor quintet, which gives me more pleasure each time I hear it a piece in which I revel from beginning to end. Brahms's *B* major quartet. The 1st, 3rd, and 4th movements are beautiful. The adagio (2nd movement) seems to me not to have enough weight for Brahms. . . .

June 8th. Brahms took us by surprise. This time he was very pleasant throughout his whole visit so that we really enjoyed having him. . . .

June 12th. Brahms left for Sassnitz it was a real satisfaction to be able to look back on the e days with pleasure, and we felt sure that he had been happy with us I left on the same afternoon and (after a break of 2½ days in Hamburg) reached Kiel on June 15th. . . . The Litzmanns had arranged everything for me as comfortably as possible. I was there for 3 weeks, and if I had not missed the dear children, I should have wanted nothing. The cure did me good. . . . In the evenings, when Herr

Litzmann sat with us and we discussed all sorts of things, I was always filled with admiration for his fine perception and his feeling for everything. These were pleasant, refreshing hours which I shall never forget. Frau Litzmann too, I like more and more; they are intellectual and at the same time have real feeling.

TO HERMANN LEVI.

“Berlin, June 9th 76.

.... I am very sorry about the trouble with Wüllner¹). Why do you not let Wüllner conduct the *Nibelungen* works? You have so many other operas of Wagner's. You say that Wüllner would be unhappy all his life — is that not enough to outweigh all ambition? It would be in no way derogatory to yourself, and would only raise you in public opinion. To force the father of a family to take such a step seems to me cruel. . . .”

TO HERMANN LEVI.

“Büdesheim, July 15th 1876.

.... I recognise the truth of much that you say, but as regards the chief point, the actual situation, I cannot think you right. In your place I would not let matters come to extremes, but would let Wüllner conduct *Rheingold* and *Walküre*. Your scruples about differences of tempo seem to me insufficient, it is incredible that two such musicians as you and he should not be able to agree about it, at all events approximatally; it can only be a question of this or that number, and is hardly likely to be noticed. I wish I could persuade you to give way. When all is said and done, you will remain the artist that you are, and it will stand to the credit of the man that he acted justly. . . . I am convinced that in 10 years time you will think differently of the matter — at the moment you are governed by ambition, and heart and reason are driven into the background. Forgive my frankness, to me there is no friendship without it, and you know that I have always had your welfare at heart.”

1) There was a quarrel between Wüllner and Levi as to which should conduct the *Ring*.

FROM THE DIARY.

Klosters, August 1876.

.... The Wagner Festival is making a great stir throughout Germany. . . . The papers are full of it. There are but few people strong enough to withstand this intoxicating influence even those who really understand music, find beauties in it — but they deceive themselves, they are so deafened and bewildered that when some comparatively simple musical phrase does come for once in a way, it seems like an oasis in the desert. I am heartily thankful that there is no need for me to be present at these performances I had an argument with Volckland¹), about Joachim. Volckland thought that he ought certainly to have gone to Bayreuth, whereas I asserted that he, with his point of view, as leader of a school, as a brilliant example of how all that is beautiful and noble in music should be expressed could not have done so.

Hertenstein, September 1876.

Sept. 2nd. The Herzogenbergs came. They are both dear people, one falls in love with her at first sight, and one grows very fond of him as one gets to know him better and sees him day by day. . . .

Sept. 5th. The Kufferaths came, which gave me great pleasure. . . . Herr Kufferath had been to Bayreuth and his opinion, which has always entirely agreed with mine, remains unshaken, he had even expected more than he found. Hanslick has written the best account of the performances — I read it with the greatest interest and shall keep it.

In October Clara returned to Baden, this time as the guest of Frau Kann, who had for many years been her neighbour in *Lichtenthal Strasse*. Felix went to Meran again for the winter. At Baden, Clara found Brahms.

Baden-Baden, September. October 1876.

Johannes comes to see me frequently, but I hear nothing of what he is doing and dare not ask, as he put aside a question of

1) *Musikdirektor* in Basle of whom Clara had seen a great deal at Klosters.

mine the other day. . . . Sept. 25th. Johannes played me two movements of a symphony¹⁾ which interested me enormously — I am waiting for the two other movements before giving an opinion of it. These two (the first and the last) are grand, full of life and of thought from end to end; only certain of the melodies seem to me rather thin — but as I said I must hear the whole.

26th. Johannes in the evening. He brought me Couperin (Chrysander's edition revised by Johannes) and played some things of his. I have often been amazed, and was so again to-day, that he can so delight in the old masters before Bach, though a great deal of it is simply respect, for with the exception of certain isolated passages they are not interesting, musically. But always I love to watch Johannes when he is losing himself in a work of that sort, there is something touching about him, to my mind. . . .

Oct. 3rd. A beautiful drive to Yburg with Johannes. . . . We spoke of Wagner, but I was distressed, for I cannot help believing that he does not say what he really thinks, on this subject.

Oct. 4th. Went to see Götz's *Die berühmte Widerspenstige* at the theatre. Great disappointment. I expected the music to be pretty and flowing, if not original, but it was so obviously modelled on Wagner that I was quite annoyed. . . . This then is our German art, these are the paths in which our young musicians are to walk for the future!

Oct. 7th. Johannes is always very nice and he often runs in to see us in the evening. To-day he received a direct offer of the post of *Musikdirektor* in Düsseldorf. There is much to be said for and against it. One needs a thick skin . . . if one is to stand one's ground in Düsseldorf either as painter or musician. The more distinguished the man, the more they will, not honour him, but make things difficult for him. . . .

10th. Johannes played his whole symphony to me. I cannot deny that I was grieved and depressed, for it does not seem to me to compare with other of his works, such as the *F* minor quintet, the sextets, and the piano-quartets. I miss the sweeping melodies, in spite of its general interest. I debated with myself for a long time whether to tell him or not, but I must first hear it properly given by the orchestra.

1) 1st symphony Op. 68.

FROM THE DIARY.

Breslau, Dec. 11th. A careful rehearsal taken by Scholz — he is not one of those who thinks a Beethoven concerto plain sailing. The *G* major concerto went beautifully in consequence. Besides this he gave Brahms's *A* major serenade, which I very much enjoyed, although I cannot quite get over the feeling of monotony of tone, and always long for the sound of the fiddles in the last movement. . . . I had never heard the piece so well given, and I wished Johannes could have been there.

I had a letter from him about Düsseldorf, where everything is still quite uncertain — he writes that he does not think he will go there. . . .

17th. Johannes produced his symphony in Vienna — I sent him a telegram. . . . We talk daily of leaving Berlin, but where shall we go? Düsseldorf is always the first place we think of, because our dearest friends live there, but is it wise to follow one's friends to a city which offers little other attraction? . . .

Berlin, January 1877.

Jan. 8th. The Bach Choir gave a concert, Woldemar Bargiel conducting. I played Beethoven's *G* major concerto, which Woldemar had worked up carefully; and the choral numbers also went very well. . . .

I had a tremendous success, such as I have never before experienced in Berlin. . . .

Jan. 16th. To Leipsic with Marie (for a performance of Brahms's first symphony).

17th. Rehearsal for the *Gewandhaus* concert — the symphony was grand, quite overwhelming: the last movement, with its inspired introduction, made an extraordinary impression on me; the introduction is so gloomy, and then it gradually brightens in the most marvellous manner until it breaks into the sunny *motif* of the last movement, which makes one's heart expand like a breath of spring air after the long, dreary days of winter.

In the first movement I do not think the 2nd subject rich enough — I feel as if it lacked swing. . . . I will not trust myself to give an opinion of the adagio, until I have heard it again once or twice. The third movement is a little jewel, tender and gay, except for one passage in the middle, which seems to me dull.

On the whole, it is a great work, and one cannot be grateful enough for a new creation of this sort. Brahms once more showed himself a marvellous conductor, he was inspiring, he fired the orchestra and simply whirled them along with him, then again with steady hand he would bring them back to the clear surface of the stream — a rare exhibition of artistic skill. . . . The Leipsic audience behaved as it always does — respectfully: enthusiasm was shown only by a few.

TO BRAHMS.

“Utrecht, Feb. 12th 1877.

We found very pleasant rooms in Düsseldorf, but some people who had a prior claim took them over our heads. At present I have no prospect of others and we are just waiting quietly until something nice turns up — I have told an agent to look out for us, but I am in no hurry. . . .

I cannot trust myself to say in writing exactly what I think of the symphony, there is such a difference between writing and speaking. In one respect you have unconsciously met my wishes, and that is in the alteration you have made in the adagio. To my mind one needs some rest between the first and last movements — some broad melody, which, particularly at the beginning, should be less elaborate in form and which would not obscure the actual melody itself.

I was never quite satisfied with the end of the 3rd movement, it is so abrupt. And may I say a word about the last movement, or rather about the very end of it (presto)? It seems to me that from a musical point of view the presto shows a sudden falling away when compared with the splendid climax which precedes it. The tempo increases, but not the actual feeling, and the whole thing seems not so much a natural out-come of what has gone before, as added in order that these may be a brilliant ending.”

FROM THE DIARY.

February 1877.

Utrecht. We left Düsseldorf on the 8th. My engagements took us to Holland, and first to Utrecht, where we established ourselves very comfortably at the Engelmans'. Emma (Brandes) is charming in her own house. . . .

On the 10th. I played Beethoven's *G* major concerto and some solos. It all went very well . . . I was . . . overwhelmed with flowers . . . I received an invitation from the Queen to go to the Hague. . . I drove out there at 12 o'clock and played from 1 to 3. . . The Queen was more gracious than almost any other royalty I have met. . . She spoke of Brahms and Wagner; she is very fond of the former, but cannot bear the latter, etc. As a rule I attach little weight to royal opinions except when, as in the case of the Landgräfin Anna von Hessen they are the result of a sound musical education. . . Humboldt once said of the Queen that she is the cleverest princess now alive.

After playing in Rotterdam on Feb. 15th, Clara once more set out for England. On the way she received the sad, though not unexpected, news of the death of Miss Burnand, and as she was consequently unable to stay as usual with M^r Arthur Burnand, his brother Theophilus put his bachelor quarters at her and Marie's disposal. The event threw a deep shadow over Clara's visit, although the Burnands themselves surrounded her with every delicate attention, and though she gave her concerts as usual. "We spent many evenings at home, almost always by ourselves, and felt very depressed," says the diary. On March 30th they returned to the continent, and by April 18th Clara was back in Berlin.

TO BRAHMS.

"Berlin, May 2nd 1877.

Dearest Johannes

That was a splendid surprise. What glorious songs! I have been spending several days over them, and only wish I could have had some really good singers to go through them with me — I had to hum them over in my hoarse voice. And so you want me to criticise them; shall I not make you angry if I suggest, and even beg, that you should publish the best of them in two volumes, and leave out the few unimportant ones altogether?

I will begin at the beginning and say what struck me: (I may be mistaken in some things, and you will allow for this)

Op. 69, 1. *Klage* does not appeal to me, the accompaniment seems rather laboured, and the melody does not flow easily.

No. 2. *Klage* what a curious folk-song quality — I like it.

No. 3. *Abschied* I do not like at all, though both the introduction and the progressions in the middle, are beautiful.

No. 4. *Der Liebsten Schwur* is one of my favourites; it must sound charming if sung with humour.

No. 5. *Tambourlied* I do not care for, and the introduction reminds me too much of Schubert.

No. 6. *Vom Strande* I love the beginning and the end, but in the middle I do not think the melody sufficiently interesting.

No. 7. *Ueber die See* is one of those which I should leave out, also

No. 8. *Salome*.

No. 9. *Mädchenfluch* is one of my favourites — the music is so vigorous all through, and is so interesting from beginning to end that I forget the unpleasantness of the words.

Op. 70, 1. *Im Garten am Seegestade* is magnificent, one loses oneself in it.

No. 2. *Lerchengesang*, beautiful feeling, but the melody less to my mind.

No. 3. *Serenade* does not satisfy me, it does not seem to me to flow easily, and the way in which the words are drawn out at the end makes it stiff.

No. 4. *Abendregen*. The words seem to me so inflated; the whole thing is laboured, not spontaneous; a text like that cannot possibly inspire anybody.

Op. 71, 1. *Es liebt sich so lieblich* I like very much, only I wished the semi-quavers at the end had been left out, they jar upon me.

No. 2. *An den Mond*. A great favourite; the close is particularly beautiful and delicate.

No. 3. *Geheimniss* another magnificent song — the 2nd half is fascinating.

No. 4. *Willst Du, dass ich gehe* I do not care for specially, I do not like the text, it is all too definite, but I should rather like to hear it from a good singer, all the same.

No. 5. *Minnelied* begins prettily, but the melody grows thin towards the end.

Op. 72, 1. *Alte Liebe* is indeed an old love of mine. Oh! how glorious it is! and how beautiful is

No. 2. *Sommerfüden!* Only the word *Fetzen* (rags) distresses me — can you not find some other word for it?

No. 3. *O kühler Wald* wonderful!

No. 4 and 5. Great favourites: what fire and passion there are in No. 4, *Verzagen*, and how entirely original the last song is (That one too, I knew before).

Now I have done just what you wanted — are you cross with me? You know that I cannot work myself up into an enthusiasm which does not come to me irresistably."

FROM THE DIARY.

May 1877.

This month brought many pleasant things. In the first place the Herzogenbergs came to us from the 3rd to the 8th, which we very much enjoyed. They are both so charming that one does not know which to like best. Almost every morning we played concertos of Bach's, variations by Brahms, the 9th symphony (arranged by Liszt) etc. etc., together, on two pianos. It was a real joy to play with Frau Herzogenberg. How gifted she is, and how much she knows! How well she reads and with what enthusiasm!.... And how charmingly she sings, too; her voice without being exactly beautiful, is so full of feeling, she enters so completely into the spirit of the music....

Their relations to each other too, are most refreshing. They love each other so heartily, and chaff each other and have little jokes together in the most delightful way. One feels that they are thoroughly nice people. They left a great gap when they went....

TO BRAHMS.

"Kiel¹⁾, July 6th 1877.

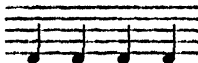
Dearest Johannes.

It was a wonderful surprise²⁾ that I found waiting for me here. Just think how strange it was: the day after my arrival I strained

1) Clara went to Kiel for her health, on June 16th, and again stayed with the Litzmanns.

2) Bach's *Chaconne* arranged for the left hand.

a ligament in my right hand in opening a drawer, and the *Chaconne* has been the most delightful refuge. No-one but you could have written it, and what seems to me so extraordinary about it is that you so exactly represent the effect of the violin. How did you come to think of it? That is what amazes me. It is true my fingers will not hold out quite to the end, they always collapse in the passage which goes



and my right hand wants to rush to the rescue; except for this I find no insuperable difficulties in it, but I do find a great deal of pleasure

As far as my health is concerned I can send you good news, but I am in great trouble, as we have had a sad loss. Marmorito has lost his eldest son an extraordinarily gifted boy, lovable and full of charm. All his love for Julie concentrated itself in this child, all his hopes were built on him, and now at one blow everything is destroyed. I was much attached to the boy, I may say warmly — his expression reminded me so much of his mother, and Marmorito told me that he was growing more like her every day. The father is quite overcome, I do not know how he will bear it. All the winter I was looking forward to seeing Marmorito and the children again in the autumn, and now comes this grief

I must tell you how much pleasure your piece in *F# minor*, *Unruhig bewegt*¹⁾, which you sent me on Sept. 12th 1871, has given me. It is frightfully difficult, but so wonderful, so full of tender melancholy, that when I play it my heart is at once light and heavy. Thanks for that also”

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

“Baden-Baden, July 22nd 1877.

. . . . I cannot find a quiet moment in which to write, to-day — but I must thank you and tell you of a happy event which has been causing us great excitement for the last few days. When

1) Op. 78, No. 1.

I went to Büdesheim to see Elise, I found her engaged to a very charming, excellent man, Louis Sommerhoff of America. He has a good position in business there, and hopes to be able to return to Europe in a few years The wedding is to be in November, when he will come and fetch her. He is going back to America now as he has to see to his business and arrange everything. So another joy has come to us — God bless them both”

TO BRAHMS.

“Spinabad, Aug. 20th 1877.

Dearest Johannes

I have not been well for some days or I should have written sooner to tell you that I had received your packet with its precious contents and also how much I have been enjoying the ballad ¹⁾. The words indeed are terrible, but your setting is wonderful, one's interest is constantly kept alive, in spite of all the repetitions of the *motif* it is always interesting, it recurs in so many different ways, changing with each change of feeling, and each time it strikes one as something new. We (Volckland and I) have played it over and over again. If only we could have had a couple of singers on the spot people like Vogl and Brandt, of whom it always makes me think!

I am sending two of Felix's poems with the piece, and should like to know what you think of them. He has not yet polished them, and apparently wants to wait before doing so. I, who as you know, am always disposed to judge his poetry rather coolly — since I fear nothing so much as over-valuing the intellectual gifts of my children — have been surprised by many things in them Tell me, dear Johannes, what you think. Felix wants to print them, and this makes me anxious”

TO HERMANN LEVI.

“Lichtenthal near Baden-Baden, Sept. 24th 1877.

. . . . You poor fellow, what a dreadful summer you have had! — If only you would take proper care of yourself now and get really well! but alas! you will do as you did before, you will

1) Op. 75, No. 1 (*Edward*).

smoke (as you are very likely doing again by this time), you will sit up late at night with friends, you will take no exercise, etc. etc. How sad to think of it all! Please let me have a card to say how you are now, and if you have begun work again.

Brahms is in a happy mood, very delighted with his summer resort, and he has finished — at all events in his head — a new symphony in *D* major, elegiac in character — he has written out the first movement. Sarasate is trying a new concerto by Bruch, to-day — unfortunately I have a cold and cannot go to the rehearsal.

We are seriously thinking of going back to Berlin as the weather really is too unpleasant; besides my concerts are drawing so near that I begin to feel uncomfortable. I go on tour again in the middle of October — Hamburg, Schwerin etc., then Basle, Zürich (where I have promised to go for years and have never been), Breslau, Leipsic etc. etc.

You will see that I think of being industrious once more, and indeed I have had to refuse numbers of engagements — I choose those places where I like playing, and especially those where I have dears friend”

FROM THE DIARY.

Baden-Baden, September 1877.

The cold is something frightful — we have to have fires in all the rooms. If only we could get away, but we must wait till Kussmaul returns to Strassburg, as I want to consult him about Felix. Only I am so afraid the cold may do Felix harm.

I had a long talk with Johannes about Felix's poetical gift. Johannes does not depreciate it, but he does not approve of the road he has taken in the *Mysterien* A frightful amount of letter-writing. Another invitation from Frankfort, which I refused. It would be too much for me I should like to be 20 years younger again, so as to be able to play a great deal, and at the same time to play as I now do, better than I used to. I wish there were more new things, I find that a great privation. I am so fond of studying new works, it stimulates me and renews my youth In the evening Rossmann's concert, or rather Bülow's for he never left the platform the whole evening. It was not very enjoyable; from a technical point of view he is certainly

masterly as conductor as well as performer but . . . his soul takes no part in it . . . This was very evident in his rendering of certain passages in Beethoven's *C minor* symphony. Just because everything is studied and nothing is spontaneous, it is all a little overdone, — stringendos as well as ritardandos.

Sept. 26th. After consulting Kussmaul we have decided to send Felix to the south — he is feeling very ill again here, greatly to our distress.

Oct. 3rd. Felix left for Sicily. It was a hard parting; who knows if and when we shall see each other again . . . God grant that it may all turn to good . . .

I have heard the famous Etelka Gerster at last, and was much disappointed. Her singing is that of a mere instrument, absolutely soulless . . . there is not a breath of poetry . . . One song from Jenny Lind is worth more than the whole of such a singer . . .

Johannes came this evening and played me the first movement of his 2nd symphony in *D major*, which highly delighted me. It seems to me more deeply conceived than the first movement of the 1st symphony . . . I also heard part of the last movement, and am full of joy over it. He is sure to gain a much more striking success in public with this symphony than he did with the first, enthusiastic as we musicians are over its inspiration and wonderful skill . . .

TO BRAHMS.

“Schwerin, Oct. 24th 1877.

. . . We had a dreadful time in Berlin; such masses of work had accumulated. But worst of all was the terrible depression that came over me — and from which I still suffer occasionally — which made me incapable of doing anything in which my heart was concerned. I had a great deal of pain in my arm all the time I was there and dared not write myself, especially as I had Hamburg and Schwerin before me. The saddest part of it is that I have been forced to the conclusion that I have injured myself again by working at your concerto. How I had been looking forward to playing it frequently this winter! How it has twined itself round my heart, and how happy it made me every time I practised it. And now I must give up all thought of ever playing it again — I cannot think of it without the deepest grief . . .

but perhaps it is only rheumatism, a thought which makes me breathe again; for I have often noticed that changes in the weather affect it. Forgive me for saying so much about it, my heart was, and is, so full of it — a constant struggle between fear and hope.

I do not at all like not knowing where my thoughts are to follow you. It is so long since I heard anything of you — though indeed it is my own fault."

FROM THE DIARY.

Berlin, December.

Dec. 23rd. Heard from New York that they have arrived safely Johannes sent me his 2nd symphony arranged as a duet. Unfortunately it was so hard to read that I could not find anyone to play it properly with me. But in spite of this I was delighted with many things in it.

Sunday, 30th. We gave a party. Trio for piano, violin and horn by Brahms, unfortunately the horn part had to be taken by a 'cello, but we enjoyed it very much all the same. Telegram from Billroth in the evening; Brahms's 2nd symphony met with great success in Vienna

Feb. 9th 1878. Went to Cologne. Saw Lewinsky in *Die Räuber* that evening. It was a great pleasure to see him again, and especially in this part which is one of his finest performances. I had carried the remembrance of it with me for the last 10 years, and also the wish to see him once again in my life as Franz Moor He was the same as ever, and next day I had the pleasure of meeting him at the Deichmanns', where I was staying with Fillu¹) I had a surprise; on Sunday, Johannes came from Holland where he had been producing his symphony with great success, and had had a tremendous reception during the few days he was there. He was very pleasant and, to my great joy, thought I played better than I have ever done before. He could not well have said anything that would have given me more pleasure. . . .

Frankfort, Feb. 24th 1878.

My stay here ended with a great excitement. Henkel came to see me this morning and strongly advised me to move to

1) *Translator's note:* Miss Fillunger.

Frankfort if I really wished to leave Berlin. I had never thought of Frankfort, but as Henkel expounded them many reasons struck me as being in its favour. I should come back to the Rhine again, should be in the centre of Germany, the Rhine, the Black Forest, Switzerland, and Bavaria all within reach. The city has many artistic attractions to offer, the magnificent orchestra at the Museum, the theatre, which promises to take a new lease of life under Otto Devrient's management; the city itself, not too large, and everything much more get-at-able than in Berlin, the neighbourhood beautiful, the Forest only half-an-hour's distance by train — in short there is much to be said for it. The long conversation left me quite excited. Then, shortly afterwards, comes Herr Raff and offers me a post at the newly founded "Dr Hoch's Conservatoire", uses every kind of argument to induce me to accept it at once, says that they (there are 7 gentlemen on the committee, and the chairman is Oberbürgermeister v. Mumm, who has twice tried in vain to catch me to-day) will do everything that I can possibly wish, etc. etc. Of course I did not let myself be persuaded at once, but I promised to give them an answer before Easter. Attractive as an offer like this is just now when I did not know where to go there was one question that recurred: Can I work at the same institution with Raff, whom I find thoroughly unsympathetic as a musician? This thought continually obtruded itself, although Raff himself told me that I should have no more to do with the school than I myself wished, there would be no question of a central management, of the kind of discipline they have at the *Hoch Schule*, and I should give my lessons at my own house etc. etc. He protested that they were so anxious to have me that they would arrange everything to suit me, and would certainly never think of putting any difficulties in my way. This was the first time I had seen Raff, there is something frank about him, but he is rather rough and not very attractive. Later on, when I heard more about him, I found this impression confirmed, but at the same time everyone praised his uprightness . . .

Berlin. March. I have had an answer from Johannes to whom I wrote concerning Frankfort — he strongly advises me to accept. He says that Raff's musical tendencies are no concern of mine. My mind is much relieved, but naturally I think of it incessantly.

TO HERMANN LEVI.

"Berlin, April 5th 1878.

Dear Levi

Just a line to-day, to tell you that I have really accepted Frankfort and have signed the agreement. Heaven grant that I may not repent this step. There was much to be said in its favour, besides all that you say, and I am very glad that both you and Johannes approve. The agreement is so worded that I am not too much bound; I have to give 9 lessons a week (1½ a day) for 8 months, and in the summer I have 4 months' holiday, I can also undertake short tours without asking for special leave, so that I shall be able to come to Munich. November would suit me best — somewhere about the 18th (that is a Wednesday), but perhaps I too shall be hissed off the platform? My views are sufficiently well known, though they may have little weight. What a dreadful experience for you to, go through! ¹⁾ I always thought Brahms was greatly liked in Munich, I am quite amazed. . . ."

TO BRAHMS.

"Berlin, May 7th 1878.

Dearest Johannes

The great day has come round again but where am I to send my greetings and good wishes? I scatter them broadcast in the air, perhaps they are gently fanning you at this moment, you feel a gentle content, and a stray thought comes to me in dusty Berlin. Where may you be? Many thanks for your letter from Rome, which gave me great pleasure, I was very glad to hear that you had seen Felix, but you do not tell me what Billroth really thinks of the state of his health, or what he advises for the future? Felix does not mention it either and so I cannot but think the worst. Please, dear Johannes tell me Billroth's opinion quite frankly. I have long given up all hope; I am doing what I can for him — further than that my power does not extend.

As you can imagine, we are very busy — our things are to go to F. at the end of May. We were there at Easter and found a nice house, not shut in. We shall so far settle in, in June,

1) The failure of Brahms's 2nd symphony in Munich.

that we shall find things more or less comfortable by the beginning of October. But what a move!!!

Carnaval and *Fantasiestücke* have gone to Härtel's at last¹⁾, after I had worried over them for days, getting the metronome marks right. I bought a watch with a second hand and 'the end of the song' is — that I give it up. You were right, it is wearisome work, and one ends by despairing of oneself. Anyone who understands the things will take them right, and those who do not understand them are not worth troubling about. . . ."

FROM THE DIARY.

Berlin, May 1878.

The greater part of this month was occupied in preparations for the move and in farewell calls, which I did not always find easy. . . . It was very lucky for me that a concert in Wiesbaden, at which I had promised to play, drew near so that I was forced to leave Berlin. . . . So we set out, Marie and I, on the 21st.

Düsseldorf, June 1878.

Unfortunately the Musical Festival could by no means be called a success. *Faust* was very poorly performed, the choruses were so uncertain, and most of the solos were unsatisfactory, no-one could feel enthusiastic over it. . . . "*Care*" was tragi-comic. So the first day of the Festival was very unfortunate. . . . *Orpheus* on the 2nd day was not a brilliant success either, beautifully as Frau Joachim sang, and it was not until Brahms's 2nd symphony, which Joachim had carefully worked up, that the audience shook off their oppression and gave vent to their feelings in indescribable enthusiasm. I have seldom heard an orchestral work so applauded, except Robert's 1st and 4th symphonies and Gade's 1st. To have lived through this made me happier than words can say. How much I thought of my Robert, who prophesied that Brahms would have a success of this sort. . . . On the 3rd day Joachim played Viotti's interesting concerto, really wonderfully, as he alone can play. . . .

1) *Translator's note*: Clara was at this time preparing an edition of her husband's works.

TO AVÉ.

“Düsseldorf, June 15th 1878.

.... You have hurt me very much by what you said about Mozart¹⁾, and I could almost think that you had wholly and entirely forgotten my point of view as an artist. I do not appreciate the beauty of Mozart's concertos! I, who for 20 years have been almost the only person to play them! I who used often to play the *D* minor, and now and then the *C* minor! I who simply love the *A* major and *G* major concertos!!! No, dear Avé, you should not have said that.

I should be ashamed to play a Mozart concerto! You could hardly have said anything more libellous. But enough of this; let us come to business. . . . I have not yet told you the most important thing, the reason for my refusal. Mozart's treatment of the piano is not suited to our age and unfortunately the public is no longer in a position to appreciate a concerto of that kind. At a Festival like yours one wants, after all, to play something which the audience can understand; no matter whether it is called a Memorial Festival or a Musical Festival, it is still a festival. As a proof of what I say I may tell you that at Whitsuntide Joachim played the 1st and 2nd movements of Viotti's — to me delightful — concerto, like an angel, and yet everybody said it was a pity he played such a childish concerto — and those were musicians and connoisseurs.


But do not misunderstand me, this would not prevent me from playing Mozart at one of your ordinary concerts, I am speaking only of this exceptional occasion.”

TO BRAHMS.

“Wildbad-Gastein near Moser, July 9th 1878.

.... As I told you, the songs were sent after me, before I could write to you about them I had to get hold of a piano as without that I cannot get to know them as perfectly as I like to do. Wretched as the piano is, I succeeded in forgetting it for several hours so greatly did they take hold of me. My favourites are the

1) See Clara's correspondence with Avé concerning the Jubilee concert at Hamburg.

B major¹⁾ in $\frac{4}{4}$, the *A* minor (*Serbisch*)²⁾, *Todessehnen*³⁾, the first page of which specially took hold of me, and then the one by Keller⁴⁾ . . . I like *Versunken*⁵⁾ too, particularly those coaxing bars in the middle and then again that creepy part in unison. In Heine's *Dämmernd liegt der Sommerabend*⁶⁾ the first few bars of the harmonic progression are not to my mind, otherwise both the songs are interesting and delicate but not very inspiring. Of the *Frühlingslieder* I like the middle one in *E♭* major best, only I wish the final bars were not there,  they always sound to me trivial. If I might say any more it would be this: in the middle of *Todessehnen*, where it goes into *F♯* major, I should prefer the *A♯* in the voice part (and of course in the accompaniment too) not to come in till a bar later so that one might be more or less prepared for it by the previous bar; I mean that the *A♯* should not come until the words, '*Wo das schwesterliche Wesen Deinem Wesen sich vermählt*', two bars before the six *♯*s, and that the bar before that should be a slight alteration of the harmony in the bar before so as to prepare one for it. In the same way in the *B* major song, *Ich sass zu Deinen Füßen*, the return to *B* major strikes me as rather abrupt when one has been so long fixed in *F♯* major. Could not a hint of *B* major be given by the dominant in the bar before the interlude? or the interlude itself be a couple of bars longer? But the song as a whole is enchanting, the feeling is wonderful from the beginning, the effect of the triplets against the quavers, and as for the finish!!! It just occurs to me that at the end of *Todessehnen* I am always rather disagreeably affected by the *D♯*⁷⁾ that runs through the two last bars (in the right hand part of the accompaniment); if you kept to the *X* just before, it would sound something like this.

Forgive me; now that I am writing it all down I am terrified at the coolness with which I treat the composer. You know it all better than I do, supposing you do wish to alter it. But I will pluck up courage for one thing and that is to beg you not to print the first *Frühlingslied*⁸⁾ and the *D* major duet⁹⁾, for I

1) Op. 85, 6.

2) Op. 85, 3.

3) Op. 88, 6.

4) Op. 86, 1.

5) Op. 86, 5.

6) Op. 85, 1.

7) In the published version this passage is altered.

8) Only one of the three was printed.

9) Op. 75, 3.

should put both these down to anyone rather than to you. I am quite delighted with *Walpurgisnacht*¹⁾, it is a worthy companion to the ballad of *Edward*²⁾. But I should feel some scruples about combining two such powerful works with one which offers so sharp a contrast as *Guter Rath*³⁾, interesting as it is. I should not wish the third to be such a terribly gloomy one, but I do want something softer. People always sing straight through a volume like that, and such an abrupt change of mood is not satisfactory. You see, dear Johannes, that my friendship for you sometimes overcomes my respect, do not be offended, the respect is sufficiently great all the same. Show me that you are not angry by sending some more very soon."

TO BRAHMS.

"Wildbad-Gastein, July 16th 1878.

.... I am sending you the songs and I must tell you that the two from Heine have been growing upon me — they are so dreamy, and are really fit only for singer and player. In *Todessehnen* there is one place which is frightfully difficult for anyone who does not foresee the combination of harmonies in the next bar, as the piano comes in a tone lower than the voice — and most singers are not musical enough, and it might be better to alter it so that the piano begins with the same note, *B*♯. You will find that I have put a question mark in that place . . . Livia has sung it several times, and has only just got it right with great trouble, and as a rule she sings well at sight. The transition from *C*♯ to *B*♭ in the 7th bar of the 2nd *Frühlingslied* seems to me very unusual, it is not adapted to the voice — how would it be if you were to have *D* immediately after the *C*♯, or something of that sort — would it not be better? How magnificent the transition from *G* minor, and before that, into *G* minor! I have played the duet through again several times since I got your letter, but I cannot help remaining of the same opinion — Neither you nor your musical friends gauge your things by the immediate effect they will have on the public. *Edward*, apart from the fact that it cannot but make a tremendous impression upon anyone who cares for music, is such a master-piece that you would be sinn-

1) Op. 75, 4.

2) Op. 75, 1.

3) Op. 75, 2.



Love, Yvonne.

ing against yourself if you did not publish it. If the singers do not sing it, it will be because there are few capable of singing such a work. It can never appeal to a large audience but it will have an enthusiastic one."

FROM THE DIARY.

Munich, August 1878.

Aug. 9th. We put up at the *Marienbad* and at once went to see *Tell*. We came in for 2 acts, and were quite delighted with Frau Vogl, who sang Gemmi. What a remarkable artist! I did not know that it was she, but when I had listened to a few bars I found myself carried away as much by her singing as by her acting Went to see Lenbach, who wants to paint me — the children are so anxious to have a good portrait¹⁾ of me, and Lenbach is a genius and has a wonderful power of catching likenessness A remarkable first sitting, nothing but being "on view", without canvas or palette — it was very funny. He wanted to study my face before beginning. He thinks he will want only one day for the picture, either it will succeed at once, or not at all. I am very curious about it. I cannot get over the fact that I am really allowing myself to be painted in my old age. I certainly would not do it for my own satisfaction — what do I care for my old face? — but I am glad for the children's sake. . . . In the evening I actually went once more to *Tannhäuser* — Marie had never heard it — Vogl was extraordinary, and altogether it was an excellent performance. My opinion, and the impression I received, were the same as ever. The libretto is good, often so interesting that one forgets even the music, and those are the best moments.

12th. Alarming news from Turin. Felix has gone to Marmorito and is so ill that M. begs us to send for him as soon as possible I have almost no hope that we shall preserve his life. One grows old only to bury one's children.

19th. A telegram from Felix which has given us fresh anxiety Levi is most kind in advising us, he is proving himself a good, true friend to us, as he has often done before

1) *Translator's note*: The frontispiece of this volume is a reproduction of Lenbach's portrait.

24th. Felix arrived this evening I found him just as I had expected; it is impossible to cherish any illusions as to his condition. He is very ill, and I believe that all we can do for him at home is to lighten his sufferings by careful nursing; we cannot help him

26th. Unfortunately Levi has to go away to-day, and we had to say good-bye to him, which I did with a heavy heart. What a blessing it is to have a warm friend like that, and how hard it is to do without him when one has had him every day for some time and has experienced the benefit of his friendship to such a degree.

CHAPTER VII.

No. 32 MYLIUSSTRASSE, FRANKFORT.

1878—1896.

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

“Frankfort, Sept. 17th /78.

Dear Johannes

It has been a long interval, but what have I not lived through, and how sad it all is even now! I am almost paralysed; I can only just do what is absolutely necessary, and at the same time the amount of work I have to get through, is incredible. Just imagine! I had been in Munich only a few days when I got such bad neuralgia in my arm that I could not move a finger and was in the most maddening pain day and night. This lasted for 3 weeks, and in the end nothing but morphia brought relief. To this physical suffering was added the most terrible pain of mind that a mother can suffer. The 2nd day that we were in Munich I heard from Marmorito that Felix was so ill that he must not be allowed to remain alone any longer. I telegraphed at once to tell him to come to Munich, but I was so overcome that I went about like one stunned. No doubt it was that that made the pain in my arm so much worse. After much writing backwards and forwards Felix came at last, but how did he return to me! — it was heart-rending. He crept along like an old man and could not get his breath, and he coughed from morning till night, only snatching a few hours rest by means of chloral etc.; and in this state we took him to Baden. There he revived somewhat, and at the end of a week my arm was so much better that I could venture to play a little — We stayed at the *Bär*, but it was a terrible time and the anxiety made me so ill that the children urged me to go to Büdesheim for a few days. I

consented at last, for I felt too ill for words. Marie went to Frankfort, where there was an enormous amount to be done, but she joined me on the 13th so I had at least the comfort of her presence, though it was a sad birthday, for Eugenie had gone to Falkenstein with Felix — it is a consumptive hospital, an hour's distance from here, and is said to be excellent. He wanted so much to come to us, and we should love it too, but we could not receive him in a house that is not yet put in order, with no servants etc., and so I begged him to go to Falkenstein for a time. It was getting too cold in Baden. He seems to have certain comforts there — there is no question of anything except alleviation, for I have no hope left; one lung is quite gone, and the other is greatly diseased. It is bitter to begin life in a new place and in a new sphere of activity under circumstances like these.

I have been here for some days, but in an hotel; we shall not get into the house, at all events not to sleep, until the end of the month. But I have been practising there, in my charming room, in readiness for Hamburg. I had to get the cadenzas right, which I found frightfully hard as I could not force myself into the right mood. I have borrowed a couple of passages from you — you do not mind, do you? . . . I have a great deal of pain in both arms, and scarcely know how I shall play in Hamburg, but I do not want to write and withdraw at this particular juncture unless it is really impossible to help it. You will however, easily understand that I am not in the right frame of mind for it, my heart is bowed down as it was in the bitterest days of my life. To be old and in good health, and to see the life of one's child, of a young man in the bloom of his years, ebbing away, is one of the most terrible trials that can be laid on a mother, and this trial comes to me for the third time. I could not bear it indeed, if I were not supported by my love for the other children — God give me strength by preserving *them*."

TO HERMANN LEVI.

"Frankfort, Oct. 3rd /78.

. . . . I got back from Hamburg last night. Everything went very well; I received an ovation at the concert — my cadenzas were praised by all the musicians, which specially pleased me — and besides this, I had the pleasure of seeing Gade and Verhulst

again after a long interval. Johannes was there too, and we spent some pleasant hours together. As in Düsseldorf, his symphony was the climax of the Festival. He showed me the first movement of a violin concerto, and Joachim played it through to me. As you can easily imagine it is a concerto in which orchestra and soloist blend. The tone of the movement is very like that of the 2nd symphony, and it too is in *D* major

We slept here for the first time last night — Marie had arranged everything delightfully, and I came back with a stouter heart. But anxiety about Felix and about Eugenie, who is nursing him, soon returned in full force, and besides this I have so much to do that my head whirls; to-day alone I tried 6 pupils, who really horrified me — what bad teaching is often given in Conservatoires! —

Felix has been in bed for the last 10 days; he will not let Eugenie leave him for a moment. She looks after him with a self-devotion which at once touches me and makes me anxious."

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

"Frankfort, Oct. 17th 1878.

. . . . I am surrounded by mysteries at present — I know one secret, that I am to be fêted by the Conservatoire here. If only, without seeming unfriendly — which would be alien to my grateful spirit — I could just slip away quietly!"

FROM THE DIARY.

Frankfort, October 1878.

Sunday the 20th, a day I shall never forget. 50 years ago to-day, I played for the first time in public, at the *Gewandhaus* in Leipsic — they had heard of it here and Raff had prepared a delightful celebration at the Conservatoire. He came to fetch me, and when I arrived I was received by all the girls belonging to the school, carrying flowers which they strewed in my way. Raff led me to my place, a chair crowned with flowers, and made a very kind speech at the end of which he presented me with a laurel-wreath. Then came a little musical *matinée*, made up entirely of compositions of my own, performed by the teachers of the school. It was a complete surprise I was much touched

by this delicate attention. When I took my seat in the carriage a perfect shower of flowers rained upon me. Arrived at home, I found Frau Raff, Frau Kissel, Frau Hanau, and Frau Lucius waiting to offer me some beautiful presents from a number of the inhabitants of Frankfort, and delightful gifts from my children and friends were spread out for me.

The most magnificent present was given me by my children and sons-in-law, a beautifully wrought slate clock, exquisitely painted after Raphael, and with all the children's names and some charming verses of Felix's engraved under the dial.

My heart trembled with grief, he was so near me and yet he could not be with me. He was suffering while I was holding this festival.

Tuesday 22nd. To Leipsic . . . for the celebration of my jubilee . . . on the invitation of the *Gewandhaus* committee. It certainly was not my wish that this event which is so pleasant for me, should be celebrated in public, but . . . I could not refuse them . . . It meant much to me to keep this festival in my native town and in the same room in which I made my first public appearance 50 years ago . . .

23rd. I was most warmly received at the rehearsal, and when I played my solos for the benefit of the Conservatoire students, who were only allowed at the rehearsal, people grew quite wild with enthusiasm . . . To me it seemed only natural to do it.

Grabau, Wenzel, and Domherr Wendler, these three had been at my first appearance 50 years ago, and they were there to-day, when they reminded me of it.

24th. A memorable day. In the morning I was overwhelmed with magnificent presents, addresses, flowers, wreathes, telegrams . . . Concert in the evening . . . only works by Robert were given . . . I played the *A* minor concerto . . . The whole hall was decorated with wreathes and garlands of green and gold oak-leaves. As I stepped on to the platform the entire audience stood up and a rain of flowers began under which I was really buried . . . It was a long time before I could seat myself at the piano. Once or twice I felt as if I should be overcome, I trembled violently, but I controlled myself and played the concerto perfectly quietly, and it went splendidly . . . At the end when I was recalled, Reinecke handed me a magnificent gold laurel-wreath, a present from the orchestra . . . It is exquisitely made, on every leaf is the name of one of the

composers whose works I have played in the course of my career.... After the concert.... I went to the Freges, and was greeted on my entrance by some beautiful songs from the *Paulinerchor*, the 3rd was the *Waldlied* from *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, with horns. Besides this I found all my friends and acquaintances gathered together.... Emma Preusser was there, looking so happy, dear good friend.... They were all so merry and friendly that I found the end of the day as stimulating as the rest of it had been.... And so I went to bed with a very grateful heart because God had allowed me to enjoy this day in the full possession of my artistic powers.

TO BRAHMS.

"Frankfort-a-M., Nov. 7th 1878.

Dear Johannes

I had just plunged into the piano-pieces¹⁾ — I know some of them quite well by this time, but most of them are really very difficult — when your letter came, and I am writing at once to say how much pleasure they are giving me. One of my favourites is the *C* major, and you want to leave it out? Why that particular one? If any one is to be left out, I should be inclined to let it be the *A* major for though the middle is charming — it is rather Chopin-ish —, the first part is too insignificant for Brahms — forgive me for saying so! In the one in *C* I should so much like that delightful opening phrase to be used again before the repeat, it could easily be done, couldn't it? I do not like the first four bars after the repeat they are too dry, up to the bar



where it begins to get more graceful again. Then at the end, the 2nd bar



1) Op. 71.

would sound better with a different harmony. The one in the next bar is so liquid, and this is so dry. I am working hard at the very last of all to see how to play it so that it will not sound harsh, it is very ingenious, but it jars on one after the exquisite sound of the whole. Please do not leave it out on any account — it would be a pity. I like parts of the first one very much, but I cannot get used to the sudden changes of time, I cannot enjoy it as a whole. No. 2 is charming; No. 4, in *A* minor I also like very much — I approve of the change to $\frac{2}{3}$ time at the transition, it draws it out a little and makes it more restful. I was struck with some of the alterations you have made in the *F* \sharp minor, e. g. what was



now goes in octaves, which sound harder, and it is the same the 2nd time. Then I prefer the earlier version of the repeat of the earlier version, in which it returns to the first theme where the bass takes it up; I was specially delighted with it just because it did not keep on *F* \sharp in the bass at the outset. Why did you alter it? And I am so fond too, of the augmentation at the return to the theme. The two short pieces in *A* \flat major and *B* \flat major are little pearls. I am in favour of the first part of the *A* \flat major being repeated, it would make the whole thing clearer I think. I have written more than any post-card would have held, but these thoughts were in my mind, and perhaps some one or other of them may seem to you justifiable."

FROM THE DIARY.

Frankfort, November-December 1878.

Nov. 1st. Felix and Eugenie came home from Falkenstein. Ah! what a home-coming for our poor Felix! I thought him looking very ill, but he seemed in excellent spirits at seeing us again. . . .

Now began an unspeakably sad time. We watched Felix growing weaker every day, but we dared not let him see how anxious we were. . . .

Dec. 24th. A sad Christmas-Eve. I would rather have had no tree at all, but I had to for Felix's own sake Felix sat with us till 10 o'clock It was the first Christmas-Eve that he had spent at home for years — his last on this earth. Does he suspect this?

January 1879.

This month was rather rich in events. I undertook many things with a heavy heart, but I did it because in times of trial work is the one thing which keeps the soul erect. Then again, work of this sort is part of my vocation as an artist, and this is so much part of my life itself that I cannot imagine myself following the same sort of daily round as ordinary people. I knew too, that my Felix liked it when I was in request on account of my art.

TO BRAHMS.

"Frankfort, Feb. 2nd 1879.

. . . . Now we are both back in our old grooves, is it not time to wish for news of each other again. I have indeed heard of your successes and Joachim's, but I should have liked to have heard it from you. It must have been very pleasant in Buda-Pest and Vienna. Ah! if only I could have heard the concerto! I got back from Switzerland (where I had four engagements) only the day before yesterday, — Your ears must have burned after all that Volkland and I confided to each other; but you were listening to other, and perhaps more beautiful sounds at the time. Please send me a piano score of the concerto¹), as soon as you have made one; possibly I shall not be able to let anyone here play it, as it seems to be so difficult, but I shall get some idea of it. Things are going very badly with us. Felix is visibly fading away, although he does not yet keep his bed I see him only for a few minutes at a time, as it excites him too much, but my heart bleeds when I do see him, and whatever I am doing he, poor fellow, is always before my eyes, so that I have to call up all my strength in order

1) Op. 77.

that this sorrow may not over-master me. . . . It was extraordinary to me that I was able to play with so much freedom and power at these concerts, when all the while I was so unhappy, and when I never forgot my grief for a moment."

FROM THE DIARY.

February 1879. On the night of the 15th—16th, between Saturday and Sunday, at 3 o'clock in the morning our Felix passed away in Marie's arms. She had not called me He suffered frightfully, a death-struggle in the fullest sense of the words She wished to spare me this, she who is always sacrificing herself, always full of love So in the morning I saw him a corpse, and alas! I must confess I felt that it was a release for which I must thank heaven

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Vienna, Feb. /79.

My dearly loved Clara

Every letter of yours lately has led me to expect the sad news which came to-day.

But as I held this one in my hand I felt certain of what it contained, and opened it looking at you with all my thoughts.

One would think that at moments like these one would feel raised and exalted. This has not been my experience.

All memories of past good throng upon me, and the thought of all the good which I had the right to hope or expect.

At the moment I only feel with double force what I (dimly) felt before.

It is well that Fate cannot touch me many more times. I fear that I should bear it hardly and badly. But with all my heart I wish that you may have in rich abundance everything given to man in which human nature can find comfort and everything that can come from without, so that you may bear this heavy blow as you have borne so many others.

I should think with special anxiety of Eugenie, who was so devoted to him — but it comforts me to know that you are together, that together you bear your sorrow and take care of each other. I wish I could be there, for long as I sit with the

paper before me and write, I should be happier and more at ease if I could sit in silence by your side.

With all my heart
Your Johannes."

TO BRAHMS.

"Frankfort, Feb. 21st 1879.

Many thanks, dear Johannes, for your note, which has been a great comfort. If I were to attempt to tell you of the days that we have been living through, words would fail to describe my feelings. The worst of all was when they bore him away — what pain that is! — But I am calm, only terribly sad"

TO HERMANN LEVI.

"Frankfort, April 23rd /79.

. . . . In spite of all efforts to subdue my weakness I have been living through terrible weeks, for not only am I weighed down by grief for him whom I have lost, but I am also anxious and troubled about those whom I still possess: children and friends and everything, seemed to me veiled in clouds, and I felt as if I could not breathe. For the last week it has been better, I have scolded myself, struggled with myself, and finally love roused me again, love and a sense of what I owed to the children around me, for if I give way to gloomy thoughts they suffer with me, and that they must not and shall not. My work, of which there is abundance, is also a great help. I had to undertake some private lessons, and my whole day is filled with business of different kinds If only I had more time in one way the days are too short, but on the other hand I have not the strength to work on without ceasing as I used to be able to. Before breakfast I walk for $\frac{1}{2}$ hr., and again after my lessons, between 1 and 2 when I pay calls, do my shopping etc.; then at 4 I give lessons; 5 to 6-30 I am at home to callers — say yourself what time is left to me? I have all the correspondence with Härtel's and Brahms about the complete edition of Schumann, and all my other letters to write. This goes on and on, and at the same time I must practise.

24th. I could not finish, yesterday, and now when I read through what I wrote, I am horrified to see how exclusively I

was occupied with myself, which is not usually a failing of mine. But I felt as if you were sitting by my writing-table and we were chatting together as we often have done Brahms's violin concerto has been giving me some really delightful hours. He has sent me the piano score, and Heermann has played it several times. I am particularly charmed with the 1st and 3rd movements. The adagio is clever but it does not warm my heart as the others do."

FROM THE DIARY.

Frankfort, May 1879. The Hübners in Dresden, are celebrating their golden wedding. I could not think what to send them, but at last it struck Marie that I might compose a march for them and work in Robert's duet *Grossvater und Grossmutter*¹⁾. I set to work and in a couple of days it was done. The first trio was on the duet, but I added a second trio . . . that was successful also, though certainly not without obvious reminiscences of Schumann (*Manfred*). In the 2nd trio, in contrast to the 1st in which the music so charmingly depicts the peacefulness of the grandparents surrounded by their children, sad memories of happy days gone by came over me, of the love of my youth, and then the air from *Manfred* came to me, which is, as it were, enshrined in my heart and calls up the past oftener than any other melody . . .

Countess X. came again to torment me with her execrable compositions and her unbearable conversation which always centres round herself. She admires everything about herself and particularly her want of ear and her want of any knowledge of harmony; she does not hear the most abominable mistakes, cannot put 4 parts together, and goes on composing and composing, greatly admired by others, i. e. by people of her own set. I told her the truth to-day — she is not sensitive for she firmly believes that all her faults spring from genius. She robbed me of a whole hour.

1) The copies of this march which remain are inscribed, "Not to be printed as it stands: will be altered. December 1891". Shortly before her last illness, in February and March, Clara prepared a copy for the press — at the desire of Hubner's son — but this copy could not be found after her death.

TO MARIE SCHUMANN.

"Kiel, June 16th /79.

.... The Litzmanns are most kind to me. M^{rs} is remarkably pleasant, and he is no less so. They have been in great trouble; the death of the dear little child [grandchild] — which reminded me so of Duaddo, when they told me about it — was a terrible blow. It is touching when the old man describes the child's pretty little ways. His voice grows soft and full of tender recollections. He often speaks to me of it, I am glad to say. I feel that by so doing he shows confidence and affection. What sympathy these people show for everything that affects us — more than many an old friend."

TO BRAHMS.

"Düsseldorf, July 10th 1879.

I must send a line to tell you how deeply excited I am over your sonata¹⁾. It came to-day; of course I at once played it through, and at the end I could not help bursting into tears of joy over it. After the 1st delicate, charming movement and the 2nd, you can imagine my rapture when in the 3rd I once more found my passionately loved melody with the delightful quaver-rhythm. I say 'my', because I do not believe that anyone feels the rapture and sadness of it as I do. To have this last movement after all that dainty, charming music before it! My pen is poor, but my heart beats warmly and gratefully, and in spirit I press your hand."

FROM THE DIARY.

Frankfort, September 1879.

21st. A telegram from Baden-Baden to say that our house is sold at last. I cannot part with it without a pang, and I am specially sorry to say good-bye to the little garden, the veranda, and all the surroundings.

25th. The Bargiels came to us — Woldemar and his wife and child — which gave us great pleasure. What excellent people they are, simple, with high ideals, and with wide interests and sympathies....

1) Op. 78.

Frankfort, October 1879.

.... I am greatly perturbed because I still have so much pain in my arms. I had been practising Brahms's concerto again in the hope of being able to play it this winter, but it is no use, I do not find it difficult but yet it so strains my muscles that I had to give it up, and once more lay it aside with tears. I love the concerto so passionately, that I feel — as one feels only about the best things — as if it had grown out of my heart. . . .

Various articles against Robert Schumann, in the Bayreuth papers, are attracting a great deal of attention just now. . . . Rage of this sort against Schumann does not affect me in the least. . . . To attempt to asperse a man like Schumann, who is always named among the best and greatest masters, who makes his way steadily into the hearts of the people. . . . in short a name like Robert Schumann's, is vulgar and — stupid. . . .

10th. Played Mozart's *D* minor concerto in the Museum. Great enthusiasm. I played it well, I know, and yet all the evening I felt very sad at heart. I do not know why it is, but for some time I have always felt so sad when I have appeared in public. Each time I think it will soon be the last. . . . It is true I have had enough of this world, and yet the thought of leaving the children makes me unspeakably sad — I should find it difficult to give up appearing in public because I am now playing better than ever. . . . And yet I must at least reduce the number of my appearances, as it takes too much out of me. . . .

I have been glancing through a number of new musical productions lately, and feel quite depressed. The influence of Wagnerism is dreadfully far-reaching and injurious. Except perhaps for a Jensen, a Nicodé, a Hoffmann, here and there, no one cares any more for melody; the way people fling harmonies about is something horrible, resolutions are considered quite unnecessary. . . . how little natural the younger composers are. Everything must be original; everybody hunts for far-fetched titles which shall out-do anything that has gone before, and, the stuff itself is worthless, contemptibly poor. Hoffmann has published some waltzes, *Clavierstücke aus meinem Tagebuch* [Piano pieces from my Diary] etc. which do one good since they are at least simple and melodious. Nicodé is very talented, but he has not much originality; for example, he makes a great show with variations and fantasias. . . .

and by dint of much display and little invention thinks to outsoar Schumann in his *Études Symphoniques* or Brahms in his *Handel-Variations*!

Dec. 4th. Joachim came, and was very nice. . . . In the evening we were at the Ladenburgs. I played Johannes' sonata with Joachim. It was a very great pleasure. . . . It is a pity there are a few harsh passages in the sonata, as is unfortunately so often the case with Brahms — especially in the 1st movement. The adagio, too, does not appeal to me, except for the coda. . . . But the last movement . . . is full of charm and romance and a wonderful beauty of harmony. . . .

5th. Rehearsal in the morning; concert in the evening. Brahms's concerto has carried me off my feet. What a glorious 1st movement! How skillfully it is scored; what a happy mood it puts one into; how interesting the whole movement is, and indeed the whole concerto!

Dec. 11th. To Carlsruhe. . . . We stayed with the Herrn von Putlitz and much enjoyed being with these two excellent people. . . .

13th. Concert in the evening. It all went very well and there was great enthusiasm. . . . The Grand Duke and Duchess and the charming Princess spoke to me. The Grand Duchess gave a delightful proof of her simple-mindedness: I had my fur on when they came over to me (there was a draught where I was standing) and I at once let it slip off. After a few words she stooped down and picked it up and she and the Grand Duke wrapped it round me so that I should not take cold. . . .

Dec. 18th. To-day, I at last gave Max Kalbeck permission to write Robert's biography. I long debated with myself; a letter in which he once more urgently begged me to confide the work to him, finally decided me. He asked for my consent as the best of all Christmas gifts. . . .

Dec. 24th. . . . How many of those with whom I used to keep this festival are no more! And yet I was deeply thankful to-day, that two dear children are still with me. I could not help thinking much of our poor Ludwig to whom I can no longer even send a tiny gift as he is quite without consciousness.

27th. Brahms came from Vienna. He looks well, and is just the same as ever. In the evening we had Franck and Brahms to ourselves; it was very pleasant. . . .

Sunday 28th. I was at home alone in the evening, and talked much to Brahms about Härtel's edition of Schumann's works. He is not at all the person to banish my scruples, on the contrary he always says that proof-correcting is unnecessary, the composers always make fresh mistakes. If that is a matter of course, it really does seem hopeless. He is not in favour of pushing it on rapidly, but asserts that there is plenty of time. Am I to go dragging on for 6 or 7 years with work which I could get done in two? It would make my life a burden, if I were always to see proof-sheets, which I had no time to correct, lying on the piano; it would be horrible; and then to be perpetually dunned by a publisher!

May 1880. The month is beginning gloriously — the storm of the last few days has died down and the Rhine and the Sieben-gebirge are shining out in the brilliant sunshine. How my old longing to live here revives! Many acquaintances and friends.

Sunday, 2nd at 11 -30, the ceremony of the unveiling [of the Schumann memorial]. The weather was most propitious, not a leaf stirred, and light clouds over-spread the sun, so that its warmth felt kindly. It was a dignified ceremony. . . . Joy and sorrow overcame my heart, but the sorrow shadowed the joy and the sense of exaltation, and remained the dominant feeling. I was filled with gratitude towards the kind fate which had allowed me to live to keep this festival. Everything was arranged thoughtfully and well — the chorus from the *Peri* (unfortunately given only by wind-instruments, as the clergy did not consider the words sufficiently Christian) made a most striking effect as the veil was withdrawn. A feeling of awe pervaded the whole ceremony, and one felt that people's whole hearts were in it. One thought would not leave me: how soon will my children bear my body along the same path. . . .

Geheimrath Schaffhausen made a fine, tactful, warm speech before the veil fell, and then presented the memorial to the city (in the person of the Bürgermeister) with a few more words, to which the Bürgermeister replied. At the beginning the Bach chorus was sung, and at the end the chorus from *Elijah* — Brahms conducted throughout. Orchestra and chorus were behind the memorial, which was decorated with cypresses and fir-trees, so that one saw nothing of them, which added greatly to the effect. The memorial is much admired. We could not get to like the relief,

the likeness is not bad, but it lacks the spiritual expression. The rest of it is poetically, tenderly, charmingly designed. I am very glad of the recognition it has brought to Donndorf, who was of course present. . . .

Many friends came whom I did not expect to see, and others whom I expected did not come. Levi did not even send a greeting, which hurt me, especially as I cannot but guess the reason! . . .

The concert took place on the evening of the 2nd. The *E♭* major symphony conducted by Brahms, and the *Requiem für Mignon* went wonderfully. The latter gave me especial pleasure, it is so affecting; the sorrow of youth is expressed so tenderly and purely in the music . . . it is as ideal as the words themselves. I also enjoyed the symphony greatly, and had my own thoughts about it!!!

Monday, 3rd. There was a *Matinée*: quartet in *A* minor; *Spanisches Liederspiel*; and the *E♭* major quartet played by Brahms. I never heard the *A* minor quartet so played; Joachim played with extraordinary exaltation and roused an enthusiasm which I never saw equalled over a quartet. The *Liederspiel* went charmingly, Antonie Kufferath sang it with charming delicacy and poetic feeling — I could see evident signs of her father, who must have pointed out many things to her. Unfortunately the end, with the *E♭* major quartet, was disappointing; Brahms was not at his best . . . so that I felt as if I were sitting on thorns and so did Joachim, who kept on casting despairing glances at me. . . . I was deeply distressed that I had not undertaken the quartet myself. . . .

After the *Matinée* there was a great banquet at Blingler's in Godesberg. At first I did not want to take part in it, but I let myself be over-persuaded, and I did not regret it. It was very animated.

On the first of May, the eve of the festival, I was serenaded by the Concordia. They sang very well, and they also gave me an address. . . .

Tuesday, 4th. We dispersed in all directions. Brahms went to Godesberg, the Grimms went back to Münster, and the Kufferaths went to Brussels. We returned to Frankfort, where we were very busy for the next few days. . . .

Kalbeck was with us most of one day, looking through the volumes of correspondence. I showed him many other things as well.

TO BRAHMS.

“Frankfort, June 6th /80.

Raff came to see me the other day and asked whether Marie and Eugenie would not be willing to undertake a preparatory class for me, as in that case he would give them definite posts as teachers (i. e. as my assistants) Marie was very much opposed to our being further tied to the School, and refused. Then came D^r Hartmann, on behalf of the curators, with the same request, so that now it looks somewhat different, and we are considering it. If you have any views about it please let me know what they are. Of course the children would not bind themselves for more of the years than I have done.”

“Frankfort, June 29th 1880.

I have been having to make up a great many lessons this month, and besides this almost every day some hopeful mother or father brings me their daughter to be tried, a thing which exhausts me mentally as well as physically since I have to send most of them away, and that always means tears. — They have come to a definite arrangement with Marie. The whole body of curators has been interesting itself in the matter, so that she can well accept. But the girls did not both want to have posts, and I think they are right, it does not look well to have the entire Schumann family in the Conservatoire¹).”

“Frankfort, July 5th 1880.

I am much alarmed by the trouble in your ears; does it affect your hearing? or is it external? I have just heard that you had been lying in a meadow and had caught this cold in consequence. Do be a little more careful; one cannot always be young, but gets little reminders. Tell me how you are, nothing more; I feel anxious, very likely more anxious than you do. When one grows old, one loses the power of taking things lightly; I am very conscious of that. I feel as if the coming journey were something terrible, and yet at the very bottom of my heart I am looking forward to it, for it is time that I got away from this wearisome work.”

1) *Translator's note:* Both sisters were afterwards on the staff of the Conservatoire.

FROM THE DIARY.

August 1880, Schluderbach.

.... I am reading through our correspondence, day by day, and it makes me unspeakably sad for as I read these letters my heart once more throbs with passionate love for Him, the noblest and grandest of men, and I feel bitterly conscious of my loss. Why could I not possess him longer? Why was our time together so short, after such struggles? Such love as ours is rare — and how cruelly were we parted!

I have been playing Bach, the *Davidsbündler*, and Johannes' 2nd rhapsodies to Countess N. and a Dutchman and his wife who came from Groningen. I played as if I had never stopped for a single day, and very much enjoyed being able to attack it to my heart's content, again.

I have lately been reading so much about the *Davidsbündler* in the letters. Robert writes that he can think of nothing but *Potter-Abend* and wedding. I thought with deep yearning: if only I could play them to him once more — he never heard me play his things as I play them now. The thought often makes me terribly sad.

Aug. 29th. Departure — at last. But I felt sorry, although I have been longing to leave this dreary wilderness. I had been living through a part of my youth again here and so the room in which I had been living a sort of dream-life for the last week, had grown dear to me.

Berchtesgaden, Sept. 13th. My presents were lovingly spread out by the children. This frightfully wet day turned out to be a very pleasant one for us, only I found it too exhausting, and all the more so as I spent the morning in studying Johannes' magnificent new overtures¹⁾ with him, and played them again in the evening a task which needed all my powers. Johannes and Joachim, who played the 1st movement of Brahms's violin concerto magnificently, were very nice to me. Johannes was in a particularly nice and friendly mood, so that I was able really to enjoy his visit. He played me the first movements of two new trios, of which I liked the one in *E♭* major²⁾ best.

1) *Tragische Overture und Akademische Festouverture.*

2) Brahms's trio in *C* major appeared in 1883. The trio "in *E♭* major" was never published.

TO WOLDEMAR BARGIEL.

"Frankfort a. M., Oct. 2nd 1880.

On returning I found myself in a most awkward position between Stockhausen and Raff. Stockhausen has published a slashing article against Raff, and now they want to present Raff with an address signed by the curators and all the teachers, in which they express their sympathy etc. — As chief instructress I shall have to sign it; thus one finds oneself drawn into conflicts in which one scarcely knows what to do"

FROM THE DIARY.

Frankfort, October-November 1880.

Friday 8th. Concert at the Museum. I played very successfully I have never played Beethoven's concerto in *E♭* major so well the new insight I had gained, the sense of complete mastery of the whole, made me happy all the evening. There is something exalting in the consciousness that in spite of age one advances steadily. I often think that my feelings have grown colder, but to-day I felt just the contrary. Ah! if only one's physical powers kept pace with one's powers of soul and developed in like manner!

Oct. 13th. *Fidelio*. Dessoff for the first time as conductor an excellent performance — it is a great pleasure to hear that magnificent ensemble again, so splendidly performed I, especially, always feel deeply touched when I hear it, for I continually see Schröder-Devrient before me, and a violent longing for her comes over me — I do not know what I would not give to have the joy of hearing her once more in this part — or indeed to hear her at all.

Nov. 19th. Museum in the evening — Rubinstein. *Fantasia* with orchestra, solis — *Ocean-Symphonic* — He is a mad fellow and yet thoroughly interesting — I liked many things in his symphony extremely, and the whole of the first movement. But I could not enjoy the *Fantasia*, it was all too chaotic, and so was his playing. He obtains particularly beautiful effects with the soft pedal and his touch is exquisitely round and soft although he thumps a good deal

Nov. 25th. I saw Verdi's *Aida* — It is curious to see the old composer venturing along new paths. Many parts of it pleased

me very much, but many others I did not like. But I must say it filled me with respect for Verdi. It is extraordinary to see a composer striking out a new path in his old age, and what talent he shows in it!

TO MARIE SCHUMANN.

"Leipsic, Jan. 30th 1881.

My dear Marie

After a very bad night in consequence of yesterday's excitement, I yet cannot wait to tell you how great a success it was. It was as full as a subscription concert, and my reception was enthusiastic from the first. Brahms's sonata had, as I expected, only a *succès d'estime*, but the audience was beside itself over the *Études Symphoniques*. I was recalled four times. — In spite of the quite indescribable heat they went magnificently except for one place in the 3rd variation where my fingers actually stuck to the keys for heat. I played with a power, a freedom from any sense of effort, which amazes me myself. If only the hall were not always so frightfully hot!

Heaven grant me fresh strength on Thursday. Just imagine, the *Variations sérieuses* are the only work of Mendelssohn's on the programme. Besides this, Beethoven, Mozart, and your Father's 4th symphony. A Herr Nikisch is conducting, quite an excellent conductor. The day before yesterday we had a great pleasure — *Alceste* with Reicher-Kindermann, a most talented singer. If only we had one like her in Frankfort! The whole evening I revelled in the glorious music and the admirable performance"

MAX ABRAHAM (OF PETERS' HOUSE) TO CLARA.

"Leipsic 5. 2. /81.

Dear Madam

When I called on you, the day before yesterday, I had the honour of discussing with you my relation — as the publisher of Schumann's most magnificent works — to the family of the great composer. As a matter of fact I have long been in your debt, and if I have left it unpaid until to-day, the reason is to be found in certain peculiar circumstances of a private nature. Now, however, I am in a position to fulfil my obligation; so I hesitate no

longer to send you a share¹⁾ of the profit which has accrued to me from Schumann's compositions during the past year, and hope to do the same every year until 1887, when the copyright comes to an end. You may possibly doubt for an instant if I really am your debtor, but will at once agree when you consider that I am making regular profit from the product of the genius of your late husband, whilst you are gaining absolutely no material advantage from it. You must yourself see that this is both unfair and unnatural. It has always filled me with pride that I have made the world acquainted with such incomparable works as *Liederkreis*, *Frauenliebe*, *Dichterliebe*, the piano quartet, *Genoveva*, and *Faust*; but I shall not feel really untroubled joy in the fact till I know that the wide-spread knowledge of these works has not been entirely without profit to the family of the composer. There is only one request I venture to make, and I know I can reckon on its being granted, that you will not mention this arrangement to anyone. With profound respect

I remain

Yours faithfully

Max Abraham."

CLARA'S ANSWER.

"Frankfort, Feb. 8th /81.

Dear Herr Doctor

Yours kind letter and its enclosure have given me a most pleasant surprise. Although a certain shyness mingles with my pleasure, yet the sense of gratitude for a token of good-will and recognition such as you express both in word and deed, gains the upper hand, and I gratefully accept your present in my children's name and mine, at the same time pressing your hand most warmly. I wish my dear husband could have known of it.

Yours faithfully

Cl. Sch."

FROM THE DIARY.

London, February-March-April.

Feb. 28th. First appearance at a "Popular". Tremendous reception — I was really moved by the enthusiasm of the people, they welcomed me as if I were their darling Everybody

1) 3000 marks.

thought I had never played better, and many people told me that they had heard no piano-playing since last I was here. There was a very warm notice in to-day's (Tuesday's) *Times*, and it appeared in the front columns among the political news — a fact to which M^r Burnand attached great weight

March 6th. A youth of 16, Eugene d'Albert, played the *Études Symphoniques* to me. He is a pupil of Pauer's, excellently taught, and I believe he will become a great pianist He also composes very prettily I promised him a lesson on the *Études Symphoniques*, this evening

March 7th. A very pleasant dinner at the Goldschmidts, this evening. The wife always interests me very much, I like to hear her talk, it is all so definite, clever, and clear. She was to have come to Frankfort, and wanted to do so, but in the end it came to nothing on account of Raff. But it seems to me that she would still like to come; she says that she still has 7 or 8 years' work in her, but it could only be effective in a school, where pupils stay many years. I wish I had a woman of that sort as a companion in Frankfort

March 10th. Spent the evening with the Townsends in Camberwell. The dear old circle had been enriched by several newly married couples

March 14th. Played at the "Popular Concert": Op. 101. I think the sonata was more perfect than ever before I kept on thinking of Mendelssohn, who 40 years ago told me that in years to come I should play the first movement differently, though even then he praised the other movements very highly, going so far as to say that no-one else could play the 2nd like that. Only during the last few years do I feel that I really understand this movement, i.e. have the true warm feeling for it

April 2nd 1) 9th appearance at a "Popular" When I left Frankfort to fulfil this engagement, I did not, expect to be able to go through with it, but I did manage it and I am very thankful for it

April 9th 10th appearance It was so full again that M^r Burnand says hundreds of people were turned away. This has been the case every time that I played.

1) On Ap. 1st Clara was made an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Music.

April 11th 11th and last appearance. A really tremendous reception, and after the *Carnaval* I was recalled three times amidst storms of applause. I was much moved, my knees shook under me God be thanked, I got through it all right. — And now if Heaven only sends our Elise safely back to us¹⁾ and lets us all gather once more in our home how thankful I shall be.

PROFESSOR LAZARUS TO CLARA.

“Nice, November 13th /81.

. . . . You will shortly receive the third volume of *Leben der Seele*. The 2nd treatise on ‘The Blending of the Arts’ deals exhaustively with the subject of music. If you will cast a friendly eye over it, you will see and feel how often and how warmly I have thought of you while working out this idea, not only because you will find in it often enough the name of Schumann, one of those rare musical geniuses who has something of a philosophical conception of his art, but because I have to thank the artistic genius which directs your playing for some of the best hours of that music which has filled my soul and carried me away with it. Among the best things that I can imagine, is that I should read some of it aloud to you and be able to ask you if you agree with the view which I have struggled to express of that which unconsciously ennobles us and over-masters us.”

TO BRAHMS.

“Frankfort, Nov. 19th 1881.

I must send my greeting in writing to the place to which I so long to be able to conjure myself. Ah yes! dear Johannes, how gladly I would come, but travelling in winter has its difficulties for me now, especially on account of the risk for my rheumatism, and so I have to confine my journeys to those which my engagements require. But it makes me very, very sorry, it really pains me, for if my body grows weaker with age, my enthusiasm for all that you do will never weaken, and it is a

1) Elise and her husband and children were on their way to Europe. They reached London on April 12th, and on the 16th they all returned to the continent together.

real joy to live to see you obtain such recognition. I have read the latest notices with the greatest pleasure, especially that by Max Schütz, who is so sympathetic and has so much insight. You write 'read it if you care to'. — You know how gladly I read anything good or nice about you, how I even keep anything specially sympathetic and appreciative, and yet you say something so conventional."

FROM THE DIARY.

On Dec. 10th. I went to Munich with Eugenie and . . . was met at the station by Dr Fiedler and Levi. Frau Fiedler received me most kindly at her house. . . . A most pleasant evening at the Fiedlers with Levi and Lenbach, which ended with champagne.

14th. Concert at the *Odeon*. My reception was one of the most enthusiastic which has ever been afforded me. The piano was decorated with four gigantic laurel-wreaths: one from the students of Munich; one from the Music Academy (orchestra) After the first movement of the concerto (Robert's *A minor*) I had to bow several times in answer to the continuous applause, and at the end of the concerto I was recalled four times

TO WOLDEMAR BARGIEL.

"Frankfort a. M., Dec. 26th 1881.

. . . . We had my pupils here yesterday, lighted up the tree again, and Eugenie appeared as Santa Claus and gave them little presents with doggerel rhymes. It caused great laughter, and the young people's merriment so infected me that I too grew quite cheerful."

FROM THE DIARY.

Frankfort, January 1882.

. . . . I am letting Marie and Eugenie play to me on Sundays now. It seems wrong that I should never give them any attention when they play so well and have such fine understanding. I have no pupils to equal them. It always troubles me very much that I am such a hindrance to their being appreciated; no-one knows what they can do, simply because they do not play when I am there.

.... I very much enjoyed Eugenie's playing to-day; she played with the finest understanding, and combined strength with tenderness. Ah! if only she played her Father's works oftener to people — when I can play no longer, I believe that the tradition of how they ought to be played will live only in my daughters. . . .

Brahms is celebrating such triumphs everywhere as seldom fall to the lot of a composer. This partly due to the performance of his works by the Meiningen orchestra as conducted by Bülow. . . . It did not seem to me that this tour with Bülow was worthy of Brahms's high position as a creative artist, but now that it has at last made the world realise his full importance I am very glad and pleased for his sake, for however great a composer's gifts may be recognition does help him to surpass himself.

Jan. 25th. Concert in the theatre: Saint-Saëns — great technical skill

News from Dresden that the performance of *Genoveva* has gone very well. . . . They say that everyone put their whole heart into it. At last, after 30 years! — At the time Robert asked to have the opera returned to him because he could get no answer to his application (after waiting 6 months)!!!

Feb. 3rd. Concert at the Museum: *Suite* by Tchaikovsky; a good deal of talent and ability; the national tone which runs through it often makes it interesting, but only in places. The first movement — introduction and fugue — interested me most, it seemed to me the most finished.

April 26th. I determined to go to *Rheingold*. The whole evening I felt as if I were wading about in a swamp. The opera has one good point, one is not deafened by the brass in it (as one is in the others). . . . The boredom one has to endure is dreadful. Every scene leaves the people on the stage in a condition of catalepsy in which they remain until one cannot bear to look at them any longer. The women have hardly a bar to sing in the whole opera, they simply stand about, and the gods altogether are a flabby and villainous set.

How posterity will marvel at an aberration like this spreading all over the world.

TO WOLDEMAR BARGIEL.

“Frankfort a. M., May 5th 1882.

.... I feel sure that my opinion of Bülow's concerts would be the same, and yet I should enjoy hearing a work perfectly performed as regards technique even if it were only for once....

.... I have just been reading Spitta's sketch of Robert. Much that he says of him as a musician seems to me fine and clear, but when writers come to speak of his personality they often strike me as almost insulting. They have absolutely no conception of the delicate organisation which often made him sensitive to the slightest contact with the world, and they speak of all his peculiarities as if they were merely peculiar, without tracing them to their source, for the most part making them more marked than they really were. ...”

FROM THE DIARY.

Frankfort, May 1882.

May 7th. Brahms's birthday; the 49th. My wishes for him are always the same....

May 9th. *Walküre*, in which many things interested me, but boredom predominated.... The gods are quite uninteresting, they are such a rabble, and Wotan is the stupidest fellow.... Musicians say so much about the interesting orchestration — I will make an effort and hear the operas once more and pay more special attention to that side of it....

May 16th. I went to *Rheingold* again in order to give attention to the instrumentation. There are some fine orchestral effects, but they keep on recurring....

May 18th. *Walküre* again. I wanted to pay more close attention to the music, and in the 1st act I found some well sounding passages but many reminiscences of Mendelssohn — Schumann — Marschner. Otherwise my opinion has not changed....

May 23rd. Hiller sent me an article on Bülow as a conductor, which seems to me excellent, only unfortunately it becomes personal towards the end.... I have been trying to induce Hiller to write about Bülow's edition of Bach and Beethoven, and to warn people against it. He so disfigures the works by his analyses that they are hardly recognisable, and he allows no grain of feeling

or imagination to develop in his pupils. I have always forbidden my pupils to use these editions It is used throughout the conservatoire

May 25th. *Antigone* I was disappointed in the music, which I had not heard for many years, and had quite forgotten. It does not suit the greatness of the subject It puzzles me how Mendelssohn could make such a mistake.

TO BRAHMS.

“Frankfort, June 25th /82.

I am still quite overcome by the news I have to send you: after tremendous exertions at the annual examinations, Raff passed quietly away. His wife found him dead in the morning. Although he and I had little in common, I am deeply distressed for his poor wife and his daughter, who was passionately devoted to him.”

TO BRAHMS.

“June 28th.

First of all, many thanks for your dear letter. If only I could say, ‘Yes’, but it is impossible. I have taken lodgings in Gastein from July 13th.

Yesterday we laid Raff in his last resting-place. Though all did not go smoothly between us, yet I have felt his death very much. The suddenness of it was a blessing as far as he was concerned, for his abnormally enlarged heart would have caused him unspeakable suffering. It hurts deeply me to think how this man thought and worked for the Conservatoire day and night, and how little thanks he got for it. The question of his successor is becoming pressing. I think I should be for Wüllner, who might be glad to leave Dresden just now. But of course I am saying nothing until I am asked. In any case there are great changes in store, and I should be glad to know if you could recommend me some good teachers of theory and of the piano.”

“Degenbalm, Aug. 23rd /82.

With joyful heart I am writing to you to-day, after spending a glorious hour with your *Parzenchor*. What a work it is! inspired from end to end. What depth of beauty there is in it, and how it takes hold of one from the first note to the last! It is mar-

vellous how you have translated the gloomy mysterious power of the words into music. How touching are the gentle, sad words of the part in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. The gloomy beauty of the harmonies, and the progression in the 2nd bar, of which Billroth speaks and as to which I do not quite catch his meaning, take hold of me extraordinarily; it is bold, but the *A* in the bass and the *F* \sharp and *G* in the melody make it quite logical, and the end, where the *F* \sharp minor feels its way softly and sadly till it comes to the *D* minor, is full of genius. How extraordinary the end is! One dreams and nods in spirit with the old man. It is not easy to get used to the *D* minor which comes so suddenly at the end, but here the words are a help, and one is amazed to find how you have grasped them and reflected them. One little passage struck me the first time I read it through, and has struck me again each time I play it. On p. 15, in $\frac{3}{4}$ time after the 2nd passage *a capella*, before the orchestra comes in on the dominant *D*, you have the same harmony two bars before, and I feel as if this weakened the entrance of the orchestra, and then I would rather not have the repetition in the tenor:



To my mind it is the one passage in the whole work which strikes one as rather insipid, and as a sort of connecting link which seems to me quite unnecessary — I could fancy it without these 2 bars, or with the same harmonies as the 5th and 6th bars of this movement. Look at it again and perhaps you will think I am right, if not, forgive me for having spoken so freely."

TO LA MARA.

"Frankfort a. M., Oct. 10th /82.

Dear Madam

I found the article¹⁾ which you so kindly sent me, when I returned home, and I thank you for the warm interest which is evident in your words. We should be glad to know where we could find the article by Liszt, on which you have drawn; my children would like to have it, although many things in it are

1) In the *Gartenlaube*.

not correct. On the other hand there is so much that is discerning and fine that one cannot help feeling pleased and warmed. Since, as you tell me, you think of using the article in a book that you are bringing out, let me call your attention to one or two mistakes. They have reference chiefly to my Father, who, because he himself took art seriously and trained me to do the same, has unfortunately been placed before the world in quite a false light. People do not understand that, if anything of importance is to be achieved in art, one's whole education and course of life must differ from that of ordinary people. My Father always kept physical as well as artistic development in view: in my childhood I never practised for more than 2 hours, and in later years for 3 hours a day, and every day I had to walk with him for an equal number of hours in order to strengthen my nerves, and until I was grown-up he always took me away from any party at 10 o'clock as he considered it necessary for me to have sleep before midnight. He did not let me go to balls because he said I needed my strength for other things than dancing, but he always let me go to good operas, and even in my earliest days I had constant intercourse with the most distinguished artists. Such were the pleasures of my childhood, not dolls, which indeed I never missed. People who cannot understand a serious training of this kind put it all down to cruelty and thought that my execution, which may well have been in advance of my childish years, would be impossible unless I were kept working day and night, whereas it was just my Father's genius as an educationalist which enabled him to make me progress as I did, with only moderate work, at the same time carefully training my mind and character.

To my sorrow, I must say that my Father has never been accorded the recognition that he deserved. I thank him all my life long for his so-called cruelties. How should I have been able to practise my art amidst all the trials that have befallen me, how should I even have continued to live, if my Father's care had not given me so sound and strong a constitution? It is absolutely false to say that I was kept at the piano as long as my strength held out. Further, Liszt says that in spite of all this playing I never found music a burden. I can only reply that of my own free will I spent many hours of my free time over operas, piano-scores and other music, as it is impossible to do when one is

over-tired. There is one tiny mistake in the inscription which Goethe wrote round the medalion that he gave me, it is not the 'clever' but the 'artistically gifted Clara Wieck'. I will not touch on other isolated mistakes in what Liszt says — it would better become someone else to set them right.

I end by asking you to send me a line to tell me where Liszt's article is to be found. I hope it will be possible for you to make a few alterations before your book appears.

With kind regards

Yours sincerely

Clara Schumann."

FROM THE DIARY.

Frankfort, November 1882.

Thursday 9th. Scholz dined with us. He is going to accept the post of Principal I am glad to say. — Among all the musicians with whom I am acquainted, I know of none who seems to me more fit for the post. Personally, too, he will get on well in Frankfort, there is something fresh about him, and he is clever and capable

12th. The Memorial concert for Raff at last When I got home I found a beautiful pot of flowers from Frau Raff, in token of her gratitude¹⁾. I was very much touched All day long I was very depressed. I kept on thinking of the festival. The man worked incessantly; he had talent, ability and some imagination — and what does it all amount to? They have done him honour, i. e. . . they have listened to his music for 2 hours, and with that they imagine that they have done everything, and do not give him another thought. I believe he deserved something better, and it seems to me dreadfully sad

18th. In the afternoon I went to see Hiller, who has greatly deteriorated, mentally that is; he was absent-minded, and not so friendly as usual. Is it age that makes him keep more aloof from his fellow-men? I notice no such feeling in myself; on the contrary I should like to cling more and more to those whom I love and am always longing for them. . . .

1) Clara had played a trio of Raff's, which she had studied for the occasion.

Crefeld. Here I see once again how often music is more cared for in little towns than in large ones where the stage often spoils public taste.

Nov. 22nd. In the evening a very pleasant party of friends met at Molenaars. I played Brahms's violin sonata with Barth and after that the *Rhapsodic*, *Canons*, etc. In spite of the concert which had gone before, I felt inclined to go on playing for ever. It is a joy to have such enthusiastic listeners. There is better music here than in Frankfort. . . . Antonie Kufferath is here on a visit, and she sang some of Robert's songs beautifully.

Thursday, Dec. 21st. I had invited Koning and Müller to come in, so that we might get to know Brahms's new trio in *C* major. — Who surprised us at it? — He himself. He came from Strassburg and is going to stay with us for Christmas.

Dec. 24th. A nice pleasant festival — made all the nicer by Brahms's friendly humour. . . . We ended the evening with champagne.

Dec. 25th. Practice of the quintet, as yesterday. The 1st and 2nd movements are magnificent, but the 3rd (the last) does not appeal to me so much. We also tried over the trio, but although I am delighted with some things in it, I am not really satisfied with it as a whole, except for the andante which is wonderful. It is a pity that he does not always polish his work nor cut out dull passages. . . .

In the evening when my pupils came and we lit up the tree I was quite carried out of myself. They were all very merry. . . . Brahms was in the best of humours.

Dec. 29th. Quartet evening. Brahms's quintet was enthusiastically received — it really is a magnificent work. The trio did not take so well, but the audience — having once thoroughly warmed up — applauded this vigorously too. The pity is that Brahms plays more and more abominably — it is now nothing but thump, bang, and scrabble.

Dec. 30th. Brahms left. We felt certain that he had enjoyed this week with us, but we felt too that our intercourse had been purely superficial. . . .

January 1883.

Jan. 2nd. Johannes had given me the piano-score of *Curmen*. I have been using it to-day, and I am delighted with the charming music and skilful instrumentation.

10th. Wrote to Härtel about the "Student's Edition" ¹⁾.... If they do not agree to it, I shall arrange it all the same and make some other use of it later. I am certain that it ought to be done, so that there may at least be a proper edition for students to use. Already many things have been altered, thanks to the various editions.

15th. Brahms came here on his way through, and we spent a pleasant evening together....

16th. I was full of sad thoughts about Brahms.... this afternoon.... How lonely one must feel when one is no longer really in touch with one's best and oldest friends....

Jan. 21st. Herr v. Mumm called on me and told me of the revolution in the School (one can call it nothing else). Three have given notice and three others have been given notice. There is a thorough transformation — but it was needed. The want of discipline was incredible....

Jan. 28th. Performance of the *Peri* by the *Caccilienverein* — one of the best I ever heard.... Fillu was almost invariably excellent as the *peri*. Müller excellent.... Frl. Spies equally good, she will distinguish herself someday, she has originality. How one enjoyed the magnificent orchestra again to-day!....

February. Berlin.

Feb. 9th. This evening, at the Levis, Frl. Soldat accompanied by Julie Asten, played me Mendelssohn's violin concerto: the 1st movement really excellently. I believe she has a future; it is evident at once that she belongs to Joachim's school....

Feb. 14th. A telegram announcing Wagner's death — that is an event....

Feb. 18th. I looked forward anxiously to to-day. How would the *matinée* go ²⁾? I have a good deal of pain when I play, and some things — rapid double notes, for instance — I cannot manage at all.... ³⁾ And yet the concert went off as I could never

1) This edition was re-edited by Reinecke after Clara's death, though the fact was not mentioned on the title-page, which bore Clara's name only. Not till later was the title altered, by the express desire of Clara's daughters.

2) A concert at the *Stern-Verein*.

3) Clara had fallen down stairs, and had injured herself so much that she had to give up her first concert.

have dreamed that it would. The enthusiasm which broke forth before I seated myself at the piano, lasted for some minutes and was almost over-powering. The piano was decked with a huge laurel-wreath, and after the concert — at which I played very successfully in spite of the pain — a magnificent basket of flowers, accompanied by a very pretty poem by Löwenstein, was presented to me by the ladies of the chorus. — There was no end to the applause, and after Beethoven's *Choral-Phantasic* it broke all bounds, some of the chorus gave me three hearty cheers in which the audience joined. I was quite upset, and did not know how to escape from all the good wishes and the acquaintances and strangers who pressed forward to shake hands with me Almost everybody had tears in their eyes — it was quite difficult for me to keep calm and not to allow myself to be over-mastered by emotion. When I went down to my carriage the ladies still crowded round me, and they waved their handkerchiefs after me in the street

Monday, 19th. Departure. A whole crowd at the station — Rudorff, Woldemar, Mendelssohn, Weber, the faithful Frä. Wendt Ferdinand, and others.

TO HERMANN LEVI.

“Frankfort, Feb. 24th /83.

Dear Levi

I cannot help sending you a word of sympathy. Though we may be unfortunate enough to disagree about Wagner, yet I know what he was to you, and I feel for you warmly in the sorrow that has come upon you. I hear that you went to see Wagner in Venice, and the memory of this will be a comfort to you.

I hope the loss will not bear too heavily upon you. Your work, your art, will be your best helper.

Let me have a word soon to say how you are. I am longing to know

Your old friend

Clara Schumann.”

TO AVÉ.

“Frankfort, March 30th /83.

. . . . Everything is going excellently with our School here. Now, for the first time, it is organised as I have always thought

it ought to be, and I am very pleased about it. I believe that we have found a really good conductor in Scholz, and one who will take the matter seriously”

FROM THE DIARY.

Baden-Baden, September 1883.

13th. I found flowery greetings from old and young awaiting me at breakfast. . . . They all looked at me so lovingly. My presents were charmingly laid out — they are all pretty and useful. I am naturally such a practical person that I care most for what is useful. Brahms came over from Wiesbaden yesterday, and spent the day with us to-day. . . . He was in a good humour, when once he had got over the birthday congratulations as fast as possible. He said he meant to have brought me a bouquet, but the shop lay out of his way, and then he meant to have given me some photographs of the Germania memorial, but he was too lazy!! I have not spoken to him for one minute alone this time; the conversation was always general, and the fact that he has written a third symphony only slipped out in the course of conversation. . . .

TO MARIE SCHUMANN.

“Berlin, Oct. 27th 1883.

Dearest Marie

You must have a word first thing this morning — I shall hardly get a quarter of an hour to myself to-day. Well, it all went splendidly. — And what a reception! — I was given the most magnificent laurel-wreath, and an enthusiastic welcome, and after the concert the ladies of the chorus simply rained flowers upon me, while the applause was unending — Joachim declares that the people stood up to do me honour. In short, it was a huge success. — Almost all the tickets are sold for our concert, after one announcement. . . .

Mid-day. What a lot has happened since this morning, and now come a number of friends to see me, the last of them was Lida, who is going away to-morrow. People are quite beside themselves over yesterday, because they have once more heard good piano-playing.

I must end; the carriage is at the door. . . .”

FROM THE DIARY.

January 1884.

On the evening of the 18th I went to Wiesbaden for the rehearsal and performance of Brahms's new symphony. It is another master-piece. In my opinion it comes between the 1st and the 2nd, a sort of Forest-Idyll, the tone is elegiac from beginning to end. The workmanship is wonderful, as it always is with Brahms, that is his chief strength. Its melodies and *motifs* are less distinctly original than in his earlier symphonies. . . . But I must hear it frequently before I can form an opinion, as I lost too much of the soft passages, and there was such an echo in the hall that many things were blurred. It was unfortunate that I did not know it before. . . .

21st. Bülow-concert, with his band. Much of it *very good*. Unfortunately the strings were too weak. Brahms's *C* minor symphony, and his orchestral variations were a joy, Bülow did not take them so entirely after his own fashion as he did the *Freischütz* overture, for instance, or the Beethoven things. He makes the orchestra play as he plays himself — everything is picked to pieces and dissected, feeling has no part in it — it is all brain-work alone. However he succeeds in making one enjoy the mastery of the orchestra His attitude was, as always, dreadfully unsympathetic; but he is extraordinarily clever.

Stockhausen is really going to leave the Conservatoire, I am sorry to say. . . .

27th. . . . We had a musical party at 5 o'clock this afternoon. 60 people were there. I began with Robert's *A* minor sonata — it was the first time in my life that I had ever played it at a party. It went magnificently and now I shall have the courage to take it to London. . . . I was particularly glad to have played the sonata here, where people have heard it played by Rubinstein and have not understood it in the least — he does not know what moderation means, and would not take the trouble to study the technique of such a work. . . .

29th. I have at last been able to try over Brahms's 3rd symphony (arranged for 2 pianos) with Elise. . . . I missed too many things when I heard it the other day, to gain any real idea of its beauty — how I long to hear it again now that I know every bar. It was cruel of Brahms to send me no more than half the

arrangement, if I had made acquaintance with the symphony beforehand, what a difference it would have made to me. . . .

10th. I decided to write to Johannes (about the symphony).

FRAU HERZOGENBERG TO CLARA.

“Leipsic, Feb. 9th /84.

Dearest Frau Schumann

What a dear letter you have written me, and what pleasure it has given not only to me and to Heinz, but also in the highest degree to the subject of the letter himself — his whole face shone with delight when I showed it to him. He does not seem to have expected so much appreciation of the symphony from you, for he flushed with pleasure like a school-boy when he read your kind words, and said to me repeatedly, ‘Do not forget to tell Frau Schumann how much pleasure her letter has given me.’”

FROM THE DIARY.

February 1884.

. . . . Conductors really are tyrants¹⁾, when once the baton is in their hand they know no mercy. Only the greatest, most discerning musicians, such as Mendelssohn and Robert know how to keep the happy medium. Under them a concert was never too long. Robert always reckoned the programme to the minute; no concert ought to last more than two hours — intervals included — my father always made that a rule in my earliest youth. But nowadays quantity is everything.

London, March-April.

March 3rd. First appearance. I was very nervous all day, but the sonata *Les Adieux* went very well. . . . When I was recalled a regular shower of flowers came from the shilling seats and the gallery. . . . The audience stood up and shouted and shouted. I walked back to the piano, over flowers, and played the *F* major novellette. They say that no artists have ever before had flowers thrown to them here. All the way I had been thinking of the dynamite explosions (everybody is very excited about them

1) This outburst was occasioned by an over-lengthy concert at the Museum. Clara had been obliged to leave without hearing the *Brocca* — much to her annoyance.

over here), which are just as likely to take place in St James's Hall as anywhere else. And now came an explosion of flowers. A number of flowers were also sent me in the course of the day. The affection shown by the English is really touching — most of these tokens of esteem came from people of small means. . . .

14th. . . . Many thoughts of Frankfort. To-day the 3rd symphony is to be given in the Museum, conducted by Brahms himself. I wish I could hear it . . . my heart is heavy to think that I cannot. . . .

. . . . Rehearsal with Neruda and Piatti. I enjoyed Neruda, and she herself is very attractive when one gets to know her. . . .

15th. 4th "Popular".

March 17th. "Popular" in the evening. After an anxious day, the sonata¹⁾ went magnificently in the evening; I found it no effort, and the audience was evidently impressed. But the night which followed, was dreadful. I did not get a minute's sleep until 5 a.m., and I thought of nothing but paralysis or consumption, I had such pain in my chest. Perhaps I shall end my artistic career with this sonata, and for the last few days I have been thinking it would certainly make a beautiful ending — but I *should* like to be able to play it a few more times!

21st. Very weak. Neuralgia all over. . . . I am afraid I shall not be able to play to-morrow. The doctor thinks that I shall, and that a good dinner with some champagne will quite set me up. He says that I had a high temperature yesterday and the day before. . . .

27th. Very exhausted after a sleepless night, but I recruited my strength by a sleep this afternoon. I played to Lady Thompson, and in the evening I dined with Theophilus Burnand and even had music afterwards. . . .

A number of poor teachers wish to come to me. How can I help them? They always think that I know everybody in London and nothing is needed but that I should recommend them. It often makes one's heart ache to see them go away — how many of them scarcely have bread to eat.

April 16th. Arrived in Frankfort. . . . The house looked charming. The balcony was finished, the garden was nicely tidied, and the

1) *Translator's note:* F \sharp minor by Schumann.

rooms were prettily decorated with flowers — only the piano was covered with proofs, which damped the pleasant feeling of being home again. . . .

May 10th. Pauline Viardot has come — I went to see her, and found her unchanged. I was much moved, years passed through my mind. I thought of the time when first we made acquaintance, when we were girls and the world lay before us in the rosicst light.

Johannes writes to say that he is going to Italy — Genoa and the Lake of Como. How beautiful it must be there now! . . .

June 19th. To-day I succeeded in making myself read through the old letters from Kirchner. . . . If only I could wipe this old friendship quite out of my life! for I gave my heart's best to a man whom I hoped it might save. . . . I wished to make one so highly gifted into a worthy man and artist, to enoble his character which had suffered so much from being spoiled, and through friendship to give him new joy in the happiness of life: in short, I dreamed of an ideal and never thought that I had a fully matured man before me. It was a sad experience. I suffered much, and found comfort only in the thought that I had meant all for the best.

End of June.

Very depressed. I do so miss the companionship of artists; I live in a very wilderness — how sad it is that there is no-one but Brahms whom one can look up to and admire as an artist. . . .

Obersalzberg, July-August.

. . . . I have a few words every day with Professor Lübke (of Stuttgart) who is here. He came to call on me but I am always shy with such men and have so much respect for them that I do not venture to ask them to come and see me, the more so as I imagine that when a scholar like that takes a summer holiday he does not want to be worried with social engagements. The children often scold me for this shyness; they call it stiffness, but it is really nothing but consideration. . . .

I have been much pleased by an invitation to play at the opening of the new *Gewandhaus*, though I am sorry to part with the dear old hall. . . .

We will certainly come here again next year. I do not know a prettier place, at once charming and grand, and with magni-

ficient air — only there are no walks, that is comfortable ones where a carriage could go too . . .

Aug. 28th, Goethe's birthday. Lübke asked me to celebrate it with some music — of course I was glad to do it, and they were all . . . so grateful that I felt quite embarrassed. Frau K. had crowned my wine-glass at dinner and adorned my place with a bouquet, and during the evening Lübke said some very kind words showing the relation between my art and Goethe's . . . They pleased me very much, they showed such delightful insight and appreciation.

Hofreit, September.

3rd. Went to see the Herzogenbergs in their really fascinating house . . . I could wish for a summer house like theirs if only I had a greater number of years before me so as to make it worth while to build . . . I often think that I have finished with life and that I have no real power of enjoyment left, and then come moments in which I feel the keenest delight. I felt like that yesterday in the glorious evening air, and again to-day in the Herzogenberg's charming house, where I longed to try every cosy little corner.

Frankfort, October-November 1884.

Oct. 29th. Every day, at present, I dictate Robert's letters to me; they give me great pleasure but at the same time make me very sad. What imagination, what intellect, what delicate perception combined with manly strength, and what love! The very weight of riches and happiness is almost oppressive, and it is a good thing that my work takes me quite out of myself, otherwise, my health would certainly suffer. These letters awaken my longing more than words can say, and my heart's wounds bleed afresh. What have I possessed and lost! And yet how long have I gone on living and working. Where does one . . . find the strength? I found it in my children and in art — they have sustained me by their love and art too has never played me false . . .

Nov. 2nd. My dear old Emma Preusser is here again for a short time. Since I have been reading Robert's letters my mind has been much occupied with the old friends; I keep on thinking that I must show them everything.

Nov. 14th . . . I played Robert's *N^o. 11* minor sonata at the Museum (chamber-music) in the evening — I believe I enjoyed it

more than any of those who listened I never played it so well before The audience was most enthusiastic, and even if they did not understand the sonata, it has yet made a deep impression upon the more educated people, I am glad to say. I believe that reading Robert's letters has so carried me back into our youth that I hardly knew that I was playing

TO BRAHMS.

"Frankfort, Dec. 2nd /84.

. . . . I am very much annoyed to hear that your *F* major symphony is really going to be arranged by Keller (!) It seems to me quite cruel of you, for no-one but you can arrange your things even approximately, and what a pleasure we shall lose! — We had a great one the other day when Scholz produced your Requiem quite wonderfully. You would have enjoyed it yourself, and especially No. V, which my secretary¹⁾ sang quite beautifully"

FROM THE DIARY.

Dec. 6th. I have written to say I cannot go to Leipsic; I cannot express how heavy my heart was at having to do so. . . .

26th. After much hesitation we ended by inviting our pupils to the Christmas-tree. They had to earn their presents from Santa Claus (Eugenie) by playing something on the piano. They all did it excellently They were very merry and drew us into sharing their youthful merriment. The party ended with punch and a lottery

Feb. 13th. Antonie Kufferath sang the *Mignon* songs at a quartet evening, extraordinarily movingly. Her singing has an ethereal, spiritual quality which is very rare

TO BRAHMS.

"Frankfort, Feb. 21st /85.

Dear Johannes

Unfortunately what you have heard²⁾ is only too true. The thieves seem to have spent the whole night in the dining-room and

1) Miss Fillunger.

2) That her house had been broken into on the night of Feb. 15th.

the adjoining rooms. We suppose that they came through the garden and picked the locks. They did it most cleverly without injuring the locks. They must have been professional thieves for they distinguished most carefully between genuine silver and plate. Of course everything is gone, and amongst other things my beautiful Leipsic present. They smashed the beautiful glass decanters against the wall in the garden, and took nothing but the gold and silver tops with them.

You are right in thinking that though the loss is great the feeling of insecurity and mistrust is far worse. For years I have always been afraid of it, but everybody laughed at my terrors. Now from morning till night we think of nothing but how best to protect ourselves. We think of having a man and a dog in the house, and of having safety locks put on everywhere. The report that my jewellery was also stolen, is false. I had that in my bedroom. But they broke open my writing-table, though fortunately they found but little money — only 150 marks — in it. I had my laurel-wreath¹⁾ in the safe, so that they did not see it.

Please read this to any friends in Vienna who ask for news. — I cannot possibly answer all the letters, there are so many. Thank you for your kind note. We are all well, God be thanked; but you can fancy what the spirits we are in.

Your faithful Clara."

FROM THE DIARY.

Feb. 22nd. I began to play again to-day, but of course only a little Hammering has been going on all day long, and iron bars have been put in every possible place by way of barricade. Such things make me horribly sad, and indeed I feel altogether wretched; it seems to me as if the little bit of life that is left me were poisoned — it is too dreadful that such a thing should happen to me of all others. What thoughts haunt me, particularly by night! Ah! if it were not for the children, and (if I am able to play again) for the piano (at which I forget all sorrow) I should like to die

March 3rd. *Das verlorne Paradies* conducted by Rubinstein himself has interested me very much; there are several

1) The golden wreath presented to her at her jubilee.

beautiful passages in it, especially in the second part. If Rubinstein's creative faculty kept pace with his imagination and his command of musical colour, he would be a great composer. This evening has inspired me with much respect for his attainments

March 4th. Met Rubinstein at Stockhausen's. Stockhausen sang two arias from *Saul*, wonderfully. We were quite a small party. Rubinstein was in very good spirits, but all the same he is not a happy man, I believe that he feels that he has not reached the highest summit of art. . . . To-day, when I told him that he was ruining his health by burning the candle at both ends (. . . he had been saying that he had never had a day's illness in his life), he replied, "I must; I dare not give myself time to think". . . . Poor fellow! I cannot think of him without the deepest sympathy.

March 6th. Rubinstein played Beethoven's *G* major concerto abominably (in the Museum)

All the same, he was onthusiastically received, for everyone is fond of him personally. What triumphs Brahms would have had if he had something of Rubinstein's geniality

13th. Chamber-music concert. I played for the first time this winter — Robert's quintet My reception was quite moving, it was most enthusiastic, and from the morning onwards I was delighted with gifts of flowers

16th. Telegram from Leipsic asking me to play there on the 26th. I cannot refuse, though I am accepting with fear and trembling A letter from Limburger saying that it will be a farewell concert in Leipsic, the last in the old *Gewandhaus* — thus I am probably making my last public appearance in Leipsic in the same hall in which I began, 57 years ago.

Berlin, April 24th.

A magnificent concert. I played most successfully — Brahms's *Rhapsodie* amongst other things As an encore I gave the *B* minor canon, which took so well at the last concert. Joachim played his wonderful Hungarian concerto gloriously I was deeply moved by it. The melodies pierce to one's very heart I could not help crying, I could not speak to Joachim, I was too overcome. . . . Woldemar conducted it all excellently.

WOLDEMAR BARGHEL TO CLARA.

"Berlin, April 27th /85.

.... It is always a peculiar pleasure to see you again and listen to you, though it is surprising to find that increasing years leave your playing at the same height, and even raise it still further in some respects. It is as if Clara ever played more clearly. It is true that Clara's playing was always clear, but you show that even in clearness it is possible to make progress; how, for instance, from clearness of detail may grow greater clearness of form, and perfectly finished interpretation of works as a whole. You, Clara, are achieving this more and more as years go on, drawing ever nearer to perfection, so that under your fingers music seems ever more spiritual and more pure whilst at the same time you have remained true to your own individuality in the best sense of the word. As surely as this is the right way, which every true artist treads by instinct, so surely and sharply does it contrast with the artistic methods of the present day, which strive after sensation, and to which even those who are really gifted succumb. In face of this it is comforting to note how universal and how penetrating has been the influence of the purity of your playing.... It is therefore, a matter of real importance that you should play in public as long and as often as possible...."

FROM THE DIARY.

May 1885.

May 10th. To-day we received the news of Hiller's death. It was a release for the poor sufferer. I feel his death very much for in him I have lost one of the oldest and kindest of friends, although our relations were never very close in spite of his classical tendencies....

May 12th. Herzogenberg came.... to us, to look through Robert's letters with me again and to arrange them so that the edition can really be got under way at last.... We work for 3 or 4 hours every day....

May 19th. We finished the letters. We decided to publish only Robert's early letters to his mother, to me and to a few friends. As appendix are to come extracts from his letters to me during our engagement, but we have not yet arranged these. Herzogenberg has taken them with him. I quite see how difficult it

is to bring out an edition of this sort, when the letters are of an intimate character. One finds that out when one reads them to a third person. Herzogenberg has written a beautiful and well-worded preface.

QUEEN ELISABETH OF ROUMANIA TO CLARA.

"Segenhaus, June 12th /85.

My dear Frau Schumann

If you knew what infinite pleasure it would give me to see you again, you would at once sit down and telegraph: 'I am coming at such and such an hour by the *Rechtsrheinische* railway' I have so much respect for your time that I am afraid of worrying you by my wish but I am so seldom in Germany, and I never know how long it may be before I come back again, that I want to do all I can to gather my friends round me, if only to prove to each other that we have not altered! I do not count a gray hair or two, or a wrinkle under the eye, the soul shines through in eternal youth in its power of loving and giving happiness. It is in love and happiness that youth consists that life should consist unless it has been something very different from what it should have been, and we have let it get warped and twisted. I come from a death-bed, by which I have once more learned that life in itself is a costly gift, with which one finds it hard to part. For how many years have I despised it and thought it of no value! And now, dear, deeply honoured, wonderful lady. I may see you again — may I not? ¹⁾ Just telegraph, and a carriage shall be waiting for you.

In old friendship

Your

Elisabeth."

FROM THE DIARY.

Frankfort, September 1885.

Sept. 15th. Hildebrand arrived and we went together to see about a studio Thoma, the painter, offered him his, and that answers all purposes.

1) Clara did not feel well enough to accept the invitation.

17th. The sittings began. I find them very tiring although I like watching Hildebrand. He is so entirely absorbed in his work that he seems to forget everything else.

18th. I like Hildebrand more and more. To-day I sat for 2½ hours; it was too much.

The sittings lasted all the week, and on the 26th Hildebrand had finished. They all say that the bust is a great success. Fatiguing as I found it, I am yet very sorry that it is all over. I had grown so fond of Hildebrand, and I liked to watch his eyes while he worked, and to see how absolutely devoted he was to what he was doing. He is a lovable artist.

Leipsic, Nov. 26th.

Concert in the hall of the new *Gewandhaus*, which has wonderful acoustic properties. I played Chopin's *F* minor concerto, which I last played in the year 1852 that is 33 years ago, also in Leipsic: it gave me great pleasure. I had been working at it for a whole year, but last winter my arm prevented me from playing it, and at the Museum the other day, I had to withdraw. I had really given up all hope of ever playing it again. It seemed to the audience seemed to take fire It was extraordinary to me how free from nervousness I was when I played to-day — I felt as if I were sitting there simply for my own pleasure I was not conscious of the least effort

TO BRAHMS.

"Frankfort, Dec. 15th 1885.

. . . . If I may be allowed to point out something that I do not quite like, it is the 2nd subject of the 1st movement¹⁾, it is so wilful, and it is in no way adapted to what goes before; your melodies usually grow out of one another so wonderfully. It sounds as if you suddenly regretted having been so amiable. And apart from its stiffness the theme itself does not strike me as distinguished. As to the scherzo, each time it struck me as being rather long and I must say the same of the chord of the development of the adagio.

What strikes me as just heavenly is the conclusion of the latter with its chord of the augmented sixth, which by means of

1) 4th symphony.



Clara Schumann

From a bust by Ad. Hildebrand, Munich

the chain of resolved chords of the sixth carries one back so wonderfully to *M* major. I could run on for ever, and indeed I cannot stop although I must; I am certainly cheered by the thought that I shall have the pleasure of hearing the symphony again this winter, and of being able to discuss it with you in person. Kwast and Uzielli played it to me after such careful study of it, that I was perfectly able to enjoy it. Scholz and Knorr were present and they said that much that they had not understood before, was now clear to them . . . I trust you will let me keep it a little longer. Perhaps I can get it played to me again — unfortunately I cannot think of playing it myself.

How glad I am that you like the letters. In those to me we had to be much more careful (in selection) than I thought at first.

There is nothing new here, unless it is that I have heard Bruckner's amazing symphony and feel greatly relieved, for I now know where I am."

FROM THE DIARY.

End of December.

Nearly every day brings me letters of delight and appreciation with reference to the *Jugendbriefe*. It is odd that all the people who write to me thank me, when as a matter of fact I did it only for my own satisfaction. I had been thinking about it for years, and I regard the execution of it as a sacred duty to my Robert. I wished to see justice done to the man, and to have achieved this is one of the greatest pleasures and satisfactions that I have ever known. Every thought of it, every tiny mark of sympathy, throws a ray of sunshine across my heart.

January-February-March 1886.

Jan. 19th. Sad days lie behind me¹⁾ and also before me. I have had to cancel my engagement at the Museum for the 22nd. — How hard it is to be obliged to resign. Nathalie Janotha will play Beethoven's *G* major concerto. I . . . suggested that she should take my place, and I am heartily glad for her sake . . .

Feb. 5th. I went to the rehearsal, to hear Hausmann play Robert's concerto. My hearing is now so bad that I cannot follow

1) On Jan. 4th she was attacked by violent inflammation of the knees. She was forced to stay in bed, and made but a slow recovery.

any music properly, it is all blurred, and often I hear all the higher parts a semi-tone too high

Feb. 12th. I have been reading over old letters lately In doing so, I found a number from the Lazaruses which I have been enjoying very much — especially his I was quite touched by them The Lazaruses have been true friends, and I greatly feel the force of circumstances which so often keeps one apart from old friends. But a slight touch, such as this, is enough to awaken the old feelings of friendship, and, as in this case, of gratitude, and then one likes to put them into words — or at any rate, I do¹⁾.

Feb. 19th. I was rather better in the morning, and felt that I should be able to play, but all day long I was thinking of the consequences — neuralgia in all the upper part of my body — and then again I would think that I might fall off the stool while I was playing, and die, as a singer did at Marseilles the other day Then after dinner I dreamed that I was being carried to my grave to the sound of music, but all the time I could see what was happening The children saw how out of heart I was all day, but they did not guess what I felt, and they shall not, though this silence naturally increases my discomfort. And in the evening? It all went magnificently. I had an extraordinary reception, I played well, I did not feel my fingers at all, and I did not have a twinge of pain. The adagio²⁾ awoke enthusiasm, and at the end I was dismissed with a flourish of trumpets and the greatest applause. The cordiality of all to whom I spoke was really touching

March 2nd. Arrival of Brahms early in the morning. He had the first rehearsal of his symphony to-day.

March 3rd. I very much enjoyed the 2nd rehearsal, though my bad hearing made me lose a great deal. The adagio and the 4th movement delight me particularly. The 1st movement captivates one by its dreamy beauty; the last impresses one in the first place by its grandeur, the theme itself and then the wonderful treatment of the whole with its constant interchange of force and tenderness I cannot say how this movement takes hold of me; at the rehearsal to-day I could find relief only in tears. . . .

1) She wrote to Frau Lazarus next day.

2) Chopin's *F* minor concerto.

March 5th. Concert. The uninitiated scarcely appreciated the symphony — the connoisseurs were quite warm, but the general public was cool I believe this symphony is the most difficult for the public I was much struck by the influence of Wagner in the method of orchestration, there were often the same peculiar shades of tone, only with this difference, that in the one they serve to express beauty and dignity, and in the other, ugliness and triviality

London, March—April 1886.

March 29th. Tremendous reception at the "Popular", part of the audience stood up and waved their handkerchiefs and shouted hurrah! — I should like my German friends to witness such a reception for once. . . . The *Waldstein* went very well. . . . I gave the *Arabesque* as an encore, and as I began, a murmur of delight ran through the whole hall — it was a favourite years ago, and everybody knew it and played it. I think I never played it with such delicacy as to-day.

April 1st. Lady Goldsmid, Miss Zimmermann, M^r Thornton, Piatti, and Theophilus Burnand dined with us. It was very pleasant. Lady Goldsmid is a very attractive, intelligent woman. After dinner I rehearsed my variations in *F[♯] minor*¹⁾, which I am going to play on Monday — the first time I shall have played them in public. I never found any piece so difficult. They are catchy, and I am still too agitated when I play them, a feeling of indescribable sadness always comes over me, I live once more in that time when amidst a thousand griefs and with a bleeding heart I composed them for Robert, that I might send them to him at Emdenich. . . .

April 13th. A Vicountess de Vesci called. Marie received her. She came to ask me to play to a dying woman who often used to come and hear me and whose greatest wish was to hear me just once more. Of course I did not refuse. . . .

14th. . . . This afternoon I played to the poor invalid, Lady Florence Herbert. . . . I had felt very wrought up before I went, and the great dark room was dreadfully eerie, but the lady herself, her husband, and her brother, were so nice that I soon lost all sense of discomfort. Lady Herbert let me come straight up into her sick-room, and thanked me and kissed me. . . . For about

1) Op. 20.

half-an-hour. . . . I had to play her a number of soft movements from various Beethoven sonatas, and then a piece with broad, strong chords; then her husband thought she would be over-excited and we went away. I do not regret having gone. They all, and especially Lady Herbert, appealed to me so much that I conceived a warm interest in them. . . .

25th. To-day I have once more been struck by the fine perception with which so many people here express themselves with regard to my art. This is seldom enough the case in Frankfort, for example. The English are wonderfully responsive, though their stiff manners often conceal it, but if once they let themselves go, their feelings break out with greater energy than is the case with us Germans. One is so pleasantly stirred by the great receptivity shown here that one is often tempted to over-tax one's strength.

TO BRAHMS.

"Frankfort, May 14th /86.

. . . . A word to-day, about your beautiful songs. They have given me much pleasure although I have not heard them, but have only been able to read them as Filla has been afflicted with a very bad cold. I like all the songs in Op. 96, the 2nd seems to me especially delicate and tender (the transition from minor to major is delightful). And how the 3rd, with its hopeless close, moves one! The 4th, with its great harmonies, is wonderful.

In Op. 97 I particularly like the 1st, it is extraordinary how the tones of the nightingale penetrate one's heart — a pearl of poetry. As far as the music is concerned I like *Die Entführung* too, but the words do not appeal to me."

TO BRAHMS.

"Franzensbad, July 28th /86.

. . . . One request, in great haste: Härtel thinks of bringing out another volume of Robert's letters (most of them already printed) in October. I should like to give them some unprinted letters as well, i.e. those to you, and Joachim, and Mendelssohn. I do not indeed doubt your permission, but all the same I cannot but ask if you approve.

As for me, I can tell you to-day that the pain is better, and that we are leaving Franzensbad on Aug. 5th with grateful hearts."

FROM THE DIARY.

August: Yesterday, the 31st, Liszt died at Bayreuth — once again a man of unusual type is borne to the grave. How sad it makes one that one cannot lament him with unmixed feelings. All the tinsel around him obscures the image of the artist and the man.

He was a great piano-virtuoso, but a dangerous model for the young to imitate. Almost all the rising pianists imitated him, but they lacked his mind, his genius, his delicacy of touch, so that now we have nothing but great masters of technique and a number of caricatures. . . . Then Liszt was a bad composer — in this respect too he did harm to many people, but this is not so serious as his compositions lack all the qualities which have been mentioned as belonging to him as a virtuoso; they are trivial, wearisome, and they will soon disappear now that he has gone. His personal charm and his brilliant execution have always turned people's heads, and so they have accepted his works. As a young man he was most fascinating but later he let so much coquetry blend with his really intellectual and charming disposition that I often found it disagreeable.

TO BRAHMS.

"Obersalzberg, Aug. 19th 1886.

. . . . Thank you for your speedy answer — if I had had the letters to you sooner (I asked Elise to send them to me) I should not have troubled you with my request, for then I saw, what I had forgotten, that unfortunately they were all from Endenich. And, as it happened, before I got your letter of refusal I had already written to Härtel's to say that I could not send these letters. I do not know how I came to imagine that Robert had written to you several times before his illness. — You well know that I have always been opposed to the publication of letters belonging to this sad time, and at all events I do not wish to be the means of their being published. For this reason I am also leaving out one of those to Joachim, which grieves me no less than the omission of the letters to you. Härtel's are much upset over this, and urge me the more strongly since, as they say, you yourself once wrote to them concerning these magnificent letters. What they say about you is exactly what I most wished to publish, but in the letters

to Joachim there is also much about you which has given me very great pleasure. — So you see that you cannot escape being mentioned, and it does no harm; intelligent people will be pleased, and one cannot drum it into fools often enough."

TO BRAHMS.

"Frankfort, Dec. 7th /86.

... Your last letter but one wounded me so deeply that I could not make up my mind to do more than send a card to tell you what was absolutely necessary."

FROM THE DIARY.

January 1887.

Jan. 7th. A symphony of Strauss's (from Munich) was performed in the Museum, and surprised one by its cleverness and talent. The very youthful composer (he is barely 20) conducted it himself, with a skill and certainty which threw the audience into such ecstasies as I have seldom seen aroused by any new work here. Unfortunately I always lose so many of the soft parts now, that I cannot follow an entirely new work, and cannot form an opinion after one very imperfect hearing.

March - April.

London, March 22nd. The Princess of Wales asked me to come to her. . . . I played her daughters some little pieces of Robert's, which she specially asked for, and when I left she pressed a present into my hand — a swan holding a lyre, set with tiny brilliants, which she said she had chosen because of its musical symbolism. . . .

March 30th. I held a "reception" at Mr Burnand's, at least that is what he called it, but of course we had music; I, with my few words of English, had no other means of "receiving". We had very nice music; Hausmann played Beethoven's *A* major sonata with me, and we both enjoyed it very much. . . .

April 1st. Chappell had arranged an extra "Beethoven-Popular", so that the last of this season might be the 1000th. Naturally this was to be combined with an ovation for him, and well he deserves it, for he has continued the concerts often under difficulties and at a considerable risk, he has always offered the public the

best, and by so doing he has rendered a great service . . . to musical education. . . . A stranger who first came here, as I did, 20 or 25 years ago¹⁾, can best judge of the great advance which has been made at all events by that part of the public which frequents the "Pop.s"; it is made up of the élite of the musical world, of teachers and genuine lovers of music and a few others who go because it is the fashion, but even amongst these, the good seed falls and takes root. . . .

April 2nd. Dinner at Neruda's a wonderful bouquet lay by my place, which Robert Green, the florist, hearing that I was to be at M^{me} Neruda's, had sent for me with the words: "For dear Mme. Sch." I cannot say how pleased I was. . . .

April 4th. The last and 1000th "Popular". A tremendously enthusiastic audience. Robert's quintet, with Joachim, Neruda, Strauss, and Piatti. . . .

As I came out and went to my carriage — it was 11 o'clock — quite a crowd was waiting for me, and they all waved their handkerchiefs and shouted, "Come back again Frau Schumann". It was charming of them.

Frankfort. On April 30th. Marie and I went to Ems to an audience with the Crown Princess of Prussia, for which I had asked. She had recently founded 5 scholarships at the *Louisenstift*²⁾ and I hoped to obtain one of these for Julie³⁾. . . . She received me very kindly, went into the matter thoroughly, took notes of several points, and but said that the places were promised far in advance. . . . She sent for the three princesses and I played them some little things of Robert's, for which the Crown Princess asked, and then had to write my name in their three albums. The personality of the Crown Princess attracted me extremely, she was so simple and gracious, and I found I could talk to her without feeling any shyness, as one mother speaking to another. . . .

Brahms returned me some of my letters, according to our agreement, which very much excited me.

1) It was more than 30.

2) *Translator's note*: A large girls' school in Berlin.

3) Ferdinand's daughter who lived with Clara until the spring. In Jan. 1888 Clara was notified that a place at the *Louisenstift* was vacant, and that the Crown Princess had given it to Julie.

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Thun, May 87.

. . . Fate deals with you really cruelly. Heartily as I sympathise with you I dare not let myself think of the details of your sorrow, and cannot speak to you about them. Besides the one stunning blow, other griefs must come.

Your beautiful nature will not let you become impervious to any ray of sunshine which life or art may bring you -- that is my only comfort.

Please tell the Sommerhoffs how warmly I sympathise with them¹).

All the time that I have been in this glorious Italy I have been thinking of and longing for no-one so much as you. How I wished that you had still strength enough to enjoy this, as you have to enjoy your art. I know no-one else who would it appreciate it all so much, so unreservedly -- if your physical strength did not prevent it. . . ."

FROM THE DIARY.

June 1887.

This month I began to read through my old letters to Brahms and tore up nearly all of them²). Many things in them which referred to my journeys were interesting enough, but as I was certain to find all that in my diary, though possibly not quite so fully, I preferred to destroy them. I found them very monotonous in tone, one wail of sorrow, and though this was justified by my hard fate, yet I should be sorry to think they would ever be made public. Not without deep emotion did I once more live through the time of Robert's illness. . . .

God be thanked, there was some music again on the 18th, at the Heermanns. I played Johannes' A major sonata with him for the first time. It was a pleasure which made me forget all my misery³) for one evening. This sonata is a beautiful, noble work.

1) Their daughter Clara had just died of diphtheria.

2) As this volume shows, this was not quite correct. She had begun to destroy them, but allowed herself to be persuaded by her eldest daughter to preserve this treasure for her children.

3) She was ill herself, and very anxious about Ferdinand and his family.

I like the first and last movements best, the theme of the last is drawn out in the most heavenly way. The adagio does not seem to me to have enough genuine feeling, it is more reflective. I had the greatest of pleasures on the 20th when at last I felt strong enough to try over the wonderfully moving trio in *C* minor. What a work it is! inspired throughout in its passion, its power of thought, its gracefulness, its poetry. No previous work of Johannes has so completely carried me away. How marvellously poetic is the 2nd movement with its swaying rhythm! How happy I was this evening — happier than I had been for a long time. . . .

Nathalie Janotha also came during this month. She wanted to work under me for a little, but I told her, the 2nd time that she played to me, that I thought she had better continue to play in her own way. . . . I think she felt it herself, for she did not again ask me for a lesson. She helped me to look through the popular edition of Robert's works and found a really abominable number of mistakes. We worked frightfully hard for a fortnight, but we did not get it all finished.

On Sept. 4th Clara and Marie went from Obersalzberg to Munich. They were greatly distressed by bad news from Ferdinand. On the 16th, Clara went to Baden.

FROM THE DIARY.

Baden-Baden (at the *Deutsches Haus*) Sept. 17th.

The arrangements with Brahms and Joachim turned out as I wished; they are coming here on the 20th, and the concerto is to be rehearsed on the 21st. . . .

Sept. 19th. As we were going home before dinner to-day, we met Hausmann coming from the station. He came to the hotel with us, found a room at once, and had his mid-day meal with us. . . .

20th. Brahms arrived in the morning. Joachim left him in the lurch, as he is not coming till to-morrow. Brahms played his concerto through once or twice with Hausmann alone, but I could not get any clear impression of it as Johannes played so carelessly that I was conscious of nothing but a frightful chaos with a few melodious passages here and there. . . . Unfortunately my really

bad hearing adds to the difficulty. For some time I have not been able to distinguish harmonies which follow each other in quick succession, if I do not know them; I often hear quite different notes from those which are being played.

Sept. 21st. Drove to Fischzucht with Joachim, Brahms, and Hausmann In the evening the concerto was rehearsed. It is much clearer now, and I warmed up to it; it is a thoroughly original work. To-morrow we are to hear it with the orchestra. This concerto is a work of reconciliation — Joachim and Brahms have spoken to each other again for the first time for years¹⁾.

Sept. 22nd. . . . They played the concerto again this morning, and I like it more and more.

In the evening Hausmann and Brahms played the 'cello sonata, and then the trio was played

Sept. 23rd. The concerto was rehearsed with the orchestra in the *Kursaal*. This was an un hoped for pleasure, and a great treat. It is quite different with the orchestra. It is a fresh work, full of interesting *motifs* and workmanship. I like the 1st movement best, then the last; the adagio is melodious but it does not appeal to one's heart in the same way, though, as in the other movements, the instrumentation is interesting. It is not without a few disturbing passages, but one has to take them with the rest: he could easily alter them, but very likely he will not wish to do so. It often seems as if he took delight in preventing the listener from enjoying himself too much.

Frankfort, October—November.

Oct. 5th. I played a violin sonata of Kuhn's with Koning this evening, and enjoyed it as it is long since I have enjoyed any work by one of the younger composers. It has passion, warmth, grace, and excellent workmanship. He has a leaning towards Brahms and Schumann but there is no harm in that, when he himself has so much talent. And he has ideas of his own, though the adagio is lacking in this respect. . . . Taking it all round, it is a work that one is glad to play a second time.

Oct. 6th. Frl. Soldat played (at a Museum Concert) Brahms's violin concerto and a piece of Vieuxtemps — both excellently....

1) The estrangement had resulted from the attitude taken up by Brahms when Joachim and his wife separated.

She has the genuine artistic temperament, and as far as warmth and enthusiasm are concerned is perhaps the finest woman violinist alive. She herself is charmingly simple and pleasant. . . .

Oct. 16th Brahms passed through. In the afternoon he went to Cologne for the first performance of his duet — Joachim and Hausmann are playing. I had a talk with him about returning his letters, as I find it hard to part with them, and there were also other considerations. If he were to die they might fall into unsuitable hands, whereas my children would conscientiously carry out both his wishes and mine. He has now brought back all my letters and in justice I ought to give him his, but I begged him first to consider another suggestion. I would extract everything relating to his artistic or private life, since the letters give a picture of him and of his work which no biographer could wish to be more complete. I would put all this together, and then let him have the letters to destroy. But he would not hear of it, and so to-day I handed them over to him with tears. . . .

Oct. 27th Rehearsal of Brahms's trio. I owe hours of bliss to this work.

28th. Quartet-evening, after a whole day of severe pain in my arm and shoulder. The trio (Brahms's) went magnificently, we had worked at it well together, and I played it with the greatest enthusiasm. The audience was quite carried away; we had to repeat the 2nd movement, and they wanted the 3rd as well. . . .

Nov. 10th. A visit from the Landgräfin (von Hessen, née Princess Anna of Prussia) who was very friendly, and even sent me that evening a telegram which she had just received from the Grand Duchess of Baden, about the Crown Prince. The poor fellow is very ill — they are going to operate on him.

Jenny Lind has passed away, and with her one of my most beautiful and deepest memories. How her death made me think of my own age; I too have one foot in the grave.

. . . . In a short time, when all her contemporaries have gone, who will think of Jenny Lind, of her lofty artistic ideal, her genius — thus it is with every interpretative artist. . . .

13th. Brahms came this morning. . . . He will spend this week on the line between here and Wiesbaden, for at both places there are two rehearsals and a performance.

15th. Woldemar Bargiel passed through again. We were all together in the evening when Stockhausen came in. There arose

a great dispute over Handel, and Woldemar got quite excited. Brahms was silent at first, and then became rude. Stockhausen, when he had nothing left to say, began to sing, thus silencing all opposition.

17th. They all went to Wiesbaden again for the performance of the double concerto.

18th. Everybody came back for the rehearsal here. I have now heard the concerto frequently and can form an opinion of it. The combination of 'cello and violin as solo instruments does not seem to me an entirely happy thought. . . . And as it does not give these instruments any brilliant opportunity I do not believe that the concerto has a future. It is highly interesting and clever as a composition but nowhere has it the warmth and freshness which are so often to be found in his works. The applause of the audience was divided It could hardly have been played more beautifully than it was by Joachim and Hausmann.

On Feb. 20th Clara went to England. . . . Her success was as great as ever, but she was in such low spirits, and she found the concerts such a burden, that she could not take any real pleasure in it. Besides this, she found most of her old friends ill or unhappy, and eventually she decided to let this be her last visit to England. On March 30th she attended an "artists' dinner" given by Mme. Neruda, at which the Princess of Wales was present, and the next day she set out on her return journey.

FROM THE DIARY.

London, March 26th 1888.

My last "Popular". I was very nervous again, but I made a brilliant end with the *Carnaval* — I think I never before played it as I did to-day, and yet I determined that this should be the end of my visits to England, and I felt sadder than words can say. How difficult it is to stop of one's own free will when one feels that one is still capable of doing something! But I am certain that I am right, I feel that my health would not much longer endure the strain.

May—June 1888.

News of Mr^s Townsend's death. Once more I have lost a faithful friend, one who stood by my side and comforted me in the hardest times of my life, when I first went to England 32 years ago, and who never changed through all the years. She was one of those sufferers who set an ennobling example. . . .

May 9th. Emilie List, my oldest friend, came once more to pay me a fortnight's visit. I enjoyed it very much; it was long since I had lived with her like that, and we have so many common memories which go back almost to the days of childhood. . . . She is a very pleasant guest, interested in everything and everybody . . . as quick as a girl to receive an impression, kindly, and sociable, and yet always ready to stay quietly at home. One can discuss anything with her. . . .

May 18th. I gave a party to musicians. I played a quintet of Dvořák's, which interested me greatly. Heermann is always very nice when I ask him to come and play, never tired or over-done, and always ready to rehearse. . . .

May 28th. Stockhausen gave us a glorious evening. He sang the *Dichterliebe*, I could almost say he re-created them — his singing was so ethereal, and he sang them all!!! I was grieved to find that I could not accompany him to-day of all days¹⁾ I lived through the years that have passed, when I so often had the pleasure of accompanying this "Singer by the grace of God". Ah! it is all over. . . .

On June 28th Clara went to Franzensbad with her two daughters through Weimar, Köstritz, and Schneeberg.

FROM THE DIARY.

June 28th, Weimar. Went to see the Goethe house in the town and the *Gartenhaus*²⁾ in the Park. In Goethe's house I found the piano (a Streicher) still in the same place in the same room as it was when I played to him in 1831. It affected me strangely. A whole life has been lived since then — it seemed like a chaos. . . .

1) It was the 40th anniversary of his appearance as an artist.

2) *Translator's note*: The cottage to which Goethe retired when he wanted to work.

We found Ferdinand at Köstritz (he is under treatment there) looking very well but getting about painfully on two sticks. . . . It is scarcely likely that he will ever be able to work again. . . .

July 1st. We left for Schneeberg with heavy hearts. . . .

Franzensbad, July 24th a letter came from Johannes which touched us deeply. I had told him of our anxieties about Ferdinand, and in the most truly friendly manner he offers me his help. He writes:

“Thun, July 24th 1888.

Dear Clara

The very sight of your dear letter gave me great pleasure. ‘So much written in her own hand’, I thought, ‘then the rheumatism cannot be so bad after all, and we must be satisfied.’

For all that, I have been hesitating to answer the dear letter. There was something on my heart and in my thoughts which I could not get off my pen. But after all, it is no use, gather together all your goodness and all your kind thoughts of me, listen, and say a friendly yes. I sympathise most heartily with all that concerns you, including all the anxieties and troubles which cannot be wanting in so full a life, and which you have had in so full a measure.

I attach no exaggerated importance to the little worries about ways and means.

But it annoys me that you should have them — while I am rolling in money without noticing it or getting any pleasure out of it. I can, do not care to, and will not, live any differently; it would be useless to give my relations more than I do, and when my heart tells me I can give suitably to some extent and do good without feeling it. After my death there is nothing I ought, or wish to have done. In short, the matter is simple. All these days I have been wondering how I could contrive to send you some money. As a wealthy lover of art, with an anonymous letter, as something left over from the Schumann fund, or how? I cannot do anything of that sort, without so far confiding in someone that he might guess the truth. If you think me as good a fellow as I am, and if you care for me as much as I wish you to — then the second part of the business would be easy, without more ado you would allow me with my very superfluous mammon, this year, for example, to contribute 10,000 marks as my share in your expenses for your grandchildren.

Simrock has taken a whole heap more choruses, quartets, and songs. I shall know nothing of the handsome payment, it will wander silently and uselessly into the bank. Now, think what great pleasure the works and the pay would bring if you said a clear, simple yes! But as everything has two sides, I tell you, that if things fall out badly, I shall tell Simrock to pay the money into the Schumann fund. . . .”

CLARA TO BRAHMS.

“Dearest Johannes

What shall I say to your most friendly offer? I could not help being deeply moved when I read your letter. Words are poor in comparison with what one feels at such a moment, and I can only press your hand and assure you that the help which you offer has given me a sense of peace such as my heart has long not known. But I cannot now accept your dear offer, it would not be fair to do so unless there was really serious need. . . . I am chiefly anxious for the future, when the prospect of earning by concert-giving must grow less, and the expenses of Ferdinand’s children must increase. So I came to the conclusion then, that, since I take you for as good a fellow as you are, and care for you as you wish, I promise to turn to you without a thought as soon as I am in any real difficulty. . . .”

FROM THE DIARY.

Frankfort.

Sept. 29th. The children have been behaving rather mysteriously of late, and at last it transpires that it was on account of my diamond jubilee, — to which I had never given a thought. How strange!

On Oct. 13th (the eve) I am to play in the Museum, and it is to be a Schumann evening. . . . Scholz is going to arrange for a festival at the Conservatoire — I had meant to go away for those days, but he urgently begged that I would allow the committee and the students to have the pleasure of paying me homage. . . . So it is fixed for the 21st, but I have refused to accept presents of any sort.

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Vienna, Oct. 3rd /88.

.... Do not be angry with me if I come with a *da capo* You declined what I wanted to send last summer in so friendly a tone that now, when we are both at home, I shall take the risk of sending it. Perhaps I ought to have been able to manage the whole affair more tactfully, but I do not know how.

If I had wanted to send it anonymously, someone would still have been obliged to write the address etc. and you would have had your suspicions. So be pleased to have 15 thousand (it is with simple and compound interest) laid most humbly at your feet to-morrow, and just write a post-card to say that you have it, and not a word more please.

I know, and it gives me pleasure to think, how conscientiously you must be working through the enormous mass of your birthday correspondence, and how it is gradually melting before your daily industry. Moreover I like to think of you enjoying the beautiful autumn days, and taking delight in your comfortable house and charming garden.

I send my dear love to you all, and beg you not to be angry with me, but to look upon the whole matter with a friendly eye.

Always yours
Johannes¹⁾."

TO ROSALIE LESER.

"Frankfort, Oct. 29th /88.

My dearest Rosalie

I have so often thought of writing to you during these last few days, but it has not been possible. You have no idea of all the love and affection which have been showered upon me since the 20th. But first of all let me embrace you for your magnificent laurel-wreath, which the children at once hung round Hildebrand's bust of me. If only you, my dearest and best, could have been here; for all this last week has been a thrilling

1) Clara writes in the diary: We were quite bewildered — what ought I to do? Ought I to send it back to so old a friend? I could not do that. I had to keep it and thank him for it; there was nothing else to be done.

time for me. I sent you the article about the celebrations at the Conservatoire, and a very warm notice of Friday's concert, will follow in a few days. At the festival at the Conservatoire I was almost overcome when some of my pupils (one of them had made a delightful speech) brought in a cornucopia and at the same moment that glorious march from the *Ruinen von Athen* struck up very softly. You know the chorus sings: *Schmücket die Altäre* etc. (Deck the altars). The effect was really enchanting. The concert on Friday was indeed a festival as far as I was concerned, not only on account of the honour which was done to me, but chiefly because of the affection which the whole audience manifested towards me. Everyone stood up when I appeared, there was a flourish of trumpets, and endless cheering and applauding. I hardly ever played the concerto so well, but after a good night's rest I felt as fresh as a girl that day. After the concerto, 3 ladies stepped on to the platform and presented me with a golden laurel-wreath from the directors of the Museum. You can fancy how surprised I was; neither I nor the children had an suspicion of what was coming. The artists' room was decorated with trees, and looked as festive as possible. I had addresses from Leipsic, Cologne, England, and Berlin; masses of letters, over 200 telegrams, and as to flowers — I never saw such a wealth! we had to fill the vestibule and the steps with them, as there was not a place left in the rooms. A number of exquisite tiny trees were among them, and my only sorrow was that so many of the flowers — e.g. those in baskets — had faded by the next day. Up till yesterday, I have been receiving baskets of flowers, lyres, and poems every day. God be thanked that I stood the strain so well. Ah! dear Rosalie, if only I could pour out my heart to you, show you everything, read you everything, all the flattering addresses (a very nice address came from the *Gürzenich*¹) at Cologne) I never dreamed that so much love is felt for me, and it often puts me to shame. . . . We had seriously thought of leaving, but when one is still performing in public and has so many pupils etc., it seems unfriendly to run away. Scholz besought me so urgently to permit the festival to be held, and the Museum wanted to give me the concert, so that it was hardly possible to say no, and now I am glad that I followed

1; *Translator's note*: The great concert-society, in Cologne.

my feelings. The festival has drawn many people closer to me, and of course me to them, and I am glad of this, it gives me a sense of being at home here, such as I have not had before. . . .”

FROM THE DIARY.

Nov. 22nd. As my arm was very bad I let Elise and Koning play me Brahms's new sonata in *D* minor, which he has just sent me. I was very sad that I could not play it myself. . . . The sonata is magnificent; just like the first — ravishing. The 2nd is beautiful too but I like the 3rd better how thankful I was for this alleviation in the midst of all my grief — one forgets everything else for the moment, and that in itself strengthens a poor tortured heart. —

Dec. 2nd. I am working at Brahms's *D* minor sonata with great enthusiasm, but I can only practise for a quarter of an hour at a time.

Dec. 8th. I gave a party for musicians. Played Brahms's *D* minor sonata with Koning. It was a party of thanks. . . . I enjoyed the sonata enormously. . . .

January 1889.

Jan. 7th. Brahms arrived. . . . On the 8th B. tried the sonata with Heermann. He played it as I have always imagined it, except that he took the *adagio* slower. . . .

10th. A rehearsal of the sonata at our house, this morning I once more thanked heaven for sending so strong and healthy a genius into the world in the midst of the Wagner mania, one who counteracts it for the moment and who must soon conquer it entirely. Mankind must in the long run regain its health through the true and great works which Brahms produces as he advances along the path marked out by his predecessors. . . .

12th. At mid-day Brahms and I played my pupils the *Hungarian Dances*, and the *Variations for 4 hands*, on a theme of Robert's (*E*^b major, dedicated to Julie). — He was in a very good humour and carried them all away. . . .

Jan. 19th. Went to Berlin with Marie. . . .

Jan. 23rd. Concert — such enthusiasm as is seldom experienced. I played very well; Joachim, exquisitely. Woldemar conducted his overture to *Demetrius*. . . . I was recalled again and again — Joachim called out to me to play the *Schlummerlied*, but I should

have felt an encore of that sort rather flat after the Chopin concerto. . . .

25th. Lunched with Joachim. Both the girls were there as well as some other friends; it was most pleasant. . . . In the evening at the dear Litzmann's. Their goodness, simplicity, and kindness do one's heart good. I felt it a real refreshment to be with my dear old friends. . . . We called on the Spittas. I found him as interesting to talk to as before; I particularly enjoy discussing music with him. . . .

27th. Dined with the Bargiels — a charming family life: what a treasure he possesses in such a wife and such children! In the morning the Rudorffs and their fine children came to call on us. —

28th. I went to see Franz Mendelssohn¹⁾ — he was touchingly affectionate, and gave me a remembrance of his wife. We kissed each other at parting, and he said, very sadly, that this was the last time we should meet as he felt that he should not live long²⁾. . . .

31st. Return journey by way of Düsseldorf, so that I might see my dear dearest ones. . . . We spent a couple of delightful days here, and I played once or twice to very grateful listeners, and listened myself to many cheering words from my dear friends. . . .

Feb. 3rd. Left for home, with a sad heart. . . . How I miss real friends in Frankfort. . . .

March.

March 4th. Went to Leipsic, after many struggles Warmly received by Livia.

Wednesday, March 6th. Rehearsal. Tremendous enthusiasm — shown no doubt by the students and the far more appreciative audience which comes to a rehearsal for the sake of the music, not because it happens to be the fashion just now. . . . Emma Preusser came, which gave me especial pleasure. . . . Thus we three old friends (Emma, Livia, and I) were once more together — it may well have been for the last time.

March 7th. Concert. I played well. Compared with Berlin and with yesterday's audience at the rehearsal, the public seemed

1) He had lost his wife suddenly on Jan. 2nd.

2) He died that year, on Feb. 20th.

to me cold, although I was recalled four times. But everybody talked about the enthusiasm, so perhaps it was only my imagination. . . .

With dear Emma at the Frege's in the evening. Farewell.

TO ROSALIE LESER.

"Baden-Baden, May 19th /89.

. . . . The journey¹⁾ is over, and in spite of many beautiful impressions and many enjoyments, I cannot help adding 'Thank God, that we are home again', or rather that we may hope to be home by to-morrow evening. I really ought not to have gone abroad in the frightfully depressed state in which I have been for the last few months, but I thought all the beautiful sights would take me out of myself. This was only partly the case, however; for whenever I enjoyed anything it was only for the moment and then the depression returned, so that I could not really take pleasure in it all. The only thing that did give me any comfort was meeting the Herzogenbergs and the Hildebrands. We came across the Herzogenbergs in Nice and then again in Florence, and the Hildebrands have made themselves really an ideal home in Florence. They are both people whom it is always a pleasure to meet. — He especially; he is so simple and genial; a man of rare character, and a true artist, whom the Bendemanns too would be certain to like.

I have been wondering whether I was not too old for a journey like this. The many discomforts (especially in Italy) do their part towards making one out of spirits. . . ."

FROM THE DIARY.

Baden-Baden, Sept. 13th 1889.

It has come at last — the seventieth — ought I to rejoice? It is at best but a melancholy joy. Much love still surrounds me, but yet how many do we miss!

Nor is it easy for an artist to enter upon old age. But after all the love of the children and of my friends made it a fesivtal

1) They had been to North Italy.

day. At breakfast I was surprised by a little casket in the lid of which were set the portraits of the Bendemanns, he with a palette and she with a bouquet, painted by himself, so life-like that it seemed as if they must speak. . . . I was deeply touched at finding my dearest old friends with me in so pleasant a manner, and it turned the day into a festival from the outset. . . . There were endless baskets of flowers; one of my first presents was a basket of the most beautiful roses from the Grand Duchess (of Baden) and a touching letter followed. . . . After breakfast Woldemar appeared with a gigantic bunch of laurel. . . . The children were very busy spreading out beautiful things in the other room, all of them far too costly. . . . I was very pleasantly surprised by the great gold medal for art sent by the Emperor William. . . . Telegrams kept on arriving all day long, including some from the Empress, the Empress Frederick, Anna v. Hessen etc. etc.

In the course of the morning. . . . Scholz arrived from Frankfurt, sent by the curators with a gigantic and marvellous basket of flowers which was almost more than one man could carry. It was a very kindly attention. Masses of letters came.

We dined with the Sommerhoffs at mid-day. They had arranged everything in the most festive fashion, and I sat under a charming bower of flowers. . . . They had thought of everything with the truest affection.

When I went to bed to-night I had but one prayer, but one thought: that heaven would let me enjoy the children's love for a few years longer, not in ill-health but with a body as capable of appreciating it as my heart is. . . .

. . . . Brahms came on the 20th and was very chatty and pleasant.

21st. Brahms played me the *B* major trio, which he has been re-writing, and the 3 *Gedeksprüche*, and besides these a few motets. The trio seems to me much improved. Among the choral things, I liked the motets extremely. . . .

Frankfort. Oct. 30th. I am revelling in Brahms's 3rd sonata, which I am practising for a quartet-evening. To my great grief I find that playing tries me very much. . . . Ah! how can I go on living if I have to give it up entirely!

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Vienna, Nov. 1889.

. . . . The thought of my *D* minor sonata wandering along gently and dreamily under your fingers, is too pretty and pleasant. I actually laid it on my desk and in my thought went gently stealing through the pedal-shrubbery with you. You always at my side — and I know no greater happiness than when I sit by your side, or, as now, walk beside you. . . ."

FROM THE DIARY.

Dec. 26th. The Sommerhoffs came to us and we had a tree for the children. . . . Children are always like sunshine in one's heart.

Dec. 28th. News of Bendemann's death — poor Lida! In him I lose my best and kindest friend. . . .

31st. What an ending to the year is the death of the truest of friends, who always stood beside me ready with help or advice. . . . Ah! I am deeply grieved.

Clara began the next year with a bad attack of influenza, from which she recovered but slowly. "I have really had two guardian angels to take care of me, in my two daughters. How they have nursed me! With what love they have surrounded me!"

CLARA TO AVÉ.

"Frankfort, March 9th 1890.

. . . . Since then I have had another loss in Professor Litzmann of Kiel. You know how I stayed in their house for weeks, and how faithfully these friends stood by me during that hard time when I suffered so much with my arm.

We expect Brahms on the 21st of this month, when he is to play his newly re-written trio in *B* major, at a quartet evening. It has been a great success in Buda-Pest and Vienna. Most of the *motifs* remain, but the way in which they are worked out is quite different — I have not yet heard the *Festsprüche* except at one rehearsal¹⁾, and at that I did not get any real idea of it."

1) At Cologne.

FROM THE DIARY.

March 1890.

Monday, 17th. Brahms arrived. . . . He seems in a very good spirits, and there is every reason why he should be. . . .

18th. He rehearsed his re-written trio, Op. 8, with Heermann and Becker. I felt rather desperate, his playing was so wanting in clearness, and there were also many things that I could not follow.

16th. He rehearsed it again at the Sommerhoffs, and to-day I understood it better. I was particularly pleased with the 1st movement, but it does not carry me away as the *C* minor trio, does.

20th. Brahms lunched with the Scholzes, which pleased me very much, as the last time he was here he was so very unfriendly towards them. . . . In the evening we went to the theatre together and saw a new piece, *Die Ehre*, by Sudermann. It interested us from beginning to end though it often carried realism over the verge of unpleasantness. . . . the dialogue is said to be excellent (unfortunately I never understand a word), and it is most cleverly staged. Brahms was highly delighted with it; a man does feel differently about such things.

We see little of Brahms; it is really only at breakfast that we have a little pleasant time together.

March 22nd. Quartet-evening at the Museum. A Brahms evening. . . . The audience was very animated; in the trio the scherzo roused most enthusiasm. . . . The whole trio strikes me as much better proportioned than it was, but I do not altogether like it. . . . the 2nd subject of the last movement seems to me quite horrible. The 1st subject of the same movement is heavenly, and then the 2nd with iron hand suddenly hurls one down from the skies.

26th. *Figaro* with Sembrich. I could not enjoy any of it for I heard hardly any of the glorious music, only bits here and there. Why do I go to the theatre at all? Because I am a person who lives in illusions, and every time I go I think: “. . . to-day, I shall hear a little more”.

29th. Sembrich and her husband came to call. . . . At my request she sang me some songs of Robert's quite charmingly, some of them at sight. We urged her to sing them often in public — no-one else sings Schumann as intelligently as she does.

April 19th. Sonnenthal gave us *Un verre d'eau* to-day — a great treat. What a really gifted actor, distinguished, and with every movement expressive of humour, feeling, power — and he never exaggerates.

April 27th. . . . Examination-concert at the Conservatoire. . . . It all went excellently. I specially enjoyed Saint Saëns's concerto in *G* minor — it is a clever work, and in places shows warm feeling. The 1st movement in particular, pleased me extremely, and so did the scherzo. The instrumentation is very interesting throughout; and that of the scherzo, piquant — certainly the best of the modern virtuoso-concertos. Borwick played it excellently. . . . I do not think that it would be easy find anyone who could imitate him by playing so difficult a concerto so well, giving it in public for the first time.

28th. We had a little musical party in the afternoon. I played Brahms's 3rd sonata with the Landgraf von Hessen¹). . . . I had invited the Landgräfin, Princess Elisabeth von Dessau (the Landgräfin's daughter) and Frau von Rothschild. There is something touching to me in the pleasure the poor fellow takes in playing, and he really has remarkable talent. . . . At the request of the Landgräfin I also played the aria and scherzo from Robert's *F*[♯] minor sonata. Unfortunately I became confused in playing this, but I soon got right again. I am playing too little at present, and Eugenie is always scolding me because I never practise, but there is so little here to incite me, and why should I wish to practise old things? And then I always consider that my day is over. This may be wrong, but it arises partly from physical conditions. . . .

. . . . Levi paid me a surprise visit in the evening. . . . But I feel that we are no more on the old, intimate terms. . . . He no longer asks after Brahms, and I think he knows hardly any of his recent works. . . . He told me about the Shakespearian stage (in Munich), which must be wonderful.

May 1st. In the evening we had asked Professor Bernays, who has migrated from Munich to Carlsruhe, Stockhausen, and the Hermanns to come in. It was an interesting evening; Bernays talked much, almost exclusively indeed, but he talks so well that it is a pleasure to listen to him only when he recites, it is

1) The Landgräfin Anna's blind son.

dreadful, his voice never rises or falls, and after a time this becomes almost unbearable. . . .

May 25th (Whitsunday). . . . My thoughts are greatly occupied with Düsseldorf. A great musical festival of that sort gives one plenty to think of, even if one is not entirely in sympathy with much that is going on. . . . But I should have liked to hear Robert's symphony given by that great orchestra, and also to become acquainted with Richter as an conductor so that I might form my own opinion of him. . . .

The papers, and everybody who heard it, are full of Joachim's quartet in Bonn. It is unique, nor is it likely that there will ever be another like it. It needs four artists of the first rank who shall have given a quarter of their lives to it, and how can that ever come about again? When will another artist like Joachim, who is the soul of it all, be born again!?

27th. News from Düsseldorf that Hans Richter had given the *C* major symphony magnificently. Frä. Leser, the never-satisfied, wrote that she had not heard any work taken like that since the days of Mendelssohn. . . .

I forgot to mention a pleasure given us by a letter from Engelmann written during the Musical Festival at Bonn, and yet it was deep and lasting. It so entirely expressed the feelings which filled me during those days; a deep melancholy possessed me at the thought that I could not be at the place where I felt I ought to be.

June 3rd. Joachim, who had promised to spend the 8th and 9th of June with us (the 8th, Robert's 80th birthday) writes to-day to say that Robi Mendelssohn is coming with him. I shall be very glad to see Robi again; I have not seen him since his father's death.

June 8th. We gave a little party this evening. . . . It was a pleasant evening, and Joachim enchanted us with his playing of Robert's *Phantasie*, an appropriate celebration of his 80th birthday. . . .

June 9th. We invited 40 people to a party at our house. . . . Joachim played the *A* minor quartet magnificently with Heermann, Koning, and Robi Mendelssohn. . . . I felt very upset. . . . and thought each moment that I should have to leave the room, and then Elise and Eugenie urged me to play Robert's *E^b* major quartet, which I had been looking forward to doing, for some days, and

I did play. Strange to say, the weakness left me, and I carried it through successfully. But my heart was low as I thought of the previous day, of the transitoriness of things, and of much besides. Perhaps this was the last time I should play with Joachim. — After a pleasant supper-hour, our two friends — old and young — left us. It had been a short visit, but long enough to make us feel pleasantly conscious of their friendship.

CLARA TO ROSALIE LESER.

“Frankfort, Nov. 8th /90.

Everything went off splendidly yesterday¹). I had a tremendous reception; just as it would have pleased and satisfied even you. I was dreadfully excited for a whole week before the concert: first there was the anxiety from one hour to another lest something should prevent me either before or at the concert, and then there was my nervousness about the performance itself. I was haunted at night by the fear that I could not find a single note, and then I could do nothing but keep on going through and through the concerto²), even if I was talking to anyone passages were continually running through my head — it really was unbearable. In spite of all this, I played very well; I believe I never played the concerto better. It went as freely as if I were sitting at home, and yet I was inspired by the audience, for I never played it so well at home. Well, thank God it is over, and it will very likely have been the last. The children too, find the strain too great, Marie was in a dreadful state of mind for days before. You can picture the three of us! Each trying to control herself, but the others seeing the effort quite clearly. It is extraordinary how I seem to have become one with the audience, however much I may despise it as a whole, yet it has always an inspiring influence upon me; when I seat myself at the piano I feel as I did in my early youth, only that now and then a sense of gentle melancholy steals across me. How hard it is to say farewell for ever.

. . . . Many people from other places were there, and my room is a perfect garden. My pupils had strewn the staircase with roses and carnations, and gave me a magnificent palm. . . .”

1) There had been a concert at the Museum.

2) Chopin's.

PROF. ENGELMANN TO CLARA.

"Utrecht, Dec. 22nd 1890.

Honoured and dear Frau Schumann

Your little pupil and Fräulein Scholz left us yesterday evening and by this time, after a smooth and moon-light passage, they will have arrived safe and sound in London. Emma promised to write to Herr Scholz, and I to you, and we both do it gladly. We have nothing but good to say. It was a real pleasure to make Fräulein Eibenschütz's acquaintance. One seldom meets with talent at once so remarkable and so well-trained. And how pleasant it is to come into contact with such a fresh, merry, childlike disposition. She played the concerto beautifully, and among musicians, as well as with the public, had a genuine success with it. The *A* minor concerto she played faultlessly as regards technique, with perfect quietness and admirable strength, and with a nobleness of conception which clearly enough betrayed the pure source from which she derived it. You would certainly have enjoyed it. . . . In any case you can take heart-felt delight in this pupil, who makes no secret of the fact that if anything comes of her it will be chiefly owing to you."

FROM THE DIARY.

Jan. 20th 1891.

Death of Verhulst, at which I am deeply grieved. Another old friend, and one bound up with the happiest recollections of my early life, through his friendship with Robert. He was quite shattered by the news of Gade's death, and said that he would soon follow — as he has done. . . .

Feb. 26th. Borwick has been playing Brahms's *D* minor concerto in Vienna. . . . After the concert I had a card from Brahms, which gave me great pleasure. He wrote on the 22nd, immediately after the concert:

"Dear Clara

I am writing to you after a concert to tell you with very great pleasure that Borwick played quite excellently, with the most perfect freedom, warmth, energy, passion, in short everything that one could desire. I, of course, thought as well of all the beauty and

goodness for which he has to thank his teacher!!! Really one could not have wished for anything better or more beautiful, and you may readily believe everything that your lady friends will tell you about it.

With love

Your Johannes."

If anyone else had written to me like that I might have taken off something, but I cannot help believing Brahms . . . when he writes so seriously. . . .

March 3rd. Adeline de Lara has now left the School. She was one of my best pupils, and Marie in particular thinks that she will have a distinguished future. . . .

TO LIDA BENDEMANN.

"Frankfort, March 13th 1891.

. . . . I had a great pleasure yesterday. In spite of a bad cold, I played Brahms's¹⁾ *Variations for 2 pianos, on a theme of Haydn's* with Kwast, at a Trio Soirée, and they aroused such a storm of applause that we had to repeat the whole thing. They are simply glorious, and once more I stood amazed at such art and such genius. . . ."

FROM THE DIARY.

March 20th. Brahms came, but I at once fell into a violent altercation with him²⁾. . . . We did not say a word about it, but he must have felt what he had done. . . . His new quintet is exquisite. I have often heard it at rehearsals, but unfortunately only in detached pieces, for my hearing is so bad that I . . . cannot follow the working out of any piece, as the harmonies are all blurred. I have to rely on arrangements for four hands, in such cases, and then I often have to play the bass in the treble before I can make out the harmonies. Of course it is different with works that I know by heart, I can follow those in the lessons.

1) This was Clara's last appearance in public.

2) The result of a conversation in which there seems to have been an unfortunate misunderstanding.

27th Brahms left. It was a relief, but a very sad one. The last week has been like a bad dream. . . .

April 7th. Dreadful news of Burnand. Yesterday he went out quite gaily, joking with Eugenie¹⁾ as he went, and two hours later came the news that he had had a stroke. . . . He died the same evening. . . . We are quite prostrated. I have lost my "home" in England. . . .

May 6th. I wrote to Brahms at last (for his birthday), but with a heavy heart, for I cannot forget what has happened. . . .

Baden-Baden, May 16th.

I am reading Otto Goldschmidt's *Life of Jenny Lind*. The first volume interested me very much, especially the account of her early youth at the theatre in Stockholm, when her circumstances at home were so sad. . . .

Her later successes I have of course witnessed to some extent. In Berlin she was honoured as no other artist has ever been. Unfortunately the second volume is to a great part a repetition of the first, it is nothing but description of her triumphs, and extracts from newspapers.

Frankfort, June 4th. Bad news from Gera²⁾. Ferdinand seems to be very ill.

On June 6th we received the news that Ferdinand had passed away peacefully in his sleep, at 9 o'clock that day. . . .

June 7th. I am deeply grieved, yet I cannot but realise that it is a release for the poor fellow. What sad years he has lived through. . . .

8th (Monday). My pupils were so full of sympathy to-day. They did not want to have their lessons, but I thought it better to give them. Work is ever the best alleviation of pain. . . . I have time enough for sad thoughts all day long. . . . Marie returned (from Gera) after two days. She had quite unexpectedly found a friend who helped her in every way with the utmost sympathy. It was a certain Herr Budy. . . . who had been a great friend of Ferdinand's, and a great admirer of Robert's (he was also a friend of Jansen's).

1) Eugenie had gone to England a few days before, to see her friend Marie Fillunger, who was now living there. She was staying at Mr Burnand's.

2) To which place Ferdinand had moved, a short time before.

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Ischl, June 1891.

. . . . You live a life of rare beauty and richness, but you also know life's sadness as few others do. I have bidden farewell to many a one with calmness, but your parting from Ferdinand and from your English friend has indeed been embittered. That Eugenie too should have this tragic experience makes me feel as if its horror touched me personally. . . .

I expect you have been sent a copy of the *Berliner Musikzeitung* of May 30th with the autograph letter from Robert Sch. If not, I will send it to you some day. The letter is to Jul. Stern, and it is too charming when Sch. (feeling that he had cause to be offended) writes: 'We will let the grass grow over it, or better still, the flowers.' . . ."

FROM THE DIARY.

Munich, June 30th. Hildebrand called on me. I was delighted to see him again. He really is a charming fellow, and is as sympathetic as ever, asking after everybody and everything. I was particularly glad to find that the fountain which the city has asked him to design has been such a source of artistic stimulus.

He has set up a model of card-board and plaster-of-Paris in an open space . . . and we drove out to see it, and were greatly delighted. It . . . is to be finished in 3 years' time. . . .

Richard Voss was at the station at Berchtesgaden. We had promised to dine with him. He told me that the Duke of Meiningen had asked if he and his wife, the Freifrau von Heldburg, might also come to dinner. That was a shock for me.

Aug. 2nd. Dined with the Vosses. Glorious weather. The Duke and his wife came, and I found them nicer and more natural and cultured than any grandees I had ever met. One quite forgets their rank. Brahms had always told me so, but I thought he was exaggerating. . . .

Sept. 29th (Frankfort). To-day I received the 2nd proofs of the cadenzas for Mozart's *D* minor concerto, which, at the earnest request of the children, I have at last decided to publish. I had always been under the impression that the 1st cadenza contained only 8 or 10 bars by Brahms; on a former occasion I had spoken to Johannes about it, and he told me not to give the matter

another thought. But to-day it suddenly occurred to me to look at Brahms's cadenza, which I have had in my possession for ever so long, and to my horror it looked to me as if I had made use of a great part of it, and it would be impossible to publish the cadenzas (particularly the first) without further consideration I wrote to Johannes at once. . . . How could it have happened! During all these years the cadenza had become so much a part of me that I no longer knew what was B.'s and what my own, except for one particularly beautiful passage which I had decided to mark with a J. B.

As a matter of fact the cadenza was originally Clara's. She had given it to Brahms with the request that he would make a few alterations, and this he did; but though he altered only a few passages here and there, he copied out the whole cadenza afresh.

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Vienna, Oct. 2nd /91.

. . . . With all my heart I beg you to let the cadenza go out to the world under your name without troubling about it further. Even the tiniest J. B. would only look odd; it really is not worth while, and I could show you many a recent work which contains more of me than would furnish a whole cadenza! If all was to be fair I should have to write against my best melodies: 'Really by C. Sch.', — for if I think of myself, nothing clever or beautiful comes into my head. I have to thank you for more melodies than all the passages and so forth that you can take from me. . . ."

In October, Clara was much hurt by seeing in the *Signalen* a notice that Wüllner was about to publish the original version of Robert's 4th symphony, which he had received from Brahms, as "*A Schumann-Relic*". She at once wrote to Brahms to express her annoyance, forgetting that he had already consulted her in the matter. (See Letters of April and July 1888 German edition III p. 500, 506.)

TO BRAHMS.

"Dear Johannes

I must have expressed myself badly if my letter gave you the impression that it was the business aspect of the affair which annoyed me. This is by no means the case. My first feeling when I saw the announcement was of the injustice done to me. If I have given away the manuscript, and by so doing may have lost all legal right to it, yet any right-minded person might have been expected not to entertain a project of this sort without obtaining my express permission. I may have told you in the course of a casual conversation that I should have no objection to the publication of this work, but that gave no-one a right to publish it, and why Wüllner, whom I know less than any other musician, should be the person to do it, passes my comprehension. It would have been a very different matter if you had edited it yourself, you who stood nearer to the composer than anyone else. . . .

Needless to say, if my objection to Wüllner is likely to give rise to any difficulty or unpleasantness for you, I will let the whole matter drop — the richer by a sad experience.

Kindest regards from

Your Cl."

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Vienna, Oct. 16th /91.

. . . . I am the editor of the symphony, and the only person who caused it to be published, and who is responsible for it.

I could not set my name to it, in the first place because I have no orchestra at my command, and so cannot try things over and test them with my bodily ear; and secondly — because I have found by experience that, unfortunately, I am not a good editor. I have often tried, and have brought love and industry to the task, but I cannot give myself a really good character, and must confess that others are better suited to this business. Under these circumstances I knew of no-one better than Wüllner, whom I consider one of the most deserving and cultured musicians of the present day, who has an excellent orchestra, who has taken the greatest interest in the work, and, finally, who has proved himself a first-rate editor (e. g. in some of the more difficult volumes of the edition of Bach's works). Perhaps all this sounds too pre-

sumptuous, for in your letter you speak of W. and myself not as if we were two honourable men and artists, who might be mistaken in your eyes, but who had yet approached a task which they felt to be dear and sacred with all love and reverence, but as if we were just the opposite. . . .”

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

“Vienna, Dec. 22nd 1891.

. . . . The coming days of festival seem to me like a universal audience held by those in authority, when those, who at other times might doubt their right, for once may press forward into the presence. Let me then, be among the many who will tell you how much they are thinking of you, and above all how they hope that your restoration to health will turn these days into a festival indeed. During the last few weeks also I have been thinking of no-one so often as of you. Why, I hope others may have told you.

I could not well talk to you about it, and you would not have been in the humour to listen. I believe that I am always certain of your interest and sympathy with respect to my music. But the artist cannot be, and ought not to be, separated from the man. In me the artist is less sensitive and self-assertive than the man, and the latter finds it but cold comfort if the work of the former is not allowed to suffer for his sin. But to-day, of all days, I am thinking, not of myself or of my music, but only of you, fervently wishing that all may go better and better with you. . . .”

CLARA TO JOACHIM.

“Frankfort a./M., 10. 1. /92.

Dear Joachim

What a kind letter you sent me for the New Year! I would have thanked you for it at once, but I am still suffering a good deal from the effects of a fall which I had on New Year's Day itself, when I sprained my right arm. Consequently I am obliged to dictate all our good wishes to you and yours — how hard I find it! My old complaint is still as bad as ever, and I have no means of finding out how it may be cured. Naturally this weighs on my spirits, and now we are all deeply concerned at the death

of dear Frau v. Herzogenberg¹). With her we have lost a sunbeam from our lives. The poor husband! How will he bear it? Not long, I fear. You too, will have felt it deeply. It is sad that we live only to lose.

I will end, for I have nothing cheerful to tell you.

Accept my warmest greetings, and think sometimes of

Your faithful friend

Clara Schumann.

The children send their love and all good wishes."

On Feb. 1st Clara was taken seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs. Whilst still in bed, she resigned her post at the Conservatoire — an action which caused her much trouble and annoyance during the weeks that followed. In March there was fresh cause for anxiety, as Eugenie fell dangerously ill, and it was not until April that she was well enough to go to Locarno to recruit. Clara joined her here on May 8th.

FROM THE DIARY.

Interlaken, Summer of 1892.

On June 10th we went to the Pension Ober where we found very comfortable rooms. . . . Very soon we found it impossible to endure the dining-room, the heat was frightful — really unhealthy. I arranged that we should dine at mid-day with some other Germans in a neighbouring room, and should have supper at 7-30 The garden is pleasant, and the hotel is very well situated as there is always a breeze across from one lake to the other. . . . Our rooms look out towards the Jungfrau and for almost 3 months we had it before our eyes, often lit up in the evening with the most wonderful glow. It is marvellous, too, to watch the sun set into the Lake of Thun. . . . One very favourite expedition was to go by boat to Ringgenberg, drink our coffee there by the lake, then climb the mountain and visit the old Church with its ruined grave-yard, and at last in the village — a fascinating village with nearly all the houses built by wood-carvers — find my bath-chair, in which I would return, while Marie walked.

1) *Translator's note:* She died on New Year's Day 1892.

The way over Schonegg, the high-road to Brienz, is wonderful. As chance would have it, just as I entered the Church, wishing in my heart that I could hear the organ on which Mendelssohn used to be so fond of playing, it suddenly sounded . . . the school-master was giving a boy a lesson . . . I have had a bath-chair made for me at Heidelberg, and go out in it every day. It has the great advantage for me that I can see the neighbourhood; I can go to Schonegg and Bönigen, on the *Rugen*, across the meadows to the Lake of Thun, to Wilderswyl etc. . . . I spent several mornings on the *Rugen*, we found a place to ourselves where we could sit and write, and during the greatest heat it was . . . always cool there. . . .

On Sept. 4th, Eugenie, who had not gone with them to Interlaken, once more joined them. In October she left, to settle in England, where she soon became widely known and respected as a teacher.

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

“Vienna, Sept. 13th ,92.

Dear Clara

Permit a poor outcast to tell you to-day that he always thinks of you with unwavering reverence, and that with all his heart he wishes you — the dearest person in the world to him — all that is good and dear and beautiful. To you, alas! I more than any other, am an outcast. I have long realised this to my sorrow, but I never expected that it would find such harsh expression. You know that I cannot recognise the external circumstance (i. e. the publication of the symphony) as being the real cause. Years ago, I felt just the same, felt it deeply though silently, ever since the Schumann piano pieces which I edited were not included in the complete works. On each occasion I could only imagine that you did not care to see my name in this connection. Try as I may, I can neither find nor recognise any other reason. In my relations to my friends, I am conscious of but one fault: awkwardness in my dealings with them. You have long been very patient with me in this respect. If only you could have continued to be so for a few years more!

It is hard after 40 years' service (or whatever you call my relation to you) to be nothing but 'another sad experience'. Well it will have to be borne; I am accustomed to loneliness, and ought to be to the thought of this terrible blank. But to-day I may repeat once more, that you and your husband are to me the best experience of my life, and represent its greatest riches and the noblest that it contains. I feel that I may have deserved by my manner — not by anything else — the great pain of seeing you turn away from me, but the ever loving and reverential thought of you and of him will always shine warmly and brightly to

Your devoted

J. B."

TO BRAHMS.

"Frankfort a. M., Sept. 27th /92.

Dear Johannes

Your good wishes reached me at Interlaken just as we were on the point of starting. Since then we have been travelling about, and only now, when we have settled down quietly, am I able to answer your letter which contains such serious matter. It made me very sad, but at the same time I am glad that you speak so frankly, as it enables me to do the same. You are angry with me because you think I slighted you in the matter of the Schumann edition, but I cannot in the least remember why the pieces did not appear in the way you mention. I have always thought that everything relating to that edition was done by your advice. But if by any chance I hurt your feelings, you should at once have told me so, frankly; you should not have allowed yourself to entertain such an unworthy suspicion as that I did not like to see your name in connection with Robert's. Such a thought can have come to you only in an evil hour, and after so many years of artistic communion it is incomprehensible to me how you could look for such a thing in me. It does not agree with the admiration for you, which I have actively expressed for so many years, nor with what you say at the close of your letter. If your suspicion had any ground, I certainly could not be counted among the most beautiful memories of your life.

You are right when you say that you are often difficult to get on with, but my friendship for you has always carried me over all difficulties. But I am sorry to say that when last you

came to see us I could not conquer the bitterest feeling towards you.

. . . . But enough of this. Nothing makes me sadder than recriminations and disagreements of this kind — for I am the most peace-loving person in the world.

So, dear Johannes, let us '*freundlichere Töne wieder anstimmen*'¹), and your beautiful new piano pieces of which Ilona (Eibenschütz) told me, afford the best opportunity if you like to take it.

In the old affectionate fashion love comes to you from

Your Clara."

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Beginning of October 1892.

. . . . I thank you with all my heart for your kind and comforting answer to my letter. I do not remember the details of the conversation which hurt you so much, but I am sorry that I did not hold my tongue. As to the complete edition of Schumann, I do not know which of us has failed to make our meaning clear.

I was speaking of the *G* minor presto, the *F* minor scherzo, and, I think of the posthumous symphonic studies. You 'cannot remember why the pieces did not appear as I wished' — but what I mean is that they did not appear in that edition at all. It is entirely incomprehensible to me, as they are certainly among the (many) most beautiful things Schumann ever wrote.

I am very glad that you enjoyed the summer so much, and that you look forward to future summers at Interlaken with which you have fallen so deeply in love. There is no reason why you should not have the pleasure of going there, and often enjoy yourself there. A fair-sized place, like that, has its peculiar advantages.

As you wish for them, I am sending you a volume of piano pieces. I go to Berlin on Monday, and when I get back in about a week's time I will have some others copied and sent to you, so that you can send them all back together at your leisure. . . ."

1) *Translator's note*: A quotation from Schiller's Ode, whose words form the text of the 9th symphony: "Let a more friendly tone once more be heard."

FROM THE DIARY.

November 1892.

Härtel wants to add a volume of posthumous works to the edition of Schumann's works, and Brahms is strongly in favour of publishing some of Robert's early songs, the adagio from the *F*[♯] minor sonata, the andantino from the *G* minor sonata¹⁾, and a little *Kinderlied* from the *Intermezzos*. The two movements which Brahms let Simrock publish some time ago, and the *Variations for 2 pianos, horn, and 'cello*, are also to be included. I have asked Brahms to undertake the revision of all these things, as the responsibility would be too much for me nowadays. He writes very kindly, and promises to do anything he can. He has sent me 11 of his (as yet unpublished) piano-pieces, and they have proved a real source of delight — full of poetry, passion, sentiment, emotion, and having the most wonderful effects of tone . . . interesting from beginning to end. In these pieces I at last feel musical life stir once more in my soul, once more I play with real devotion, and they make me study Robert's piano-works again with the more enthusiasm. Piano-music is the only kind I can enjoy, the droning noise disappears then — I do indeed always hear some false notes, but this is more bearable when I know the piece well. As far as fingers go, these things of Brahms's are not difficult, except in one or two places, but the soul requires fine interpretation, and one wants to know Brahms well in order to render them as he meant them to be played. I have been studying them with great affection, and I believe that I play them as he would wish. How they make one forget much of the suffering that he has caused one. . . .

Nov. 12th. We went to the Oriolas at Büdesheim — at last.

Dec. 24th. I had a dear letter from Brahms . . . it arrived on Christmas Eve, a thing that has not happened for years.

TO ELISABETH WERNER.

"Frankfort a. M., Jan. 23rd 1893.

. . . . Physically . . . as far as my strength is concerned, I am better, but I still suffer with my head, though fortunately it is always better when I am playing or giving lessons, so that I am

1) *Translator's note*: These were originally written as songs.

now doing both regularly again. Sometimes I take pupils out of Marie's class, sometimes I have private pupils. It is a good thing for me to be able to work again, but all the same I am very depressed. It is doubly hard for an artist to grow old. I am still in full possession of my intellectual powers and I know of no technical difficulties, but my nerves rebel, and this is a terrible trial I hardly ever go to concerts now, I cannot, on account of my head, as orchestral music has become more than I can bear, and I hear everything wrong. But with the present tendency, and the manner in which our present conductors study classical works with all the tricks — tremendous *fortes* and *pianissimos*, and *ritardandos* etc. — it is almost fortunate that I cannot hear anything, otherwise I should be forced out of politeness occasionally to listen to performances of this kind. . . .”

FROM THE DIARY.

Jan. 25th 1893. A letter from Johannes, to say that he is coming on the 31st. He suggests going to an hotel if his visit is likely to be too much for me, but it is easy to read between the lines that he would rather come to us, and I too should be sad if we did not have him with us after so many years.

Jan. 31st. Brahms comes to-day. How anxious I feel at heart! If only we could frankly discuss all that has happened during the past year, and that has distressed me so much, but with him this is impossible, he gets so violent that one is reduced to silence. . . . In the evening Brahms came. He looks very well and is in a good humour. . . .

Feb. 2nd. This morning Brahms played me his new pieces, and it was a great satisfaction to find that I had taken them all as he intended. . . .

Feb. 10th. Marie went to the concert (Rubinstein's) with Julie. I had to deny myself. Though I do not care greatly for Rubinstein's music, I should like once more to have seen him in the exercise of his art — and indeed to have seen him himself. How often does the thought intrude upon me that I shall be forgotten even in my life-time. This cannot but be the case with interpretative artists when once they have stepped down from the stage, at most only their contemporaries remember them, — The rising generation knows nothing of them, and only smiles com-

passionately over the past. It is true that I still have adherents among my pupils, but how long will that last? When once they enter public life they will have to go with the stream. . . .

Feb. 18th. To-day Rubinstein is giving a Beethoven-evening in Bonn for the Beethoven house, with 4 sonatas. . . . I should like to know what Mendelssohn and Robert would have said to that. It seems to me inartistic. One sonata of Beethoven's needs one's whole soul, and how is it possible to play four sonatas, one after another, and to put one's whole soul into each?

The papers spoke of it as his last appearance in public, and so people came from all directions. He played the four sonatas and then added another — five!

March 17th. Yesterday, I at last heard Johannes' clarinet-quintet at the rehearsal. It is a really marvellous work, the wailing clarinet takes hold of one; it is most moving. And what interesting music, deep and full of meaning! And how Mühlfeldt plays! As if he had been born for this work. — His playing is at once delicate, warm, and unaffected and at the same time it shows the most perfect technique and command of the instrument.

May 1893. Brahms has sent me a letter containing a charming little piece¹⁾ full of delightful discords. It is sad and sweet. I got it as a greeting for his 60th birthday. . . . This attention from him has given me great pleasure.

Interlaken, Sept. 2nd. I wrote to Brahms to-day, to thank him for the two adagios²⁾ which he has just sent. It really is marvellous how things pour from him, and how each new thought is full of grandeur, depth, and imagination. It is wonderful how he combines passion and tenderness in the smallest of spaces. . . . These new things always absorb me completely, and I long to be able to practise them on a good piano. . . .

Sept. 16th. I am very sorry that we have seen so little of the Wachs. . . . My pulse always beats the quicker for those who were intimately associated with Mendelssohn. . . . I have been copying out notices of Mendelssohn, by Robert. . . . If he had been able to work up these notices, as he certainly intended, what an inter-

1) Probably Op. 118 No. 6.

2) Probably Op. 118 No. 1, and Op. 119 No. 1.

esting book they would have made, for no-one else knew Mendelssohn so well, or so appreciated him as Robert. He gave him his whole heart, and understood him as an artist better than anyone else. . . .

Frankfort, Oct. 15th. I played Brahms's things to Friedchen Sauermann (who is staying with me for a day or two). She is a good listener, and what a difference that makes when one is playing!

Oct. 19th. I play some of Brahms's new works every day. . . . Unfortunately I can only study them for a little at a time as the effort to do them all justice is a great mental strain, and some of them also make demands on one's physical strength. How grateful I am to him for the comfort which he gives me in the midst of my sorrow! How fortified I always feel when I have been able to forget myself for a short half-hour.*

Oct. 30th. I am terribly depressed, and find it impossible to rouse myself. Everything seems to me so wretched. . . .

Nov. 1st. Glorious weather! I go out in my bath-chair, as I can be out of doors longer in it, than if I walk. . . .

Nov. 3rd. I tried going to the Museum again, to-day; I wanted to hear Brahms's *D* major symphony. But alas it was no use. I heard nothing except one *forte* — everything sounded wrong, and I could not hear the soft parts at all. . . . I have no words in which to say how dissatisfied I felt when I came home. . . .

Nov. 4th. I gave a little party, chiefly in honour of Kogels. It was very difficult to select the guests, as the musicians here are not on speaking terms with each other. . . . I played a couple of canons by Robert, but I have grown so unaccustomed to play to anyone that I was trembling in every nerve — however I got on very well, in spite of my nervousness.

The nervous pain is very bad, the sound of droning and of music in my ears is often maddening. . . . It is dreadful never to have a moment in which one's wretched body does not obtrude itself — there are days in which I cannot even enjoy playing, and do not open the piano at all.

Dec. 6th. Performance of *Genovera* in London by the Royal College (Grove) at Drury Lane, conducted by Stanford. Eugenie has been to several of the rehearsals. Grove wrote yesterday, full of enthusiasm, and this afternoon came a telegram: Magnificent

performance of *Genoveva*, enthusiastic audience, greetings from all those who took part Stanford and Borwick.

Jan. 17th. Duse — *La Dame aux Camélias*. A remarkable personality: natural, refined, and artistically developed; but it is a dreadful piece. The last act, the gloom of the death-chamber, the confused sound of music coming as if from a distance, the dying woman lying asleep, the death-like stillness . . . it was all so natural that I shall never forget it.

CLARA TO MATHILDE WENDT.

“Frankfort a. M., Feb. 2nd 1894.

. . . . At the same time (as Duse’s visit) we also had the great pleasure of having Joachim here for an evening, and of making music with him. We played Brahms’s 3rd sonata, in which I simply revelled, quite forgetting that I was on earth. I felt no pain, nothing but rapture.

Besides this, Joachim and his quartet played me Robert’s 2nd quartet, and in a room, I was able to enjoy the greater part of it. I had to pay for that evening for the next week, but I gladly endured the increase of pain.”

FROM THE DIARY.

Jan. 24th 1894. Everybody is talking about the reconciliation between the Emperor and Bismarck, and is pleased at this solution. Bismarck is in Berlin to-day. . . .

30th. A letter from Ilona sending me a number of criticisms of Brahms’s new works, which she has recently been played at the “Populars”. . . . They are criticised far more thoroughly than they would be here in Germany. The English have a great respect for Brahms: they certainly do not understand him any better than the Germans, but they have far more reverence for great artists. . . .

ELISABETH WERNER TO CLARA.

“Breslau, Feb. 12th /94.

. . . . Brahms is writing a great deal for the piano just now, — I expect he is thinking of you, and knows that his new works

give you pleasure and stimulus. . . . You have my best wishes on taking your grandson to live with you¹⁾ I hope you will not find it too great a burden . . . I think it ought to be a success, and if it is not, the experiment cannot have failed to be good for his character, if only because he will have been near you and will have learned to know you better. . . . It was very successful with Julie. . . . I dare say you miss her now that she has gone away."

FROM THE DIARY.

February. Grieg has written an article on Robert in an American review, and has sent it to me with a very nice letter. . . .

A great deal of it is very good, but many other things in it are so wrong that the impression of the whole is spoiled to some extent. What I dislike very much is that he has quoted word for word. . . . a number of passages from lampoons which appeared in Bayreuth 10 years ago, and by so doing has really shown disrespect for Robert and paid the author an attention which such vulgarity does not deserve. . . .

. . . . He says various contradictory things, e. g. he asserts that one ought to consider only Op. 1 to Op. 50 of Schumann's works, as later his strength was broken. Can one say that of *Faust* or of *Manfred*? As a whole, the article has given me more vexation than pleasure. . . . And yet it is impossible not to realise that Grieg wrote it with real devotion. There are but few writers on music who do not mix something that is unjust or stupid with what they say. . . .

I am suffering from gout-stones in my hands, which makes me anxious about the future. What is to become of me if I cannot play any more, and perhaps cannot give any more lessons? It is impossible to conceal from myself that all my powers are gradually failing. . . .

From March 24th to April 3rd Clara and Marie were in Düsseldorf, where they much enjoyed seeing Frau Bendemann and Frä. Leser again.

1) Ferdinand, who had at first wished to become a chemist, and now wanted to dedicate himself to music. Clara took him to live with her, as she had previously taken his sister Julie, in order to help him with his musical education.

FROM THE DIARY.

April 21st. I very much enjoyed seeing Eugenie¹⁾, and realising how seriously she takes her art and her work as a teacher. In every respect her character seems to me to be developing, and I am very glad of this. . . .

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Basle, July 16th. . . . There was a full rehearsal of the *Mass* at the Cathedral, but we stayed at home as we were too tired to go to it, and I wanted to husband my strength. . . . Marie is always surprised that I continue to go to concerts, but I always think that perhaps this time I shall be able to follow some piece or other. And then there is the sense that I still have a part in such things; I do not want to grow completely out of touch with all the artists, some of whom are my friends. I should feel it a great hardship not to be present when the best musicians meet for the highest purposes. . . .

17th. *D major Mass* at the Cathedral in the evening. I could only enjoy the *Kyrie* (parts of it) and the *Benedictus*. . . . All the other numbers simply gave me the impression of a frightful chaos. . . .

18th. Quartet²⁾ I only stayed for the first two — Op. 18, *C minor*, and Op. 59 *D major* but unfortunately I heard practically nothing; I was following the score and yet I heard nothing, it was all too soft for me and at the same time the noise of music in my head was dreadful, fiendish, always tearing me away again when I thought I was going to be able to follow for a little. . . .

19th. Grand concert in the Cathedral — I only went to the 9th symphony. . . . Unfortunately I could hear nothing of this either, except the hubbub of $\frac{6}{4}$ chords in my own head. . . . It was indeed bitter to hear nothing of this symphony. I have told no-one what I suffered, but it was very difficult for me to keep silence. . . .

1) Who had been spending Easter with her mother and sister.

2) Joachim's quartet was playing there.

TO ROSALIE LESER.

"Interlaken, July 29th 1894.

My dear Rosalie

You never fail me¹⁾, I know that, and I press your hand most gratefully. How time passes! — It is more than 30 years since I lost my dearly loved husband. It is incredible that one should survive such a loss, and live so long without him who was everything to me. But he left me the children, and I had to live for them — now indeed it is no longer necessary, for I am nothing but a trouble and a burden to them. But it is better not to speak of this. That I should live to see how the number of my husband's adherents has increased, that is indeed a happiness such as seldom falls to the lot of a great man's wife. You know that every year I receive royalties from Paris for all Robert's works that are performed in France. To begin with they amounted to 3—400 francs. A few years ago I had 1000 francs, this year, 1500. This is a striking testimony, in spite of Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt etc."

Clara and her daughters²⁾ stayed at Interlaken till Sept. 21st, her grandchildren, Ferdinand and Julie, being with her. Their last few weeks there were spoiled by an accident which befell Clara owing to the clumsiness of a horseman, causing her considerable fright and pain. On Sept. 27th they returned to Frankfurt.

TO ROSALIE LESER.

"Frankfort, 17. 11. 94.

.... First of all I must tell you that Brahms has been here for 5 days, and Joachim was also here for a day or two. There was a Brahms evening at the Museum (they had heard that he was to be there). Joachim played his concerto, and besides this they did the *C* minor symphony, the Haydn variations etc. At the end, Brahms, who was sitting by me was called on to the platform with great enthusiasm. He had really come that he and Mühlfeld might play Joachim and me his two new sonatas for piano and clarinet.

1) The anniversary of Robert's death.

2, *Translator's note*: Eugenie was over on a holiday.

We had the pleasure of hearing them four times. I indeed could enjoy only parts of them, I could only follow the simplest combinations, as soon as the harmonies became complicated I heard nothing but chaos. You can fancy that this made me very sad. But I know enough to realise that they are once more masterpieces, and when I am able to study them I shall grasp them properly, (they are not yet printed). Brahms was in a good humour and made himself very pleasant at the two parties — one at the Sommerhoffs and one at our house — to which I had invited all the musicians. I played a trio of Mozart's with viola and clarinet, and Robert's *Phantasiestücke* with the clarinet. Brahms stayed with us as usual, and dear Marie had of course a great deal to do. Joachim gave another chamber concert, but I did not hear it as I wished to spare myself the tortures — but it made my heart ache to stay at home."

FROM THE DIARY.

Nov. 20th. News of Rubinstein's sudden death. . . . Great sympathy on all sides, and there is sure to be no lack of musical honours, but how will it be later? Will not all his devices, his efforts to establish his compositions vanish into air? It is sad to think of him. Poor fellow, a restless ambition possessed him.

Nov. 22nd. Joachim came to see us for a couple of hours on his way through, and we had a pleasant chat together once more. He had brought his fiddle with him, but for once I wanted the man, my friend, not the fiddler. . . .

December. . . . I am reading Allgeyer's *Feuerbach* with the greatest interest. It is beautifully written, and if it is so full of interest for the lay mind, what must it be for the connoisseur? And then it speaks with such warmth, such devotion of the man as well as of the artist. I have grown quite fond of Feuerbach, and have looked out some really charming sketches of his in the portfolio. . . .

WOLDEMAR BARGIEL TO CLARA.

"30. 12. /94.

My dear Clara

Hearty thanks for thinking of us at Christmas, and for sending me a little book with your own dear writing, it put the finishing

touch to my happiness, which for the most part consisted in the happiness of my family. I hope that all my life long I may receive such Christmas booklets from you, showing so clearly and truly what genuine sympathy you have with us all. In fact, I can wish you nothing better for the New Year than that you may ever retain your freshness of mind and heart, and that the body may come after as best it may. I have been much reminded, of late, of the half-hour when you played to me last spring as I was passing through Frankfort: **** gave a concert, and played the same *B* minor canon of Schumann's, which I then heard from you. She plays very well, very ably, but what a difference there was in the piece with your rendering still ringing in my ears! It is not wholly possible to put this difference into words, if one wants to define it approximately, one must say that it lies in delicacy of rhythm, and one thinks of the old saying: 'Rhythm is the soul of Music', which saying is the text of many of my discourses."

FROM THE DIARY.

Jan. 1st 1895. Many flowers, many cards, many letters — Our rooms look like a flower-garden. . . . I spend hours every day sitting at my writing-table answering New Year's letters. . . .

Jan. 11th. Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* excellently given by Hermann, but I did not care for the piece much. All the time the thought of parting with Eugenie [she was leaving on the 12th] was making me feel too grave; I could not laugh. . . .

. . . . I am beginning to arrange some of Robert's pedal-piano pieces for 2 hands, as I always play them. I have often been asked for them, and now Eugenie is pressing me to do it. . . .

Jan. 28th. Ensemble lesson, at which I played Beethoven's *G* major trio to the pupils, finding real delight in it. . . .

February.

8th. Letter from Brahms asking if I would allow the rehearsal of the clarinet-quintet for Mannheim, where it is going to be played, to take place at my house. Of course it was most welcome, and I at once invited Heermann to it. He answered that he would be delighted, but I must invite the Landgräfin and Rothschild, as he had promised to let them come to the rehearsal. . . .

BRAHMS TO CLARA.

"Vienna, Feb. 6th /95.

.... If only you could and would understand that no outside thing or person could increase or diminish my pleasure at Frankfort. The only thing I am looking forward to is seeing you for a couple of days. Every good musician and every pretty girl is welcome — and so is every Landgraf and what not. At the rehearsal.... he will certainly not be in our way, and we can enjoy his warm appreciation of music.... I ought to go on afterwards to Meiningen, where amongst other things *Fidelio* and *Figaros Hochzeit* are being given....

But I would rather come back here after another quiet day with you. Well, we will see, and above all we will see each other with or without Landgrafs, but always with the same pleasure

Your affectionate
Johannes."

FROM THE DIARY.

February.

13th. Brahms arrived at mid-day, in a very amiable mood. The rehearsal was in the afternoon, but the one who did not turn up was the clarinet, and it appeared that Heermann had never told him of it. Brahms tried over his *G* minor quartet for the Chamber-concert here, and we were all well satisfied with that. What a beautiful thing it is, and how well he played it! He was evidently in a very exalted frame of mind all the time. I think his recent enthusiastic reception in Leipsic had cheered him, and he had indeed great cause for satisfaction. So Robert was right after all!

14th. The quartet was given in Mannheim, and many of Brahms's admirers went over for it. He came back laden with laurels, favours, and poems. It is odd that he never will own that this gives him any pleasure, and yet it is so natural that it should.

15th. Museum-quartet with Brahms. I was not there.... There was great enthusiasm; Brahms played his *G* minor quartet wonderfully.... Supper at our house after the concert, the members of the quartet, the Oppenheims and Rottenberg being here. Very lively....

16th. In the evening Mühlfeld and others came in — it was very pleasant. Mühlfeld played us Weber's *F* minor concerto, which interested us greatly. He played it exquisitely. . . .

17th (Sunday). Dined at the Sommerhoff's with Brahms and Mühlfeld. . . . I had not meant to go to the concert, but I let myself be persuaded by Brahms and we all went together. Brahms was not there for the beginning of his symphony. Spiess did not want to begin, but I insisted on his not waiting. I know what a bad effect it has on the audience if people wait like that for the chief person. Brahms came in time for the 2nd movement, he had been resting at home for a little and the time had gone by more quickly than he thought. At the conclusion he conducted his academic overture magnificently, and the enthusiasm was great.

18th. Brahms went to Frau von Beckerath at Rüdesheim, where all his Krefeld friends were assembled.

19th. He returned. I invited Knorr, Urspruch, and Uzielli to come and meet him in the evening, and the gentlemen chatted very pleasantly together. He was in a good humour, as all those who came realised to their pleasure.

20th. Brahms set out for Meiningen, where more days of delightful music were awaiting him and a performance of *Fidelio* — ah! if only I could hear a work like that once more before I die. . . .

April 16th. Eugenie has played to me several times, really excellently. Each time I hear her, she seems to me to have matured, if only she were not so delicate physically. . . . What splendid people my daughters are! I often think so, and think too that I shall have to leave them, and that I can no longer surround them with my love. Ah! I cannot do this nearly as I want to; I should like to do everything for them but I can only receive.

Early in June Clara and Marie made a long-planned visit to Düsseldorf, and stayed with Frau Bendemann. Here she met her two dearest friends for the last time (Rosalie Leser died 2 days before Clara — May 18th 1896).

FROM THE DIARY.

Interlaken, Aug. 6th. News of the death of my dearest friend Lida Bendemann, who died on the night of the 4th. Her death

shuts a house in which I have spent many an hour enriched and enobled by faithful friendship. . . . I cannot realise that this must be so, and I am deeply grieved. I feel as if I should soon follow her.

August.

13th. Johannes has returned the sketches¹⁾ and I feel really touched at seeing how carefully he has gone through them. . . . How difficult it is to write perfectly correctly, and what a number of phrasing marks, sharps and naturals were wanting! A very nice letter came with them.

To-day I once more played the *Davidsbündler* to a grateful audience. I believe I never before played them with such inspiration — they really are too exquisite! What a mind, what a heart — it is marvellous. The droning in my ears is dreadful again. I often lie awake for hours at night as I cannot sleep for the noise.

30th. We went to Unspunnen for breakfast, to enjoy the morning air once more. . . . I drove there in a one-horse carriage, and came back in my chair. We stayed there from 8-30 to 12 o'clock. Marie and Eugenie scrambled about in the wood, and I looked at Unspunnen, which is so dear to me.

Friday, Sept. 13th. A very pleasant birthday (my 76th) my first letter was from Emma Preusser, but she must be very weak now and the thought of this made me very depressed until the sight of the wonderful show which the children had spread out for me, raised my spirits again — and I was cheerful as is still possible for me. I felt the happiness of possessing such children, and of being so surrounded by love in all its fullness. Ah! if only I could make my children happy, and lessen their anxiety about me. Their chief present to me was a new cover for the piano, which I shall find at home. I had thought that the old one would last my life, but all the same I am very pleased with the new one, which may possibly cover a new piano — I wrote to ask Steinweg for one to-day, as mine is so very bad. . . . I received masses of letters (this went on for a fortnight), until last night my eyes pained me and I could read no more. . . .

1) Clara's arrangement of Robert's pedal-piano pieces.

20th. The fuss of packing. Search for a house for next year . . . but we could not find one. . . .

Sept. 28th, Basle. Left, after a very pleasant time. We reached Frankfort at 8 p. m.

TO ROSALIE LESER.

“Frankfort, Oct. 9th 1895.

. . . . If only I could have distracted your thoughts now and then, how glad I should have been but I was in such low spirits all the time that it would have been impossible. — Our Eugenie has gone back to England. We miss her dreadfully. Brahms came to us for one night on his way through from Meiningen, and we had the pleasure of an evening with him and Kufferath (who was here too) and the Speyers. He has once more had a great ovation, as you will have seen from the papers.

Everything has settled into its old groove with us; I enjoy the regular occupation and here and there one finds a pupil who gives one real pleasure.”

FROM THE DIARY.

October 1895.

. . . . For the week I have been practising and playing scales again, but I find it very tiring. I have been working at some old favourites: Schubert's *C minor Impromptu*, Gluck's *Gavotte Abendlied* and *Wiegenlied* and some other little things. I think the technical exercises will do me good, I had almost forgotten them. I should like to write down the preludes which I always play before the scales, but it is too difficult as I always alter them just as it strikes me at the moment!¹⁾

I have been having some bad hours, especially in the afternoon; the evenings are always better, and I have been playing to Friedchen²⁾ then. I have arranged a little duet of Robert's for soprano and tenor *Am Bette meines kranken Kindes* (words by Hebbel) for piano alone, for her. . . .

1) At her children's request she did write down a number of these preludes.

2) Frau Sauermann, who was spending a few days with them.

November.

On the 6th and 7th I gave some lessons in Marie's stead, but I am so unwell to-day, that I am afraid I shall not be able to get up to-morrow.

Joachim, who played magnificently at the Museum on the 15th, paid me two pleasant little visits. The first time, we were quite alone, and he talked about himself and his family. But he seems to me much aged.

25th. Dear Joachim passed through again. I had hoped to have some music with him, but I was too unwell and unhappy. So he came and had an hour's cosy chat, and went on to Berlin that night. . . .

Dec. 7th. Marie is rather better. The doctor (Simrock) has put me on a strict diet. . . . How funny it is that even in old age one should care so much for what tastes nice — and yet I am no gourmand. . . .

My piano is quite orphaned. I sit down sadly by it when I have to give a lesson, and comfort myself by thinking that as long as Marie . . . is in bed, I should not be able to play in any case. . . .

Jan. 2nd. I went with Eugenie to Sudermann's new piece, *Das Glück im Winkel*. . . . I could not understand a word of it, but afterwards I read it without any very great pleasure. There are so many improbabilities in it, though there are also some attractive things. The character of the school-master is delightfully drawn.

MARIE SCHUMANN TO ROSALIE LESER.

"32 Myliusstrasse, Jan. 24th /96.

. . . . Yesterday we had a so-called demonstration lesson, and after some of the pupils had performed, Mamma played some of the canons and sketches her arrangements of which she has recently published, beautifully, with wonderful strength and freshness, and with her own unique rhythm. This is the first time that she has played to anyone this winter. Hitherto she has not been well enough."

FROM THE DIARY.

Jan. 31st. I saw Louis for a few minutes¹, . . . How sad I felt! What sorrow this new year has brought us — this year! ah, if only Heaven would look on us more kindly! There is nothing but trouble within and without, and yet I can hardly say this when Marie is so much better. And then in Ferdinand we have a dear, hard-working companion, always cheerful, and always ready to do what he can. He is making good progress, and his eagerness makes me find it easy to teach him. Thus light and shade always go together. At present alas! there is too much of the latter. . . .

February. I received . . . an album from the Princess Antoinette von Sigmaringen, with the request that I would write my name in it. . . .

Feb. 7th. I had a very nice letter of thanks from the Princess . . . she asked me to tell her which were my favourite songs of Robert's. . . . I told her that many of the songs had twined themselves round my heart, but in the end I mentioned a few: *Du bist wie eine Blume, Dein Angesicht so lieb und schön, Du Ring an meinem Finger, Wär' ich nie aus euch gegangen.* . . .

Feb. 9th. Ensemble lesson. . . . All young pianists of the present day think that they can play a Beethoven sonata almost at sight. It is too pitiful, and often I feel that I have no longer the strength to stand out against it, I am so discouraged. But I do protest all the same, I cannot help it. . . .

Feb. 11th. It was no use, I had to make up my mind to go to bed, and it did do me good. Unfortunately the effect did not last long.

Feb. 26th. We have been reading with Ferdinand *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* for the most part with great pleasure.

TO MATHILDE WENDT.

"Frankfort, March 20th /96.

. . . . Just a greeting, I must not write much. I am undergoing a regular cure, but I am feeling so miserable. I had to change my doctor, and in the first place try a feeding-cure, which is dreadful, as I have so little appetite that I dread each meal. God be thanked,

1) Her son-in-law, Louis Sommerhoff, who had been seriously ill.

I can give my lessons, but I cannot play, which is hard. . . . I will write again when I am better. May God leave me a little longer with my children!"

FROM THE DIARY.

March 20th. Clara Wittgenstein and her sister, Frau Brücke, and Betty Oser surprised us at tea to-day. Their visit was like a gleam of sunshine, or a breath of fresh air. They overwhelmed me with the most lovely flowers. . . .

21st. . . . My evenings are terrible. I am always so exhausted that I can hardly hold up my head, and the pain and sickness are dreadful. . . .

24th. Another terrible evening. I feel as if I should die. . . . We lead a wretched life at present. Poor Marie tends me morning and evening, and weeps with me when I am miserable. Who knows how soon I shall have to leave my children? This thought never leaves me now. I dread Eugenie's coming; she ought to have a holiday, and she will find me in this wretched state.

Wednesday 25th. A letter from Dr. Wilkinson in Rome, yesterday, who says —¹⁾).

On March 26th Clara heard a pupil of Rudorff's play, gave her grandson Ferdinand a lesson, and went for a drive with Marie in the afternoon. On the way, as they were in the midst of a lively conversation, Marie noticed a sudden change come over her mother's face. Although Clara would not own that she felt ill, and wished to go for a walk when they reached home, she had evidently had a slight stroke. During the days that followed, she became worse in various ways, and she found a difficulty in speaking. On the 28th, she wished to write her name under a picture; she took the pen, began with a wrong letter, looked at Marie, shook her head, and laid down the pen.

On the 30th she was so much better than could possibly have been expected that they began to make serious plans

1) Here the diary breaks off.

for the summer, but during the days that followed she grew rapidly worse. On April 3rd she again took a turn for the better, which lasted — with one short interval — for about 5 weeks. On May 7th her grandson Ferdinand reminded her of Brahms's birthday, and sending for pen and paper she wrote him some very affectionate words, though they were not quite connected.

Brahms had given up his projected journey to Meran, on hearing of her illness, and since then had been waiting in Vienna with a heavy heart, "daily expecting to go to Frankfort". "If," he wrote to Marie at the beginning of April, "you have reason to expect the worst, let me have a word, that I may come and see those dear eyes open once more — for with them how much will close to me!" He wrote in answer to this last greeting from Clara:

"(May 8th) 1896.

"The last is the best".

Never has this been so beautifully borne in upon me as to-day, when the dearest of all, your greeting of the 7th, arrived. A thousand thanks for it, and may something as joy-giving soon come to you — and above all the priceless feeling of returning health. . . ."

It almost seemed as if the wish of this distant friend took immediate effect. On the very day on which he wrote these lines, Clara came downstairs again for the first time, and let Marie take her through their flowering garden in the bath-chair. The following day Ferdinand was once more allowed to play to her. He played some of Schumann's *Intermezzi* Op. 4 Nos. 4, 5, 6, and then the *F*♯ major *Romance*. She listened in silence. After each piece he asked if he should go on playing, and she nodded. After the *Romance* she suddenly said, "That is enough."

It was the last music that she heard.

During the night of May 16th she had another and more severe stroke, and after this she spoke but little. Once she

said, "Poor Marie," and once, "You two must go to a beautiful place, this summer."

Eugenie's arrival on May 17th brought a last gleam of pleasure across the tired face.

Early on the morning of May 20th the angel of death drew near, and Clara breathed her last at twenty-one minutes past four that afternoon.

On May 23rd, the day before Whitsunday, all the teachers from Hoch's and Raff's Conservatoires and those who were connected with them, with the chief members of the town council and of the musical and artistic circles in Frankfort, assembled at 32 Myliusstrasse to take a last farewell; and with them came friends who had hastened over from Berlin, Joachim, Herzogenberg, and Robert Mendelssohn.

Stockhausen's choir began by singing, *Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden* (When time has come for me to go) the Frankfort clergyman, Pfarrer Battenberg, said a few words, and the ceremony ended with the funeral chorus from the *Peri*.

On the same day all that was mortal of Clara Schumann was carried to its last resting-place at Bonn.

Once more Robert Schumann's grave was opened, and those who had been so long separated were united for ever.

Early on that Whitsunday morning we stood together in the old God's acre at Bonn. Friends old and young had drawn together from far and near, and we stood at the threshold of the little grey chapel in which on the evening of July 31st 1856, while Robert was being carried to his grave, Clara had prayed so passionately for strength to live without him. Her coffin stood on the same spot. Round it were gathered children, grandchildren, her brother, and her friends, chief amongst them, Brahms, the Stockhausens, Bernhard Scholz from Frankfort, Wüllner from Cologne, Barth from Hamburg, etc. etc. Singing, conducted by Prof. Leonhard

Wolff, opened and closed the ceremony. Dr Carl Sell, Professor of Theology at the Rhenish High School, spoke in the chapel, and his words on the text: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him", were in keeping with what was in the hearts of the little band of mourners.

Outside laughed the May, in the bushes the nightingales were singing, and in the thick ivy which framed the door of the chapel the birds twittered so loudly that they sometimes drowned the words of the preacher.

And then, while the bells of Bonn rang in the Whitsun festival, and the song of the birds and the fragrance of flowers brought a message of spring to all weary and sad hearts, we bore her to her last resting-place. The grave was filled and surrounded by masses of exquisite flowers, there was nothing terrible about it, and its gentle arms took from us the tired pilgrim who had at last gone home after her long journey.

"Sleep now and rest, in fragrant dreams."

Already, in the winter, Joachim — fresh from the impression of his last visit to Clara, had told Brahms that he feared that their friend's days were numbered, and Brahms had replied in words which may well be read not only by him to whom they were written but by all those who had the happiness to go a little way along life's path with Clara Schumann:

"The thought of losing her can no longer frighten us, not even me, the lonely one, for whom all too little lives in this world. And when she has left us, will not our faces shine when we think of her — of that glorious woman whom we have been happy enough to know during the course of a long life, loving and admiring her ever more and more. Thus, and thus only, shall we mourn her."

LIST OF COMPOSITIONS.

BY

a) CLARA WIECK:

- Op. 1. Quatre Polonaises p. l. Pfte. Leipzig, Fr. Hofmeister.
- Op. 2. Caprices en forme de Valse p. l. Pfte. dédiées aux Elèves de l'Académie de Mons. F. Stolpel, Paris à l'Académie de Musique. Leipzig, Fr. Hofmeister.
- Op. 3. Romance variée p. l. Pfte., dédiée à Mons. Robert Schumann. Leipzig, Fr. Hofmeister.
- Op. 4. Valse romantique p. l. Pfte., dédiée à M^{me} Emma Garlichs. Leipzig, Fr. Hofmeister.
- Op. 5. Quatre Pièces caractéristiques p. l. Pfte., dédiées à M^{me} Sophie Kaskel. Leipzig, F. Whistling.
- Op. 6. Soirées musicales contenant: Toccatina, Ballade, Nocturne, Polonaise et deux Mazurkas p. l. Pfte., dédiées à M^{me} Henriette Voigt. Leipzig, Fr. Hofmeister.
- Op. 7. Premier Concert p. l. Pfte., avec accompagnement d'Orchestre, dédié à Mons. Louis Spohr. Leipzig, Fr. Hofmeister.
- Op. 8. Variations de Concert p. l. Pfte., sur la Cavatine du Pirate de Bellini, dédiées à Mons. Adolphe Henselt. Vienne, Tobias Haslinger.
- Op. 9. *Souvenir de Vienne*. Impromptu p. l. Pfte. Vienne, Anton Diabelli.
- Op. 10. Scherzo p. l. Pfte. Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel.
- Op. 11. Trois Romances p. l. Pfte., dédiées à Mons. R. Schumann. Vienne, Pietro Mechetti.

b) CLARA SCHUMANN:

- Op. 12. *Liebesfrühling*, Nos. 2, 4, 11. Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel.
- Op. 13. Six Songs. Dedicated to Queen of Denmark Caroline Amalie. Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel. (*Ich stand in dunklen Träumen* [Heine]. *Sie liebten sich beide* [Heine]. *Der Mond kommt still gegangen* [Geibel]. *Ich hab' in deinem Aug'* [Rückert]. *Liebesgarten* [Geibel]. *Die stille Lotosblume* [Geibel].)

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- Op. 14. Deuxième Scherzo p. l. Pfte., dédié à M^{me} Tutein à Copenhague. Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel.
- Op. 15. Quatre Pièces fugitives, dédiées à M^{lle} Marie Wieck. Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel.
- Op. 16. 3 Preludes and Fugues for Pianoforte. Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel.
- Op. 17.¹⁾ Trio for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello, *G* minor. Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel.
- Op. 20. Variations on a Theme of Robert Schumann for Pianoforte. Dedicated to him. Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel.
- Op. 21. Three Romances, *C* major, *F* major, *G* minor, for Pianoforte. Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel.
- Op. 22. Three Romances for Piano und Violin. Dedicated to Joseph Joachim. Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel.
- Op. 23. Six Songs from H. Rollet's *Jucunde*. Dedicated to Frau Livia Frege. Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel.
- Cadenzas: To Beethoven's *C* minor concerto and to Beethoven's *G* major concerto.
- Cadenzas: To Mozart's *D* minor concerto.
- Leipzig u. Winterthur, Rieter-Biedermann.
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1) Op. 18 and 19 are not to be found in any catalogue. Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel have drawn attention to the fact that they must be the *Andante and Allegro* (Leipsic, J. Schuberth & Co.) and the song *Am Strande* (Leipsic, J. Schuberth & Co.) which had appeared without any opus number.

WORKS STUDIED, AND REPERTOIRE

1824—1891.

1824. Exercises with the hand kept still.
Easy dance accompaniments, by ear. Vol. I Logier System.
1825. All the scales, both major and minor. Thirds in every
SPOHR, Polonaise from *Faust*. [position.
WIECK, Dances, and more difficult exercises.
1826. CZERNY, Sonata Op. 50, Nos. 1, 2; 4 hands (l. part) —
Decameron, 4 hands, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6.
CZERNY, Rondo *Mignon*, No. 3 (r. part) — Variations
Op. 125 and 132; 4 hands (r. p.).
CRAMER, Étude, Vol. I, first exercises.
E. MÜLLER, Caprice in *C*.
FIELD, Polonaise in *E♭*.
MOZART, 2 Sonatas.
WEBER, *Invitation to the Dance* à 4 ms. (l. p.).
MOSCHELES, Rondo Op. 145 (l. p.).
LEIDESDORF, Bagatelles Op. 43, 4 hands (l. p.).
HÖRNER, 3 Waltzes on a theme from Spohr's *Berggeist*.
DIABELLI, Waltzes à 4 ms.
HASLINGER, Concertino à 4 ms. (l. p.) with quartet-
accompaniment.
1827. SCHMIDT, *Études*. Vol. I.
CZERNY, Variations, Op. 140 and 141 à 4 ms. (l. p.), Op. 20
(l. p.), p. 43, Op. 25 à 4 ms.

1) From 1824—1831, with the exception of those marked †, they are all works studied. From 1831 onwards, the programmes (of which there are about 2000) have been followed, and in most cases each work has been mentioned as it first appears in any programme. Since the opus number and key are occasionally given incorrectly, these have, when possible and necessary, been checked by the manuscript copies.

CLEMENTI, Exercises, Vol. I.

HERZ, Passagen.

LICKL, Rondo à la Paganini.

- CLARA WIECK, Polonaise in *E♭*.
 †HERZ, Variations op. 50, for four hands. — †Op. 23,
 Variations brillantes.
1830. REISSIGER, Rondo *Mignon*, *E♭* major.
 †CLARA WIECK, Variations on a Tyrolese Song (not published).
 HÜNTEN, Rondo on a theme from *Elisabeth*.
 KRÄGEN, 3 Polonaises.
 MAYSEDER, Variations for violin. Arranged for pianoforte
 à 4/m. by Czerny.
 HERZ, Variations on a Waltz by Reissiger.
 †HERZ and BERIOT, Variations f. Pfte. and Violin.
 HUMMEL, Septet in *C* f. Pfte. and Strings.
 †CLARA WIECK, Variations on an original theme (not published).
1831. PIXIS, 3rd Trio. — Concerto Op. 100. †Variations and
 Rondo f. Pfte. and Orchestra Op. 20.
 CLARA WIECK, Op. 3.
 MOSCHELES, Concertos in *E♭* major and *G* minor.
 CHOPIN, Variations Op. 2. *La ci darem la mano*.
1832. BEETHOVEN, Trio Op. 1, *C* minor.
 BACH, Fugue, *C♯* minor (from the *Wohltemperiertes Klavier*).
1833. BEETHOVEN, Fantasia with chorus.
 BEETHOVEN, Trio in *B♭* major, Op. 97.
 CHOPIN, Mazurkas, Vols. I and II.
 CHOPIN, Nocturne in *E♭*.
 CHOPIN, Finale of Concerto in *E* minor.
 CHOPIN, *Études* *F* major and *C* major.
 HERZ, Grand Variations on a theme from Rossini's *Wilhelm*
 PIXIS, 4th Trio. [Tell.
 PIXIS, Fantaisie militaire Op. 121 with orchestra.
 THALBERG, Adagio and Rondo.
 WORGISCHEK, Variations f. 2 Pfte.
 CLARA WIECK, Capriccio.
 CLARA WIECK, Rondo from Concerto Op. 7.
 CLARA WIECK, Mazurka.
1834. CHOPIN, Concerto in *E* minor.
 SCHUMANN, Toccata Op. 7.
 SCHUMANN, *Studien nach Paganini* op. 3.
 CLARA WIECK, Konzertvariationen op. 8.
1835. BEETHOVEN, Sonata Op. 57, *F* minor.
 BEETHOVEN, Sonata f. Pfte. and Violin Op. 47, *A* major.

- BACH, Fugues, *C*[♯] major, *D* major, *F*[♯] major (from the Wohltemperiertes Klavier).
 CHOPIN, Rondo Op. 16. Mazurkas *F*[♯] minor, *B*[♭] major.
 CHOPIN, Nocturne, *F*[♯] major.
 CHOPIN, Arpeggio-Étude, *E*[♭] major.
 MENDELSSOHN, Capriccio brillant, *B* minor Op. 22 with
 MENDELSSOHN, *Lieder ohne Worte*. [orchestra.
 MENDELSSOHN, Caprice, *A* minor, Op. 33.
 MOSCHELES, *Homage à Händel*, Duet f. 2 Pfte.
1836. CHOPIN, Étude in *C* minor.
 CHOPIN, Nocturne, *B* major.
 HENSELT, Allegro di Bravura.
 HENSELT, Andante and Allegro (*Poème d'amour*). (MS.)
 THALBERG, *Divertissement* on Rossini's *Soirées musicales*.
 THALBERG, Caprice Op. 15.
 THALBERG, *Phantasie* on a motive from *Don Juan*.
1837. THALBERG, Variations on a theme from Donizetti's *Liebestrank*.
 HENSELT, *Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär*. — Cradle Song.
 HENSELT, Concerto. (MS.)
 HELLER and ERNST, *Two Pensées fugitives* f. Pfte. and Violin.
 LISZT, *Divertissement* on Paccini's *Cavatine* (*I tuoi frequenti palpiti*).
 RIES, Sonata Op. 47 f. Pfte. and Violin.
 SCHUMANN, three symphonic studies with introductory theme
 SCHUMANN, Sonata, *F*[♯] minor, Op. 11. [from Op. 12.
1838. CHOPIN, Étude Op. 25, No. 11, *A* minor.
 SCHUBERT-LISZT, *Erkönig* — *Ave Maria* — *Lob der Tränen*.
 SECHTER, Fugue.
 CLARA WIECK, Op. 5.
 CLARA WIECK, Op. 9.
1839. BENEDICT and BERIOT, Duet f. Pfte. and Violin.
 SCARLATTI, Piano-piece.
1840. BEETHOVEN, Trios Op. 70, *D* major, *E*[♭] major.
 CHOPIN, Concerto, *F* minor.
 MENDELSSOHN, Prelude, *E* minor, *Volkslied*.
 SCHUMANN, Allegro, probably Op. 8 (?).
 TAUBERT, *Die Najade*. (MS.)
 THALBERG, Fantasias on motives from the operas: *Moses*
 — *Donna del Lago* — *Semiramis*.

1841. LISZT, Fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor*. *Hexameron* f. 2 Pfte.
LISZT, 2 *Canzonettas*.
1842. WEBER, Rondo of the *C* major-Sonata.
WEBER, Scherzo of the *A* \flat major-Sonata.
WEBER, *Konzertstück* with Orchestra, *F* minor.
BEETHOVEN, Sonatas Op. 53, *C* major, Op. 27, *C* \sharp minor,
Op. 31, *D* minor.
BENNETT, Andantino Op. 17, No. 2 (arranged for 2 hands
by C. Sch.).
MENDELSSOHN, Concerto *G* minor.
MOZART, Quartet *G* minor.
1843. MOSCHELES, Sonata for 4 hands, *E* \flat major.
MENDELSSOHN, Trio, *D* minor, Op. 49. Venetian Gondola
MENDELSSOHN, *Frühlingslied*. (MS.) [Song.
CHOPIN, *Études*, *C* major, *E* major, *G* \flat major, *C* \sharp minor,
C minor from Op. 10.
SCHUMANN, Quintet Op. 44.
1844. BACH, Prelude and Fugue, *A* minor.
BACH, Concerto, *D* minor, for 3 pianos and orchestra.
BEETHOVEN, Concerto, *E* \flat major.
CHOPIN, Polonaise, *A* \flat major.
LISZT-SCHUBERT, *Gretchen am Spinnrad*.
SCHUMANN, *Phantasiestücke* Op. 12.
SCHUMANN, Romance from Op. 32, *D* minor.
SCHUMANN, *Étuden nach Paganini* Op. 10.
HENSELT, 2nd Concerto. (MS.)
1845. SCHUMANN, Concerto *A* minor, Op. 54.
MENDELSSOHN, Duet for 4 hands, Op. 92. (MS.)
1846. BEETHOVEN, Concerto *G* major.
BEETHOVEN, Sonata Op. 101, *A* major.
CHOPIN, *Barcarole* Op. 60.
SCARLATTI, Piano-piece.
LISZT-SCHUBERT, *Stündchen*.
MOSCHELES, Rondo for 4 hands, Op. 30.
SCHUMANN, Andante with Variations for 2 pianos, Op. 46.
SCHUMANN, Canons *A* \flat major, *B* minor from Op. 56.
1847. MENDELSSOHN, Trio Op. 66, *C* minor.
MENDELSSOHN, Capriccio, *E* major.

1848. MOZART, Variations for 4 hands.
 BEETHOVEN, Violin sonata, *G* major, Op. 30, No. 3.
 MENDELSSOHN, *Variations sérieuses*.
1849. HELLER, Improvisation on the song *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*.
 HILLER, Impromptus Op. 30 No. 2.
 MOZART, Sonata *G* major f. Pfte. and Violin.
 SCHUBERT, Trio Op. 99, *B* \flat major.
 SCHUMANN, Trio Op. 63, *D* minor.
 SCHUMANN, Quartet f. Pfte. and strings, Op. 47.
 SCHUMANN, from the *Jugendalbum*, Op. 68: *Mailied*, *Knecht Ruprecht*, *Mignon*.
1850. BACH, Prelude and Fugue, *G* major (from the *Wohltemperiertes*
 CHOPIN, Nocturne, Op. 48, *F* \sharp minor. [Klavier].
1851. BURGMÜLLER, *Rhapsodie*.
 MOZART, Trio.
 SCHUMANN, *Introduction and Allegro appassionato* f. Pfte.
 with orchestra, Op. 92.
 SCHUMANN, *Gespenstermärchen, Am Springbrunnen* f. 4 hands
 from Op. 85.
 SCHUMANN, Trio, Op. 80, *F* major.
1852. SCHUMANN, Trio, Op. 110, *G* minor.
 SCHUMANN, Sonata f. Pfte. and Violin *A* minor, Op. 105.
 HELLER, *Saltarello*.
 MENDELSSOHN, Variations Op. 83, *B* \flat major.
1853. SCHUMANN, Sonata f. Pfte. and Violin *D* minor, Op. 121.
 SCHUMANN, *Phantasiestücke* Op. 73 f. Pfte. and Violin.
 SCHUMANN, *Märchenbilder* f. Pfte. and Viola, Op. 113.
 SCHUMANN, *Symphonic Studies* Op. 13.
1854. BEETHOVEN, Sonatas f. Pfte. and Violin Op. 47, *A* major
 Op. 96, *G* major, Op. 30, *C* minor.
 BEETHOVEN, Sonata Op. 7, *E* \flat major.
 BEETHOVEN, Sonata Op. 27, *E* \flat major.
 BEETHOVEN, Variations, *C* minor.
 BEETHOVEN, Variations and Fugue, *E* \flat major, Op. 35.
 BACH, Chromatic Fantasia.
 BACH, Prelude and Fugue, *A* minor, for the organ (arranged
 for piano by C. Sch.).

- SCARLATTI, *Allegro*, *G* minor.
 CHOPIN, Waltzes *A*^b major, *A* minor, op. 34.
 CHOPIN, Waltzes *A*^b major, op. 42.
 CHOPIN, Etudes *A*^b major, *F* major, *C*[#] minor, *G*⁷ major,
C minor from Op. 25.
1857. HAYDN, Sonata, *G* major.
 HÄNDEL, Suite No. 7, *G* minor.
 MENDELSSOHN, Caprice, *E* major, Op. 33.
 MENDELSSOHN, Rondo capriccioso *E* major, Op. 14.
 CHOPIN, Phantasie-Impromptu, *C*^b minor, Op. 66.
1858. BEETHOVEN, Sonata *D* major, Op. 28.
 BRAHMS, Hungarian Dances. (MS.)
1859. BACH, Sonatas f. Pfte. and Violin *E* major and *A* major.
 BACH, Concerto f. 2 Pfte. *C* major with quartet accompaniment.
 BACH, Sarabande and Bourrée from the English Suite in
A minor.
 BACH, Sarabande and Passepied from the English Suite
 in *E* minor.
 BACH, Gavotte from the English Suite in *D* minor.
 MOZART, Sonata f. 2 Pfte. *D* major.
 MOZART, Sonatas f. Pfte. and Violin *F* major, *A* major,
G minor, *C* minor, Op. 24.
 CLEMENTI, Sonata, *B* minor.
 CHOPIN, Ballade, *G* minor.
 CHOPIN, Mazurkas, *A* minor, Op. 7, *C*[#] minor, Op. 40.
1860. SCHUMANN, *Faschingsschwank* Op. 26.
 SCHUMANN, *Davidstümmeltänze* Op. 6.
 BRAHMS, Ballade and Intermezzo from Op. 10.
 HAYDN, Trio, *G* major.
 CHOPIN, Ballade, *A*^b major.
 BARGIEL, *Phantasiestück* Op. 9.
 KIRCHNER, No. 2 and 9 from the *Klavierstücke*, Op. 2.
 MENDELSSOHN, Trio, *C* minor, Op. 66.
 MENDELSSOHN, *Lieder ohne Worte*¹⁾: Op. 30. *Agitato con*
fuoco, *F*[#] minor, *Venezianisches Gondellied*,
F[#] minor. Op. 38. *Allegro non troppo*, *C* minor,
Andante, *A* major, *Agitato*, *A* minor, *Duet*,
A^b major. Op. 53. *Andante con moto*, *A*^b major,

1) These *Lieder ohne Worte* form part of Clara's regular repertoire. The programmes often say nothing but: *Lied ohne Worte*.

- Allegro non troppo, *E♭* major, Presto agitato, *G* minor, Adagio, *F* major, *Volkslied*, *A* minor, Molto allegro vivace, *A* major. Op. 62. Andante espressivo, *G* major, Allegro con fuoco, *C* major, Allegretto gracioso, *A* major. Op. 67. Presto, *C* major. Op. 102. Adagio, *D* major, Presto, *C* major, Allegro vivace, *A* major.
1861. BRAHMS, Quartet f. Pfte. and strings *G* minor, Op. 25.
BRAHMS, Concerto, *D* minor, Op. 15.
BRAHMS, Variations on a theme of Handel's, Op. 24.
1862. SCHUMANN, Romances for Piano and Oboe, Op. 94.
SCHUMANN, *Bunte Blätter*, Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, Op. 99.
SCHUMANN, *Albumblätter*, Op. 124. *Schlummerlied*. *Elfe*.
Phantasiestück. *Botschaft*. *Leid ohne Ende*.
SCHUMANN, *Phantasiestücke* Op. 111.
SCHUMANN, Sketches for Pedal Piano, Op. 58, *F* minor and
SCHUMANN, Romances, Op. 28. [*D♭* major.
RAMEAU, Gigue, *E* minor. *Musette*, *E* major. *Tambourin*,
E minor.
1863. MOZART, Concerto, *C* minor.
1864. KIRCHNER, *Albumblätter*, Op. 7.
HILLER, Impromptu ("Zur Guitarre") Op. 97.
1865. BACH, Prelude in *B* minor from the Preludes and Fugues
SCHUBERT, Allegretto, *G* major, Op. 78. [for organ.
BRAHMS, Variations on a original theme in *D* major, Op. 21.
BRAHMS, Quartet f. Pfte. and strings, *A* major, op. 26.
CHOPIN, Three New Études in *F* minor, No. 1, *A♭* major,
No. 2.
CHOPIN, Nocturnes, *F* major, *F♯* major, Op. 15, Nos. 1 and 2.
CHOPIN, Nocturne, *D♭* major, Op. 27, No. 2.
CHOPIN, Nocturne, *G* major, Op. 37, No. 2.
MENDELSSOHN, Scherzo in *E* minor from Op. 16.
MENDELSSOHN, Andante and Variations, *E♭* major, Op. 82.
1866. HANDEL, Variations, *E* major.
SCHUBERT, Sonata, *B♭* major.
SCHUMANN, *Humoreske*, Op. 20.
SCHUMANN, *Phantasie*, Op. 17.
SCHUMANN, Impromptus, Op. 5.
SCHUMANN, *Phantasiestücke* f. Pfte., Violin and Violoncello,
op. 88.

- SCHUMANN, Scherzo, *F* minor, No. 12 posthumous works.
 BRAHMS, Trio f. Pfte., Violin and Waldhorn, Op. 40.
 BRAHMS, Waltzes, Op. 39.
 KIRCHNER, Preludes, Op. 9.
 CHOPIN, Rondo f. 2 Pfte., Op. 73.
1867. BENNETT, *Le lac. La fontaine* from Op. 19.
 BENNETT, Trio, *A* major.
 SCHUMANN, *Arabeske*, Op. 18.
 SCHUBERT, Scherzo from the octet (arranged for piano).
 CHOPIN, Andante Spianato from Op. 22.
 HILLER, Gavotte from Op. 115.
 BRAHMS, *Liebeslieder* Op. 52 for 4 hands.
 A. SCHMITT sen., Trio, *E*⁷ major.
 RUDORFF, Duet for 2 pianos.
1868. BEETHOVEN, Sonata, *A* major, Op. 69, f. Pfte. and Violoncello.
 BEETHOVEN, Concerto, *C* minor.
 MENDELSSOHN, Sonata, *B*⁷ major, Op. 45, f. Pfte. and Violoncello.
 SCHUMANN, *Nachtstücke*, Op. 23.
 SCHUMANN, *Kinderszenen*, Op. 15.
 SCHUMANN, *Phantasiestücke* f. Pfte. and Clarinet, Op. 15.
 SCHUMANN, *Novelletten*, *F* major, *D* major from Op. 21.
 SCHUBERT, *Impromptu*, *F* minor, Op. 142.
 SCHUBERT, *Impromptu*, *C* minor, Op. 90.
 CHOPIN, Scherzo, *B*⁷ minor, Op. 31.
1869. BEETHOVEN, Sonata, *F* major f. Pfte. and Violin, Op. 24.
 BEETHOVEN, Trio, *G* major, Op. 1, No. 2.
 BEETHOVEN, Sonata, *D* major f. Pfte. and Violoncello.
 SCHUMANN, *Waldszenen*, Op. 82. [Op. 102.
 RUDORFF, *Phantasiestück*, Op. 10, No. 1.
1870. BEETHOVEN, Sonata, *E* major, Op. 109.
 SCHUBERT, Sonata, *A* minor. *Ländler*, Op. 171.
 BRAHMS, Hungarian Dances for 4 hands from Vols. I and II.
 HILLER, All' Antico.
1871. BACH, *Italienisches Konzert*.
 BRAHMS, Andante and Variations, *D* minor (from the Sextet Op. 18).
 BRAHMS-GLUCK, Gavotte.
 SCHUMANN, Sonata, *G* minor, Op. 22.

- SCHUMANN, Variations from the sonata in *F* minor, Op. 14.
 SCHUMANN, *Blumenstück*, Op. 19.
 SCHUMANN, *Papillons*, Op. 2.
1872. BACH, Prelude and fugue for organ, *E* minor.
 MENDELSSOHN, Scherzo from *Midsummer's Night's Dream*
 arranged for piano by the composer.
1873. SCHUBERT, *Phantasie*, *G* major, Op. 78.
 SCHUBERT, Sonata in *A* major f. Pfte. and Arpeggione
 (Violoncello).
 BACH, *Partita*, *G* major.
 HILLER, Alla Polacca and Intermezzo from the *Moderne Suite*.
1875. SCHOLZ, Concerto, *A* minor.
 BRAHMS, Variations on a theme of Haydn's f. 2 Pfte., Op. 56b.
1877. MOZART, Violin sonata, *E* minor.
 CLARA SCHUMANN, Trio, Op. 17.
1879. BRAHMS, Capriccio in *B* minor from Op. 76.
 BRAHMS, Intermezzo in *A* major from Op. 76.
1880. BRAHMS, Quintet f. Pfte. and strings, *F* minor, Op. 34.
 BRAHMS, Sonata f. Pfte. and Violin, *G* major, Op. 78.
1881. HILLER, Variations f. 2 pianos on *Lützows Jagd* by Weber.
1883. BRAHMS, Rhapsodie, *G* minor from Op. 79.
 MOZART, Concerto f. 2 pianos with orchestral accompaniment,
E^b major.
1887. BRAHMS, Trio, *C* minor, Op. 101.
1888. BRAHMS, Sonata f. Pfte. and Violin, *A* major, Op. 100.
1889. BRAHMS, Sonata f. Pfte. and Violin, *D* minor, Op. 108.
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